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SOME POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.¹

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

"You gentlemen never weary of telling us that we are fallen on degenerate days; that during the first forty years of our government, before we lapsed from our sinless state, officials were removed only for cause, and incumbents held on good behavior; in other words, that civil service reform prevailed in all its purity. Now, it is philosophical generalization, founded on broad experience, that revolutions do not go backwards. Heed it, gentlemen, heed it! The revolution of 1820-29 is an accomplished fact. It is here to stay, for then did the people come into their own. The present status has endured for a half century; civil service reform is ancient history. You are chasing moonbeams."

The fatalist entrenches himself in platitude, and warns reason beyond speaking distance. With him, what is must forever be; what has been and is not will never be. And thus is the controversy closed.

He forgets that much that is done remains to be undone; that political progress is mostly negative, consisting mainly in the repeal of bad laws or in the abolition of evil customs. In this sense history is reversed every day, and the process will continue so long as le-

gislation is experimental and legislators are supine. It is true that some things in political history may be regarded as settled. But this can be predicated only of those changes which are based upon the immutable principles of right. The introduction of the spoils system into the administrative branch of the American government is not of these. That system is at war with equality, freedom, justice, and a wise economy, and is already a doomed thing fighting extinction. Its establishment was in no sense a popular revolution, but was the work of a self-willed man of stubborn and tyrannical nature, who had enemies to punish and debts to pay. He overrode a vehement opposition, disregarding the protest and sage prediction of the great statesmen of his time. He wielded a power that was arbitrary; his caprice was law, his rule was a reign. If he wished to do a thing, it was enough that it seemed good to him to do it. His idea of government was a personal one solely. Every public official was a private servitor, who must take the oath of allegiance and do homage to his chief. In his view, no man could honestly disagree with him. He was always right; his opponents were hopelessly and criminally wrong. Here was a fit man to establish the spoils system, to explore the

¹ Such of these objections as are taken from the records of Congress are indicated by marginal reference and are quoted literally. The

others — which reflect current lay discussion of the newspaper and the street — are repeated substantially, but not formally.

Constitution for latent executive powers, to attach to the person of the President the high prerogatives of a monarch. That the King is the fountain of honor, office, and privilege is the theory of the English state; that the civil service of the United States is a perquisite of the presidency was the theory of General Jackson.

It is needless to say that the American commonwealth was not founded upon any such doctrine. Jackson's interpretation of the Constitution was a gross perversion of the intent and meaning of that instrument. This was to be a government of laws, not of men; and so far as the prescience of its framers availed it was made so. The liberties of the people were not to be left to individual scruple, but were secured by specific inhibitions upon the governmental agencies. Three departments were organized severally to make, execute, and interpret the laws, and each was to act as a check upon the other. With the adoption of the first ten amendments to the Constitution, it was thought that every avenue of attack upon popular rights had been closed. But the power of construction is greater than that of legislation. The intention of the law-giver is determined, not by himself, but by some other who construes the law; and with that other interpretation is purely a subjective matter. Madison held that "the wanton removal of meritorious officers" was an impeachable offense. But Jackson swore to defend and protect the Constitution as he understood it, and not as Madison, one of its framers, conceived it. Regarding the right of removal the instrument itself is wholly silent, except as it provides impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors. When, therefore, Jackson organized the civil service into a gigantic political machine, proscribing office-holders because of his personal enmity to them or because of their political affiliations, it cannot be said that he violated

any specific provision of the Constitution. That such action was an usurpation of authority and a wanton betrayal of trust needs no verbal emphasis. With equal propriety and moral justification, he might have used those other coördinate branches of the executive department, the army and navy, to perpetuate himself and his party in power. This he did not attempt to do. Perhaps he did not need their aid. At any rate, after securing his own reelection and after naming his successor, his ambition rested,—fortunately for the country. But what he did, he did thoroughly. The system of political brigandage inaugurated by him has subsisted even unto this day. But it is now upon the verge of dissolution. Its end is written and sealed. This last is the work of those who are grown weary of the spoliation of office,—of those who are jealous of the encroachments of the Executive, and who would tie the hands of that functionary for all time to come. With them it is not a question whether a clerk holds his office for four years or for fifteen years. They are determined that the great army of the civil service shall not be used by any man or by any set of men for purposes of personal or partisan aggrandizement; that the freedom of elections shall not be assailed by an intriguing, corrupt, and organized force; that presidential contests shall not be tumults threatening anarchy. Hereafter there will be no "prizes of victory," no carnival of spoil. Place-holders will attend to the business for which they are paid to attend; fitness will be the essential of appointment, not the accident and the incident. This is the popular revolution that is moving forward irresistibly, that is coming to stay. Already has a law been enacted which, though partial in its effects, is capable of large extension by the President alone, without further action on the part of Congress. This measure leaves the power of removal for all except partisan reasons

untouched. By regulating the method of appointment, it takes away the temptation to the abuse of that discretion. It is not a revival of a faded statute, nor has it its counterpart in early legislation. It is a new ordering of things; practically a reversal of procedure. Although, during the first forty years of the republic, there was no statutory restriction upon the manner of appointment and removal, nevertheless the power of removal was controlled by an unwritten law which depended for its enforcement upon mental sanctions. But this was a frail dyke with which to withstand the pressure of a hungry and inflowing sea, and it was only a question of time until it should be swept away. That Congress did not strengthen it by positive legislation is to be deplored. But the omission is explicable. At the time of the formation of our government no law was deemed necessary. The civil service numbered but a thousand persons; to-day it numbers two hundred thousand, and not many decades hence it will increase to a half million. Again, Congress had absolute faith in the Executive. All Presidents would be Washingtons, patient and moderate, patriotic rather than partisan. So highly was the first President esteemed that that body waived its consent to the removal of those officers whose appointment required their approval. Of course they did not contemplate the capricious exercise of this power; the causeless removal of an official being to them an unthinkable proposition. But events outran prevision, and in the course of years not only did a Jackson appear, but Congress itself ceased to desire to protect the service. Such legislative changes as were made subserved a private and not a public interest. The immense patronage which was controlled by the Chief Executive, either directly by commission, or indirectly through the heads of departments, came to be administered for the benefit, not of himself alone, but of the represen-

tative politicians as well. This step was gained partly through a recognition by the President of the eminent utility of sub-allotment for personal purposes, and partly, in the failure of that persuasion, through the exercise of such coercive power as could be wielded by the Senate in confirmation, and by both houses in the passage of acts regulating the term and tenure of office. Gradually, out of the chaotic scramble for spoil, there was evolved a system of distribution which was founded upon hoary precedent, and which, in nice precision and in perfection of detail, lacked nothing of a scientific character. The whole country was staked out into districts, as many in number as there were Congressmen. After a conquest, the enemy were driven from their holdings, and the victors took possession of the glebe. But the estates thus granted were made conditional upon the performing of certain services or upon the rendering of certain tribute. Each tenant held of some feudal superior, and all held, mediately or immediately, of the lord paramount, the President. The governmental offices scattered everywhere were so many baronial strongholds, and were filled with retainers who were chosen for their fighting qualities. The chief duty of these men was to check uprisings and to keep the people in subjection. Their places depended upon the faithful discharge of it. In other words, the civil service was a graded vassalage of a militant character. All offices were the private property of the head of the state, and were dispensed by royal favor. What is this but feudalism in new clothes, or, rather, the garbed skeleton thereof? By some fantastic jugglery, this mocking semblance of a dead and buried past has become a stalking figure in a new and progressive civilization. Verily has a revolution gone backwards, if it be not promptly relegated to the glass case of antiquities, there to remain as a curiosity for posterity to stare at.

The spoils system should have perished a quarter of a century ago, in the cataclysm which destroyed that other relic of feudalism, slavery. For they were twin evils, and were ever unfailing allies; and when the time shall come to write the history of public opinion in America during the nineteenth century, they will be classed together. John Morley suggestively says of the "peculiar institution," "Nobody has yet traced out the full effect upon the national character of the Americans of all those years of conscious complicity in slavery, after the immorality and iniquity of slavery had become clear to the inner conscience of the very men who ignobly sanctioned the mobbing of the Abolitionists."¹

Adherence to the letter of a contract which was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell" was due partly to an unfaltering instinct of Union. But many were influenced by motives less worthy. Before the war the fidelity of most Northern politicians to the South was a degrading sycophancy. Eager and grateful for the crumbs which fell from the Southern table, and despairing of obtaining those crumbs elsewhere, they suffered themselves to become the supple tools of the slave power. These "Swiss guards of slavery fighting for pay" were a race of place-hunters, with whom office was the end, not the means, and whose statesmanship, like that of the Augustan Senate, consisted in justifying personal flattery by speculative principles of servitude. They steadily prostituted principle to preferment, and came near involving this country in irretrievable ruin.

But the age of compromise — the era of "bigotry with a doubt" and of "persecution without a creed" — was succeeded by the age of blood and iron. The war was an ethical education; like a great storm, it purified the air. After it was

over the people began to see more clearly and more truly; they learned to view things "in the visual angle of the absolute principle."

Before this keener vision the spoils system, a long-established practice claiming charter by prescription, has been called upon to justify itself. Until recently, the people of this country supposed that traffic in place, the unceasing clamor for office, the sack and pillage of the government by the dominant party, were a necessary part of democratic institutions. Many politicians, with selfish purposes to subserve, were interested in enforcing this view. To the principle that the majority must rule they added the corollary that all the offices are essential to that rule. They further inculcated the idea that every national election is a battle of enemies, instead of an amicable contest of friends, whose interests are the same, and "who disagree not except in opinion."

It must be confessed that during the rebellion, when the North was divided between the war party and the peace party, there was some foundation for this doctrine. He who was not with you was against you. But the intense partisanship engendered by that strife is relaxing into an amiable toleration. Happily, party fealty is not always to be a test of patriotism. The government is not the property of faction, and the minority have rights which must be respected. "Væ victis" is no longer the slogan of the fight. If civil service reform has not made that progress which idealists expect, — conquering all on the instant, — let it be remembered that the growth of moral movements is necessarily slow, especially in a democracy, where, it is scarcely hyperbole to say, the last man must be convinced. It is none the less sure, however; for "one man in the right becomes a majority," and the American people mean to do right when they know where the right lies.

¹ Critical Miscellanies, Harriet Martineau, page 268.

II.

"I believe this commission to be undemocratic. I believe it favors certain voters in this country at the expense of other voters, and I know that if the rulings of the civil service commission were applied to the members of this House not seven eighths of the members would ever reach the floor again. [Laughter.] Now, sir, believing this to be undemocratic, and believing that it is in violation of the fundamental principles of the government, I move to strike out the whole section, and hope that it will be agreed to."¹

To apply the rules of the merit system to the members of Congress would be a cruelty indeed, and is altogether a harrowing suggestion. But it is beside the point. If civil service reform be undemocratic, and if it violate the fundamental principles of our government, the motion made in the House of Representatives to strike out the appropriation to the commission should have prevailed. As a matter of fact, it was overwhelmingly defeated by a vote of twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-eight. This would appear to be decisive. It is evident, however, from the discussion that preceded the calling of the yeas and nays, that the scope and object of civil service reform are still profoundly misunderstood by some Congressmen, and inferentially by their constituencies. A restatement may therefore serve a useful purpose:—

The doctrine of civil service reform as applied to the subordinate, clerical, or purely ministerial offices of the government is based upon the following self-evident propositions: that offices are created to fulfill certain necessary functions involved in the routine of government, and not to give some men a place; that offices are supported by non-partisan

taxation; that taxation is an evil, and therefore it is essential that the public service shall be as efficient and economical as possible; that offices are public and not private property, and administration is a trust, not an ownership; that in a republic something less arbitrary than favoritism shall govern appointment and removal; that men shall be appointed solely on the ground of merit, and not in payment of personal debt; that an examination is the fairest means of ascertaining the qualifications of an appointee, because it insures that a clerk shall know how to write, a book-keeper how to keep books, and a gauger how to gauge; that such examination shall be competitive and open to all, not being confined to the members of any one political party; that a class system is opposed to the spirit of our institutions, and therefore offices should not be the vested property of ward-workers and political henchmen, to the total and absolute exclusion of the great body of the common people; that an office-holder is a citizen of the United States, and is entitled to all the rights and privileges attaching to such citizenship; that neither the President nor any other executive officer has the right to proscribe such office-holder, remove him from place, or threaten his subsistence on account of his politics; that such a brutal procedure is un-American; that tenure of office should not be dependent upon the degradation of manhood and the prostitution of political opinion; that the practice of the President and his cabinet in changing two hundred thousand office-holders at will, for causes unconnected with good administration, is dangerous and despotic, and should be restrained; that under the present system these office-holders constitute a great standing army of paid servitors, ever ready to do the bidding of their patrons, to the perversion of the public will, and are a menace to good government; that political assessments, if paid unwillingly, are an extortion

¹ Mr. Cummings, Proceedings of the House of Representatives, December 19, 1888.

and a direct theft from the office-holder, and, if paid willingly, are generally a brokerage commission for appointment, or a bribe to the appointing power for continuance in place; that if salaries are so large that assessments can be endured without inconvenience, such salaries should be cut down to a saving of the people's money; that promises of appointment to office made, whether definitely or indefinitely, work a corruption of public opinion; that the enormous bribe of two hundred thousand offices, offered as a reward for party work, tends to obscure the real issues of politics, encourages the sacrifice of principle to selfish personal gain, and induces a laxity of political morals; that a "clean sweep" of the offices demoralizes the public service, and is the direct and indirect source of great financial loss; that skill in the manipulation of a caucus and in the packing of a primary is not presumptive evidence of capacity for the performance of official duties; that the Constitution of the United States contemplates the election of a Congressman as a legislator, and not as a patronage-monger; that such patronage is a burden to every honest, conscientious, and able Congressman, compels the neglect of his proper duties, creates petty factional disputes and wrangles among his constituents, and often defeats the reelection of a trustworthy servant of honorable record; that the statesman is thus rapidly becoming an extinct species, being succeeded by the politician, and the consequent loss inflicted on the people through crude and unwise legislation is incalculable; that the fear of losing the spoils of office is paralyzing the legislative branch of the government, makes cowards of political parties, and is the enemy of progress; that the retention of the vast patronage of two hundred thousand offices is becoming of more concern than the triumph of principle; that the mania for place-hunting is increasing;

that the clamor of spoilsmen compels the creation of sinecures, thereby increasing the taxes; and finally, that all the evils here before enumerated are growing with the multiplication of offices, and will ultimately, unless checked by a comprehensive and decisive enactment, undermine and overthrow the institutions of our country.

Such is an imperfect outline of the doctrine of civil service reform and of the abuses it is designed to remedy. By this showing, is it not the spoils system which is "undemocratic," and which "favors certain voters of this country at the expense of other voters"? What, to repeat, can be less democratic, less American, than persecution for opinion's sake? Yet this is the very essence of the spoils system, its guiding spirit and its crowning infamy. If this assertion need further explication, it may be found in a recital of what takes place in this country when one party succeeds another in the control of the government. The newly elected President goes (by deputy) through all the departments, and may be supposed to interview each clerk in a conversation of which the following is typical:—

President. Whom did you vote for at the last election?

Clerk. That does not concern you. I am an American citizen, and have the right to vote for whomsoever I please, without being subjected afterwards to a governmental inquisition by you or any other man.

President. I asked the question in conformity with a time-honored practice, and shall insist upon an answer.

Clerk. Very well; I will answer the question, not because of your menaces, but because I do not hold my political opinions covertly. I voted for your opponent.

President. Then you must vacate this office.

Clerk. If you can show that I have not performed my duties properly, or

that I have neglected them for politics or for any other reason, I am willing to go.

President. I have not looked into that; it is immaterial, any way. I want your place for some one else.

Clerk. For one of your partisan "workers," perhaps, whose qualifications you have also not looked into?

President. Possibly.

Clerk. By what right do you prescribe me, then? You are merely a trustee; these offices do not belong to you.

President. You are the victim of an illusion. These offices do belong to me. They are my personal patronage and plunder, to do with whatsoever I will. If you refuse to resign, I will remove you.

Clerk. Very well; I will yield the place as I would my purse to a highwayman who puts a pistol to my head. Nevertheless, I denounce your action as an outrage upon my rights as an American citizen.

If this conversation does not often take place actually as reported, its substance is at least tacitly understood. Generally the clerk stifles his protest and resigns, quietly submitting to a system that is an heritage of barbarism. Proscription of minor office-holders on account of political opinion is as completely indefensible as proscription on account of religious belief. It has no proper place in the United States. It is an anachronism, and belongs to the age of the crusades against the Catholics and the Jews.

III.

"Civil service reform is an English importation, upon which, unfortunately, there is no tariff. We broke with England and with her monarchical institutions a century ago, and set up a government of our own,—a democratic government. It supplies our needs, and stands as an example to mankind. Ser-

vile imitation of foreign politics is unworthy of our pride of race or nation."

Anglophobia is in the American blood. A common law, language, literature, and religion do not of necessity constitute the ties of sentiment. Although the American people are the heirs of all the ages, they do not like to be reminded of their obligations, nor to acknowledge an ancestry. They will not claim kinship even with Shakespeare. To them their history knows no perspective; in the discovery of a new and virgin world was the beginning of things. England is the traditional enemy, and all the pretty speeches made over London dinner-tables do not alter this fact in the least. This prejudice seems to be enduring, and any appeal made to it by politicians is generally successful.

Happily, in the present case, the retort is complete. The spoils system, with the stamp of feudalism upon it, was imported into this country from England, where it had obtained in the modern form for one hundred and forty years. It pervaded all departments of the English state, the army, the navy, and the church, as well as the civil service, attaining a growth which it has never known here. Offices were openly bought and sold, the purchaser acquiring a proprietary interest therein. There, as here, patronage was the active coefficient of corrupt elections. Rotten boroughs were exposed for sale in the market, and members of Parliament were bribed to the support of the Crown by sinecures, pensions, and money. At the time our government was founded, the spoils system was flourishing luxuriantly in England, and George III. found it a most serviceable instrument in enforcing his policy of persecution against the thirteen colonies. It is a pity that those gentlemen who claim the spoils system as peculiarly "American" should have forgotten this. It embarrasses their argument. *Per contra*, the merit system is a democratic institution, and

its practical application to our civil service was coeval with the beginning of our government. That England should have been before us in embodying it in the form of law proves nothing more than the immense progress which has been made in that country toward popular institutions.

IV.

"The executive power of Great Britain is hereditary, and changes only at the death of the monarch. The administration, however, changes at will, and may change every week. Therefore, the idea of life tenure for executive officers is consistent with an executive for life. Therefore, an official class of lifelong tenure is consistent with monarchical and aristocratic government, which is peculiarly a government of classes. But it is not consistent with a democratic government and a short-lived executive where no class is recognized by law and all men are equal."¹

It happens, unfortunately for the consistency of this argument, that in England, under the modern system of parliamentary government, the administration is the executive. The executive powers of the Crown are obsolete, having passed to the prime minister and his cabinet. But these officials "change at will;" they "may change every week." Consequently, tenure on good behavior — mis-called life tenure — is consistent with democratic government and a short-lived executive. If civil service reform is not adapted to the United States, where the President holds for four years, *a fortiori*, it is not adapted to England, where the tenure of the premier — the real executive — is the shortest and most precarious imaginable. Indeed, what we call civil service reform is the very life of parliamentary government. If, with every change of the ministry, a

"clean sweep" of the offices should be made, the English civil service would soon be in a state of anarchy. Under such a system, rapid alternation in party control would totally disorganize the administrative machinery of the government, and would be a perpetual threat against the existence of the empire itself, — a thing of course not to be tolerated. The situation in England was logically reducible to this: either the spoils system must be abolished, or some one party must be continued in power indefinitely, which would mean the destruction of popular government. There could be no hesitation in choosing. The new democracy achieved a victory over feudalistic privilege that was complete and final.

Even apart from any political principle, the reform has vindicated itself. When the administrative departments ceased to be asylums for decayed gentry, and were thrown open to public competition, there was an improvement in the morale and efficiency of the service. Reorganization upon the basis of the merit system was extended even to India, where the duties of officials are of a most delicate and complicated character, involving, as they do, tactful relations with and control over two hundred millions of aliens.

But it has come to pass that civil service reform, which was denounced in England as "democratic," is opposed in the United States as representing exactly the opposite tendencies. "Aristocracy," "bureaucracy," and "insolence of office" are expressions as familiar as they are misleading. They deserve a brief consideration.

Aristocracy means the permanent exaltation of a few individual names. It implies great social dignity and distinction, and generally is based upon an hereditary succession of title and land. An aristocracy of department clerks and mail-carriers is an absurdity. However worthy such persons may be, they will

¹ Senator Vance, Cong. Rec., vol. xvii. Part III. p. 2949.

have no more social distinction than clerks in business houses, whose tenure is the same as theirs. They possess neither title nor wealth, and are condemned to a routine of labor. The effect of service in a great government machine is to sink individuality, not to exalt it. The tens of thousands of school-teachers who are in the pay of every State do not constitute an aristocracy. In fact, they are rarely in the public view, and this for the reason that they are not "in politics." Fortunately, the spoils system has not been applied to our public schools. If, however, it were the practice to dismiss all the Republican school-teachers whenever a Democratic governor was elected, and *vice versa*, we should, without doubt, be feelingly assured that any other tenure would seriously imperil our institutions.

Bureaucracy is another chimera. It cannot exist where the heads of administration are constantly changing, where admission to the civil service is open to all, and where the removal of the unfit servant is expeditious and easy.

Insolence of office is an *a priori* argument. It has been pertinently said, in answer to it, that, at the time tenure on good behavior was superseded by Crawford's four-year law and by Jackson's régime, it was never urged by the innovators as a reason for the change that the manners of office-holders were contemptuous and overbearing. The objection is an after-thought. Of the insolence of bureaucracy and of the arrogance of aristocracy the American people have had no experience under any official tenure, and are not likely to have.

A civil service becomes formidable to the liberties of a people only when it seeks to perpetuate itself by interfering with elections. Inasmuch as this purpose (to override the public will and to create a bureaucracy) is the very vice of the American spoils system, speculation as to what may be, under civil service

reform, can be profitably postponed to an observation of what is.

The countless minor offices of the United States are filled by a distinct class known as "professional politicians." These men live by politics, receiving place as reward for political work. Their control of public office is monopolistic. Mr. Bryce estimates their number at two hundred thousand, but this is probably an underestimate. They constitute a guild, although they are not organized under formal articles of association. With them office-getting (or keeping in office) is an industry, and the fees and emoluments are accepted as payment for partisan services rather than for the exercise of official functions. The influence which the office-holders wield is altogether out of proportion to their numbers or to their intellectual attainments. But they possess this advantage over all other classes, — they are unified and organized. They make the management of primaries and conventions the serious business of their lives, and acquire a skill and experience in "wire-pulling" which ordinary citizens cannot hope to cope with. The politics of the country is in the hands of these men. The people elect, but cannot nominate, being reduced to a choice of candidates selected by the politicians of opposing parties. These politicians dictate nominations, high and low, and afterwards foreclose a lien upon public place which they claim to have earned. All others, those who cannot show a certificate of this character, are excluded. The spoils system has been compared with a fairly conducted lottery, in which every one has an equal chance. But the analogy is loose. In all lotteries the prizes are limited to ticket-holders, and in the American political lottery the ticket-holders are few. The farmer, the shopkeeper, and the laborer generally have not the remotest chance of preferment, unless they can produce evidence of partisan work more

or less technical or questionable. Of course the number who can offer such credentials is comparatively small. To begin with, all the members of the defeated political party (who, under our electoral system, constitute, as often as not, more than one half of the people) are rigidly debarred. Secondly, only that small contingent of the dominant party who have been of practical use to the candidates in convention and elsewhere, and who possess the advantage of a personal acquaintance with one or more of them, receive any consideration whatever. The idea, therefore, that the offices are in the hands of the people is the shallowest of delusions. They are sold to the few for a price which the many are unwilling and are unable to pay. It is needless to say that, in this barter and sale of public place, the proper transaction of government business is lost sight of. Competency does not appoint an applicant, and cannot save an incumbent. Other motives of a mercenary or selfish character control in both cases. Office brokerage is a shameless and conspicuous fact, as the newspapers and the congressional debates daily attest. It is the great object of civil service reform to restore these offices to the people, and to overthrow the bastard aristocracy who have despoiled them. Those good citizens who are apprehensive of government by "official caste" need not strain their eyes to the future. They should look about them.

V.

"The political disqualification of office-holders is an invasion of their rights as American citizens."

Civil service reform, as embodied in the Pendleton Act of 1883, does not deny to an office-holder any rights which properly belong to him as a citizen of the United States; on the contrary, it restores to him those rights of which he has been deprived. It protects

him against partisan discrimination by the appointing power; it protects his salary from assessment by his official superiors; it protects him against removal for refusing to render any political service. It restores to him the right to think for himself, and to register his opinion at the ballot-box, free from the espionage of the informer. In this wise the law protects him. But civil service reform, in its gross and scope, within the statute and without, looks to the protection of the people also. There are certain things which a citizen as a place-holder may not do. He may not use his official influence to coerce the political actions of his neighbor, to wit: he may not neglect the duties of his office to do a henchman's work; he may not pack primaries, manipulate conventions, collect and disburse election funds, corrupt the ballot-box, or tamper with the returns. Some of these things are forbidden by the federal and state criminal law; others not. But whether or not, any and all of them are grave breaches of his duty, both as a citizen and as an office-holder. Yet these are the things which, in varying kind and degree, many officials notoriously are doing. Is it necessary to characterize such partisan activity as a monstrous evil in a country where the triumph of right is a question of majority, or to justify the executive orders which have been issued to suppress it?

In England, more than a century ago, the interference of office-holders in elections assumed such proportions that the whole body of subordinates in the executive department were forbidden by law to vote for members of Parliament. In 1868, after the introduction of the merit system, this law was repealed, as being an unnecessary restriction. If a man procures an appointment on his deserts, and not through political influence, the obligations of appointee to patron do not exist, and the temptation to indulge in corrupt election practices disappears. The American doctrine of the relation

of the office-holder to the body politic was set forth (albeit little to the immediate purpose) by President Cleveland in an executive order issued July 14, 1886. In it he said : —

“ Individual interest and activity in political affairs are by no means condemned. Office-holders are neither disfranchised nor forbidden the exercise of political privileges, but their privileges are not enlarged, nor is their duty to party increased to pernicious activity, by office-holding. A just discrimination in this regard between the things a citizen may properly do and the purposes for which a public office should not be used is easy, in the light of a correct appreciation of the relation between the people and those entrusted with official place, and the consideration of the necessity, under our form of government, of political action free from official coercion.”

VI.

“ Is a competitive examination the best or any test for official competency or efficiency? May not a man be eminently competent for official preferment, and not at all competent for a competitive examination? ”¹

The system of competitive examination may not be perfectly adapted to ascertaining the comparative fitness of candidates for place; but it is the best that has been suggested, and it is infinitely better than a system in which fitness is not considered at all.

It accomplishes, within the sphere to which it has been limited, the chief object of civil service reform, namely, the removal of the ministerial offices from the domain of partisan politics. It tends also to increase the efficiency and to decrease the cost of the civil service, — an important though secondary consideration. There are some kinds of officers

who cannot well be chosen by competition: the fourth-class postmasters, for instance, who live in sparsely settled districts, and who may be appointed by one of several feasible plans that have been suggested, and the higher grade of officers, such as chiefs of bureaus, whose competency would be better assured if they obtained their positions by promotion, based upon worth, fidelity, and long experience. As to the intermediate offices, the system of competitive examination works satisfactorily. The official duties are clearly defined, and it is an easy matter to test the qualifications of applicants. If it be urged that business men do not select their employees by this method, it may be replied that they always make searching verbal inquiries into the capacity of applicants, and that, in some instances, where large numbers of men are employed, written questions are submitted. In fact, competition, in some form, is the unwritten law of the commercial world, it being a needful guarantee of the best service.

It is, of course, possible that a man may be “ eminently competent for official preferment, and not at all competent for a competitive examination; ” but the chances are greatly against it, if the examination be “ practical, ” as the law says it shall be. The civil service commission have performed their duty in this matter judiciously. That part of the examination which is intended to test the general fitness of applicants will not greatly tax the mental resources of any one possessing a common school education, unless expert services are required. The standard set is low rather than high. Sir G. O. Trevelyan says that the opening of the English civil and military services to competition, in its influence upon national education, was equivalent to a hundred thousand scholarships and exhibitions of the most valuable kind. Whatever may be the influence of the system of federal examinations upon the education of the American

¹ Senator Call, Cong. Rec., vol. xiv. Part I. p. 498.

people, there cannot be two opinions as to the effect of that system upon the national character. It is needless to point out that a public contest of merit, into which any one may enter without fear or solicitation, induces high endeavor, and conserves manhood. On the other hand, it is equally patent that where offices go by favor thrift follows fawning. Women seeking an honest career are reduced to importuning, mayhap subjected to insult; young men are transformed into mendicants and sycophants; and the position of all applicants does not differ materially from that

of the Elizabethan courtier, whose ignominy Spenser, in travail of spirit, has described so vividly:—

“Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To loose good days, that might be better
spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire;
To fawne, to crouche, to wait, to ride, to
ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.”

Oliver T. Morton.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XLVI.

[Continued.]

PETER SHERRINGHAM had an idea, as he ceased speaking, that Miriam was on the point of breaking out with some strong word of resentment at his allusion to the contingent nature of her prospects. But it only twisted the weapon in his wound to hear her saying with extraordinary mildness, “It’s perfectly true that my glories are still to come, that I may fizzle out and that my little success of to-day is perhaps a mere flash in the pan. Stranger things have been—something of that sort happens every day. But don’t we talk too much of that part of it?” she asked, with a weary tolerance that was noble in its effect. “Surely it’s vulgar to consider only the noise one’s going to make; especially when one remembers how unintelligent nine tenths of it will be. It is n’t to my glories that I cling; it’s simply to my idea, even if it’s destined to let me drop into obscurity. I like it better than anything else—a thousand times better (I’m sorry to have to put it

in such a way) than tossing up my head as the fine lady of a little coterie.”

“A little coterie? I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Peter retorted, with considerable heat.

“A big coterie, then! It’s only that, at the best. A nasty, prim ‘official’ woman, who is perched on her little local pedestal and thinks she’s a queen forever because she’s ridiculous for an hour! Oh, you need n’t tell me. I’ve seen them abroad, I could imitate them here. I could do one for you on the spot, if I were not so tired. It’s scarcely worth mentioning, perhaps, but I’m ready to drop.” Miriam picked up the white mantle she had tossed off, flinging it round her with her usual amplitude of gesture. “They are waiting for me, and I confess I’m hungry. If I don’t hurry they’ll eat up all the nice things. Don’t say I have n’t been obliging, and come back when you’re better. Good-night.”

“I quite agree with you that we’ve talked too much about the vulgar side of our question,” Peter responded, walking round to get between her and the

French window, by which she apparently had a view of leaving the room. "That's because I've wanted to bribe you. Bribery is almost always vulgar."

"Yes, you should do better. *Merci!* There's a cab; some of them have come for me. I must go," Miriam added, listening for a sound that reached her from the road.

Sherringham listened too, making out no cab. "Believe me, it isn't wise to turn your back on such an affection as mine and on such a confidence," he went on, speaking almost in a warning tone (there was a touch of superior sternness in it, as of a rebuke for real folly, but it was meant to be tender), and stopping her within a few feet of the window. "Such things are the most precious that life has to give us," he added, all but didactically.

Miriam had listened again for a moment; then she appeared to give up the idea of the cab. The reader need hardly be told, at this stage of her youthful history, that the right way for her lover to soothe her was not to represent himself as acting for her highest good. "I like your calling it confidence," she presently said; and the deep note of the few words had something of the distant mutter of thunder.

"What is it, then, when I offer you everything I am, everything I have, everything I shall achieve?"

She seemed to measure him for a moment, as if she were thinking whether she should try to pass him. But she remained where she was, and she returned, "I'm sorry for you, yes, but I'm also rather ashamed of you."

"Ashamed of me?"

"A brave offer to see me through — that's what I should call confidence. You say, to-day, that you hate the theatre; and do you know what has made you do it? The fact that it has too large a place in your mind to let you repudiate it and throw it over with a good conscience. It has a deep fascina-

tion for you, and yet you are not strong enough to make the concession of taking up with it publicly, in my person. You're ashamed of yourself for that, as all your constant high claims for it are on record; so you blaspheme against it, to try and cover your retreat and your treachery and straighten out your personal situation. But it won't do, my dear fellow — it won't do at all," Miriam proceeded, with a triumphant, almost judicial lucidity which made her companion stare; "you have not the smallest excuse of stupidity, and your perversity is no excuse at all. Leave her alone altogether — a poor girl who's making her way — or else come frankly to help her, to give her the benefit of your wisdom. Don't lock her up for life under the pretense of doing her good. What does one most good is to see a little honesty. You're the best judge, the best critic, the best observer, the best *believer*, that I've ever come across; you're committed to it by everything you've said to me for a twelvemonth, by the whole turn of your mind, by the way you've followed up this business of ours. If an art is noble and beneficent, one should n't be afraid to offer it one's arm. Your cousin is n't; he can make sacrifices."

"My cousin?" shouted Peter. "Why, wasn't it only the other day that you were throwing his sacrifices in his teeth?"

Under this imputation upon her consistency Miriam flinched but for an instant. "I did that to worry *you*," she smiled.

"Why should you wish to worry me if you care so little about me?"

"Care little about you? Have n't I told you often, did n't I tell you yesterday, how much I care? Ain't I showing it now by spending half the night here with you (giving myself away to all those cynics), taking all this trouble to persuade you to hold up your head and have the courage of your opinions?"

"You invent my opinions for your

convenience," said Peter. "As long ago as the night I introduced you, in Paris, to Mademoiselle Voisin, you accused me of looking down on those who practice your art. I remember you almost scratched my eyes out because I did n't kotow enough to your friend Dashwood. Perhaps I did n't; but if, already at that time, I was so wide of the mark, you can scarcely accuse me of treachery now."

"I don't remember, but I dare say you're right," Miriam meditated. "What I accused you of then was probably simply what I reproach you with now: the germ, at least, of your deplorable weakness. You consider that we do awfully valuable work, and yet you would n't for the world let people suppose that you really take our side. If your position was even at that time so false, so much the worse for you, that's all. Oh, it's refreshing," the girl exclaimed, after a pause during which Sherringham seemed to himself to taste the full bitterness of despair, so baffled and derided he felt — "oh, it's refreshing to see a man burn his ships in a cause that appeals to him, give up something for it and break with hideous timidities and snobberies! It's the most beautiful sight in the world."

Sherringham, sore as he was, and angry, and exasperated, nevertheless burst out laughing at this. "You're magnificent, you give me at this moment the finest possible illustration of what you mean by burning one's ships. Verily, verily, there's no one like you: talk of timidity, talk of refreshment! If I had any talent for it I'd go on the stage tomorrow, to spend my life with you the better."

"If you'll do that, I'll be your wife the day after your first appearance. That would be really respectable," said Miriam.

"Unfortunately I've no talent."

"That would only make it the more respectable."

"You're just like Nick," Peter rejoined: "you've taken to imitating Gabriel Nash. Don't you see that it's only if it were a question of my going on the stage myself that there would be a certain fitness in your contrasting me invidiously with Nick Dormer and in my giving up one career for another? But simply to stand in the wing and hold your shawl and your smelling-bottle!" Peter concluded mournfully, as if he had ceased to debate.

"Holding my shawl and my smelling-bottle is a mere detail, representing a very small part of the various precious services, the protection and encouragement, for which a woman in my position might be indebted to a man interested in her work and accomplished and determined, as you very justly describe yourself."

"And would it be your idea that such a man should live on the money earned by an exhibition of the person of his still more accomplished and still more determined wife?"

"Why not, if they work together — if there's something of his spirit and his support in everything she does?" Miriam demanded. "*Je vous attendais*, with the famous 'person;' of course that's the great stick they beat us with. Yes, we show it for money, those of us who have anything to show, and some, no doubt, who have n't, which is the real scandal. What will you have? It's only the envelope of the idea and the form of expression, which ought to be conceded to us; and in proportion as the idea takes hold of us do we become unconscious of the clumsy body. Poor old 'person' — if you knew what *we* think of it! If you don't forget it, that's your own affair: it shows that you're dense before the idea."

"That I'm dense?"

"I mean the public is — the public who pays us. After all, they expect us to look at them too, who are not half so well worth it. If you should see some

of the creatures who have the face to plant themselves there in the stalls, before one, for three mortal hours! I dare say it would be simpler to have no bodies, but we're all in the same box, and it would be a great injustice to the idea, and we're all showing ourselves, all the while; only some of us are not worth paying."

"You're extraordinarily droll, but somehow I can't laugh at you," said Peter, his handsome face lengthened to a point that sufficiently attested the fact. "Do you remember the second time I ever saw you — the day you recited at my place?" he abruptly inquired, a good deal as if he were drawing from his quiver an arrow which, if it was the last, was also one of the most pointed.

"Perfectly, and what an idiot I was, though it was only yesterday!"

"You expressed to me then a deep detestation of the sort of self-exposure to which the profession you were seeking to enter would commit you. If you compared yourself to a contortionist at a country fair, I'm only taking my cue from you."

"I don't know what I may have said then," replied Miriam, whose steady flight was not arrested by this ineffectual bolt; "I was, no doubt, already wonderful for talking of things I know nothing about. I was only on the brink of the stream, and I perhaps thought the water colder than it is. One warms it a bit one's self, when once one is in. Of course I'm a contortionist and of course there's a hateful side; but don't you see how that very fact puts a price on every compensation, on the help of those who are ready to insist on the *other* side, the grand one, and especially on the sympathy of the person who is ready to insist most and to keep before us the great thing, the element that makes up for everything?"

"The element?" Peter questioned, with a vagueness which was pardonably

exaggerated. "Do you mean your success?"

"I mean what you've so often been eloquent about," the girl returned, with an indulgent shrug — "the way we simply stir people's souls. Ah, there's where life can help us," she broke out, with a change of tone, "there's where human relations and affections can help us; love and faith and joy and suffering and experience — I don't know what to call 'em! They suggest things, they light them up and sanctify them, as you may say; they make them appear worth doing." She became radiant for a moment, as if with a splendid vision; then melting into still another accent, which seemed all nature and harmony, she proceeded: "I must tell you that in the matter of what we can do for each other I have a tremendously high ideal. I go in for closeness of union, for identity of interest. A true marriage, as they call it, must do one a lot of good!"

Sherringham stood there looking at her a minute, during which her eyes sustained the rummage of his gaze without a relenting gleam of the sense of cruelty or of paradox. With a passionate but inarticulate ejaculation he turned away from her and remained, on the edge of the window, his hands in his pockets, gazing defeatedly, doggedly, into the featureless night, into the little black garden which had nothing to give him but a familiar smell of damp. The warm darkness had no relief for him, and Miriam's histrionic hardness flung him back against a fifth-rate world, against a bedimmed, star-punctured nature which had no consolation — the bleared, irresponsible eyes of the London heaven. For the brief space that he glared at these things he dumbly and helplessly raged. What he wanted was something that was not in *that* thick prospect. What was the meaning of this sudden offensive importunity of "art," this senseless mocking catch, like some irritating chorus of conspirators in a bad

opera, in which Miriam's voice was so incongruously conjoined with Nick's and in which Biddy's sweet little pipe had not scrupled still more bewilderingly to mingle? Art be damned: what commission, after all, had he ever given it to better him or bother him? If the pointless groan in which Peter exhaled a part of his humiliation had been translated into words, these words would have been as heavily charged with the genuine British mistrust of the bothersome principle as if the poor fellow speaking them had never quitted his island. Several acquired perceptions had struck a deep root in him, but there was an immemorial compact formation which lay deeper still. He tried, at the present hour, to rest upon it, spiritually, but found it inelastic; and at the very moment when he was most conscious of this absence of the rebound, or of any tolerable ease, his vision was solicited by an object which, as he immediately guessed, could only add to the complication of things.

An undefined shape hovered before him in the garden, half-way between the gate and the house; it remained outside of the broad shaft of lamplight projected from the window. It wavered for a moment, after it had become aware of Peter's observation, and then whisked round the corner of the little villa. This characteristic movement so effectually dispelled the mystery (it could only be Mrs. Rooth who resorted to such conspicuous secrecies) that, to feel that the game was up and his interview over, Sherringham had no need of seeing the figure reappear, on second thoughts, and dodge about in the dusk with a vexatious sportive imbecility. Evidently Miriam's warning of a few minutes before had been founded: a cab had deposited her anxious mother at the garden-door. Mrs. Rooth had entered with precautions; she had approached the house and retreated; she had effaced herself — had peered and waited and

listened. Maternal solicitude and muddled calculations had drawn her away from a festival as yet only imperfectly commemorative. The heroine of the occasion, of course, had been intolerably missed, so that the old woman had both obliged the company and quieted her own nerves by jumping insistently into a hansom and rattling up to St. John's Wood to reclaim the absentee. But if she had wished to be in time she had also desired not to be abrupt, and would have been still more embarrassed to say what she aspired to promote than to phrase what she had proposed to hinder. She wanted to abstain tastefully, to interfere felicitously, and, more generally and justifiably (the small hours had come), to see what her young charges were doing. She would probably have gathered that they were quarreling, and she appeared now to be telegraphing to Sherringham to know if it were over. He took no notice of her signals, if signals they were; he only felt that before he made way for the odious old woman there was one faint little spark he might strike from Miriam's flint.

Without letting her guess that her mother was on the premises he turned again to his companion, half expecting that she would have taken her chance to regard their discussion as more than terminated and by the other egress flit away from him in silence. But she was still there; she was in the act of approaching him, with a manifest intention of kindness, and she looked indeed, to his surprise, like an angel of mercy.

"Don't let us part so disagreeably," she said, "with your trying to make me feel as if I were merely disoblighing. It's no use talking — we only hurt each other. Let us hold our tongues, like decent people, and go about our business. It is n't as if you had n't any cure — when you have such a capital one. Try it, try it, my dear friend — you'll see! I wish you the highest promotion and the quickest — every success and every

reward. When you've got them all, some day, and I've become a great swell too, we'll meet, on that solid basis, and you'll be so glad I've been nasty now."

"Surely before I leave you I've a right to ask you this," Sherringham answered, holding fast in both his own the cool hand of farewell that she had finally tormented him with. "Are you ready to follow up by a definite promise your implied assurance that I have a remedy?"

"A definite promise?" Miriam benignly gazed, with the perfection of evasion. "I don't 'imply' that you have a remedy. I declare it on the housetops. That delightful girl" —

"I'm not talking of any delightful girl but you!" Peter broke in with a voice which, as he afterwards learned, struck Mrs. Rooth's ears, in the garden, with affright. "I simply hold you, under pain of being convicted of the grossest prevarication, to the strict sense of what you said a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ah, I've said so many things; one has to do that to get rid of you. You rather hurt my hand," she added, jerking it away in a manner that showed that if she was an angel of mercy her mercy was partly for herself.

"As I understand you, then, I may have some hope if I do renounce my profession?" Peter pursued. "If I break with everything, my prospects, my studies, my training, my emoluments, my past and my future, the service of my country and the ambition of my life, and engage to take up instead the business of watching your interests so far as I may learn how, and ministering to your triumphs so far as may in me lie — if after further reflection I decide to go through these preliminaries, have I your word that I may definitely look to you to reward me with your precious hand?"

"I don't think you have any right to put the question to me now," said Miriam, with a promptitude partly produced, perhaps, by the clear-cut form

Peter's solemn speech had given (it was a charm to hear it) to each item of his enumeration. "The case is so very contingent, so dependent on what you ingeniously call your further reflection. While you reserve yourself you ask me to commit myself. If it's a question of further reflection, why did you drag me up here? And then," she added, "I'm so far from wishing you to take any such monstrous step."

"Monstrous, you call it? Just now you said it would be sublime."

"Sublime if it's done with spontaneity, with passion; ridiculous if it's done after further reflection. As you said, perfectly, awhile ago, it is n't a thing to reason about."

"Ah, what a help you'd be to me in diplomacy!" Sherringham cried. "Will you give me a year to consider?"

"Would you trust me for a year?"

"Why not, if I'm ready to trust you for life?"

"Oh, I should n't be free then, worse luck. And how much you seem to take for granted one must like you!"

"Remember that you've made a great point of your liking me. Would n't you do so still more if I were heroic?"

Miriam looked at him a moment. "I think I should pity you, in such a cause. Give it all to *her*; don't throw away a real happiness!"

"Ah, you can't back out of your position with a few vague and even rather impertinent words!" Sherringham declared. "You accuse me of swallowing my protestations, but you swallow yours. You've painted in heavenly colors the sacrifice I'm talking of, and now you must take the consequences."

"The consequences?"

"Why, my coming back in a year to square myself."

"Ah, you're tiresome!" cried Miriam. "Come back when you like. I don't wonder you've grown desperate, but fancy *me*, then!" she added, looking past him at a new interlocutor.

"Yes, but if he'll square himself!" Peter heard Mrs. Rooth's voice respond, conciliatingly, behind him. She had stolen up to the window now, she had passed the threshold, she was in the room, but her daughter had not been startled. "What is it he wants to do, dear?" she continued, to Miriam.

"To induce me to marry him if he'll go upon the stage. He'll practice over there, where he's going, and then he'll come back and appear. Isn't it too dreadful? Talk him out of it, stay with him, soothe him!" the girl hurried on. "You'll find some drinks and some biscuits in the cupboard — keep him with you, pacify him, give him *his* little supper. Meanwhile I'll go to mine; I'll take the brougham; don't follow!"

With these words Miriam bounded into the garden, and her white drapery shone for an instant in the darkness before she disappeared. Peter looked about him, to pick up his hat, and while he did so he heard the bang of the gate and the quick carriage getting into motion. Mrs. Rooth appeared to sway excitedly, for a moment, in opposed directions: that of the impulse to rush after Miriam and that of the extraordinary possibility to which the young lady had alluded. She seemed in doubt, but at a venture, detaining him with a maternal touch, she twinkled up at their visitor like an insinuating glow-worm.

"I'm so glad you came."

"I'm not. I've got nothing by it," he said, finding his hat.

"Oh, it was so beautiful!" she coaxed.

"The play — yes, wonderful. I'm afraid it's too late for me to avail myself of the privilege your daughter offers me. Good-night."

"Oh, it's a pity; won't you take *anything*?" asked Mrs. Rooth. "When I heard your voice so high, I was scared and I hung back." But before he could reply she added, "Are you really thinking of the stage?"

"It comes to the same thing."

"Do you mean you've proposed?"

"Oh, unmistakably."

"And what does she say?"

"Why, you heard: she says I'm an ass."

"Ah, the little rascal!" laughed Mrs. Rooth. "Leave her to me. I'll help you. But you *are* mad. Give up nothing — least of all your advantages."

"I won't give up your daughter," said Peter, reflecting that if this was cheap it was at any rate good enough for Mrs. Rooth. He mended it a little indeed by adding darkly, "But you can't make her take me."

"I can prevent her taking any one else."

"Oh, can you!" Peter ejaculated, with more skepticism than ceremony.

"You'll see — you'll see." He passed into the garden, but, after she had blown out the candles and drawn the window to, Mrs. Rooth went with him. "All you've got to do is to be yourself — to be true to your fine position," she explained, as they proceeded. "Trust me with the rest — trust me and be quiet."

"How can one be quiet, after this magnificent evening?"

"Yes, but it's just that!" panted the eager old woman. "It has launched her so, on this sea of dangers, that to make up for the loss of the old security (don't you know?) we must take a still firmer hold."

"Ay, of what?" asked Sherringham, as Mrs. Rooth's comfort became vague while she stopped with him at the garden-door.

"Ah, you know: of the *real* life, of the true anchor!" Her hansom was waiting for her, and she added, "I kept it, you see; but a little extravagance, on the night one's fortune has come!"

Peter stared. Yes, there were people whose fortune had come; but he managed to stammer, "Are you following her again?"

"For you — for you!" And Mrs. Rooth clambered into the vehicle. From

the seat, enticingly, she offered him the place beside her. "Won't you come too? I know he asked you." Peter declined, with a quick gesture, and as he turned away he heard her call after him, to cheer him on his lonely walk, "I shall keep this up; I shall never lose sight of her!"

XLVII.

When Mrs. Dallow returned to London, just before London broke up, the fact was immediately known in Calcutta Gardens and was promptly communicated to Nick Dormer by his sister Bridget. He had learnt it in no other way—he had had no correspondence with Julia during her absence. He gathered that his mother and sisters were not ignorant of her whereabouts (he never mentioned her name to them); but as to this he was not sure whether the source of their information was the Morning Post or a casual letter received by the inscrutable Biddy. He knew that Biddy had some epistolary commerce with Julia, and he had an impression that Grace occasionally exchanged letters with Mrs. Gresham. Biddy, however, who, as he was well aware, was always studying what he would like, forbore to talk to him about the absent mistress of Harsh, beyond once dropping the remark that she had gone from Florence to Venice and was enjoying gondolas and sunsets too much to leave them. Nick's comment on this was that she was a happy woman to have such a go at Titian and Tintoret: as he spoke, and for some time afterwards, the sense of how he himself should enjoy a similar "go" made him ache with ineffectual longing.

He had forbidden himself, for the present, to think of absence, not only because it would be inconvenient and expensive, but because it would be a kind of retreat from the enemy, a concession to difficulty. The enemy was no particular person and no particular body of

persons: not his mother; not Mr. Carteret, who, as Nick heard from the doctor at Beauchere, lingered on, sinking and sinking till his vitality appeared to have the vertical depth of a gold-mine; not his pacified constituents, who had found a healthy diversion in returning another Liberal, wholly without Mrs. Dallow's aid (she had not participated even to the extent of a responsive telegram in the election); not his late colleagues in the House, nor the biting satirists of the newspapers, nor the brilliant women he took down at dinner-parties (there was only one sense in which he ever took them down), nor his friends, nor his foes, nor his private thoughts, nor the periodical phantom of his shocked father: it was simply the general awkwardness of his situation. This awkwardness was connected with the sense of responsibility that Gabriel Nash so greatly deprecated—ceasing to roam, of late, on purpose to miss as few scenes as possible of the drama, rapidly growing dull, alas, of his friend's destiny; but that compromising relation scarcely drew the soreness from it. The public flurry produced by Nick's collapse had only been large enough to mark the flatness of his position when it was over. To have had a few jokes cracked, audibly, at one's expense was not an ordeal worth talking of; the hardest thing about it was merely that there had not been enough of them to yield a proportion of good ones. Nick had felt, in short, the benefit of living in an age and in a society where number and pressure have, for the individual figure, especially when it's a zero, compensations almost equal to their cruelties.

No, the pinch, for our young man's conscience, after a few weeks had passed, was simply an acute mistrust of the superficiality of performance into which the desire to justify himself might hurry him. That desire was passionate as regards Julia Dallow; it was ardent also as regards his mother; and, to make

it absolutely uncomfortable, it was complicated with the conviction that neither of them would recognize his justification even when she should see it. They probably could n't if they would, and very likely they would n't if they could. He assured himself, however, that this limitation would n't matter; it was their affair — his own was simply to have the right sort of thing to show. The work he was now attempting was not the right sort of thing; though doubtless Julia, for instance, would dislike it almost as much as if it were. The two portraits of Miriam, after the first exhilaration of his finding himself at large, filled him with no private glee: they were not in the direction in which, for the present, he wished really to move. There were moments when he felt almost angry, though of course he held his tongue, when, by the few persons who saw them, they were pronounced wonderfully clever. That they were wonderfully clever was just the detestable thing in them, so active had that cleverness been in making them seem better than they were. There were people to whom he would have been ashamed to show them, and these were the people whom it would give him most pleasure some day to please. Not only had he many an hour of disgust with his actual work, but he thought he saw, as in an ugly revelation, that nature had cursed him with an odious facility and that the lesson of his life, the sternest and wholesomest, would be to keep out of the trap it had laid for him. He had fallen into this trap on the threshold, and he had only scrambled out with his honor. He had a talent for appearance, and that was the fatal thing; he had a damnable suppleness and a gift of immediate response, a readiness to oblige, that made him seem to take up causes which he really left lying, enabled him to learn enough about them in an hour to have all the air of having made them his own. Many people called them their own who had taken them in

much less. He was too clever by half, since this pernicious overflow had been at the bottom of deep disappointments and heart-burnings. He had assumed a virtue, and enjoyed assuming it, and the assumption had cheated his father and his mother, and his affianced wife, and his rich benefactor, and the candid burgesses of Harsh, and the cynical reporters of the newspapers. His enthusiasms had been but young curiosity, his speeches had been young agility, his professions and adhesions had been like postage-stamps without glue: the head was all right, but they would n't stick. He stood ready now to wring the neck of the irrepressible vice which certainly would like nothing better than to get him into further trouble. His only real justification would be to turn patience (his own, of course) inside out; yet if there should be a way to misread that recipe, his humbugging genius could be trusted infallibly to discover it. Cheap and easy results would dangle before him, little amateurish conspicuities, helped by his history, at exhibitions; putting it in his power to triumph with a quick "What do you say to that?" over those he had wounded. The fear of this danger was corrosive; it poisoned even legitimate joys. If he should have a striking picture at the Academy next year, it would n't be a crime; yet he could n't help suspecting any conditions that would enable him to be striking so soon. In this way he felt quite enough how Gabriel Nash "had" him whenever he railed at his fever for proof, and how inferior as a productive force the desire to win over the ill-disposed might be to the principle of quiet growth. Nash had a foreign manner of lifting up his finger and waving it before him, as if to put an end to everything, whenever it became, in conversation or discussion, to any extent a question whether any one would like anything.

It was presumably, in some degree at least, a due respect for the principle of

quiet growth that kept Nick on the spot at present, made him stick fast to Rosedale Road and Calcutta Gardens and deny himself the simplifications of absence. Do what he would he could not despoil himself of the impression that the disagreeable was somehow connected with the salutary, and the "quiet" with the disagreeable, when stubbornly borne; so he resisted a hundred impulses to run away to Paris or to Florence, and the temptation to persuade himself by material motion that he was launched. He stayed in London because it seemed to him that there he was more conscious of what he had undertaken, and he had a horror of shirking that consciousness. One element in it, indeed, was the perception that he would have found no great convenience in a foreign journey, even had his judgment approved such a subterfuge. The stoppage of his supplies from Beauclerc had now become an historic fact, with something of the majesty of its class about it: he had had time to see what a difference this would make in his life. His means were small and he had several old debts, the number of which, as he believed, loomed large to his mother's imagination. He could never tell her that she exaggerated, because he told her nothing of that sort now: they had no intimate talk, for an impenetrable partition, a tall bristling hedge of untrimmed misconceptions, had sprung up between them. Poor Biddy had made a hole in it, through which she squeezed, from side to side, to keep up communications, at the cost of many rents and scratches; but Lady Agnes walked straight and stiff, never turning her head, never stopping to pluck the least little daisy of consolation. It was in this manner she wished to signify that she had accepted her wrongs. She draped herself in them as in a kind of Roman mantle, and she had never looked so proud and wasted and handsome as now that her eyes rested only upon ruins.

Nick was extremely sorry for her, though he thought there was a dreadful want of grace in her never setting a foot in Rosedale Road (she mentioned his studio no more than if it had been a private gambling-house, or something worse); sorry because he was well aware that, for the hour, everything must appear to her to have crumbled. The luxury of Broadwood would have to crumble; his mind was very clear about that. Biddy's prospects had withered to the finest, dreariest dust, and Biddy, indeed, taking a lesson from her brother's perversities, seemed little disposed to better a bad business. She professed the most peacemaking sentiments, but when it came really to doing something to brighten up the scene she showed herself portentously corrupted. After Peter Sherringham's heartless flight she had wantonly slighted an excellent opportunity to repair her misfortune. Lady Agnes had reason to know, about the end of June, that young Mr. Grindon, the only son (the other children were girls) of an immensely rich industrial and political baronet in the north, was literally waiting for the faintest sign. This reason she promptly imparted to her younger daughter, whose intelligence had to take it in, but who had shown it no other consideration. Biddy had set her charming face as a stone; she would have nothing to do with signs, and she, practically speaking, willfully, wickedly, refused a magnificent offer, so that the young man carried his noble expectations elsewhere. How much in earnest he had been was proved by the fact that, before Goodwood had come and gone, he was captured by Lady Muriel Macpherson. It was superfluous to insist on the frantic determination to get married revealed by such an accident as that. Nick knew of this episode only through Grace, and he deplored its having occurred in the midst of other disasters.

He knew, or he suspected, something more as well — something about his bro-

ther Percival which, if it should come to light, no season would be genial enough to gloss over. It had usually been supposed that Percy's store of comfort against the ills of life was confined to the infallibility of his rifle. He was not sensitive, but he had always the consolation of killing something. It had suddenly come to Nick's ears, however, that he had another resource as well, in the person of a robust countrywoman, housed in an ivied corner of Warwickshire, in whom he had long been interested and whom, without any flourish of magnanimity, he had ended by making his wife. The situation of the latest born of the pledges of this affection, a blooming boy (there had been two or three previously), was therefore perfectly regular and of a nature to make a difference in the worldly position, as the phrase is, of his moneyless uncle. If there be degrees in the absolute and Percy had an heir (others, moreover, would supposably come), Nick would have to regard himself as still more moneyless than before. His brother's last step was doubtless, under the circumstances, to be commended; but such discoveries were enlivening only when they were made in other families, and Lady Agnes would scarcely enjoy learning to what tune she had become a grandmother.

Nick forbore, from delicacy, to intimate to Biddy that he thought it a pity she could n't care for Mr. Grindon; but he had a private sense that if she had been capable of such an achievement it would have lightened a little the weight he himself had to carry. He bore her a slight grudge, which lasted until Julia Dallow came back; when the circumstance of the girl's being summoned immediately down to Harsh created a diversion that was perhaps, after all, only fanciful. Biddy, as we know, entertained a theory, which Nick had found occasion to combat, that Mrs. Dallow had not treated him perfectly well; therefore in going to Harsh the very

first time Julia held out a hand to her, so jealous a little sister must have recognized a special inducement. The inducement might have been that Julia had comfort for her, that she was acting by the direct advice of this acute lady, that they were still in close communion on the question of the offers Biddy was not to accept, that in short Peter Sherringham's sister had taken upon herself to see that Biddy should remain free until the day of the fugitive's inevitable return. Once or twice, indeed, Nick wondered whether Mrs. Dallow herself was visited, in a larger sense, by the thought of retracing her steps—whether she wished to draw out her young friend's opinion as to how she might do so gracefully. During the few days she was in town Nick had seen her twice, in Great Stanhope Street, but not alone. She had said to him, on one of these occasions, in her odd, explosive way, "I should have thought you'd have gone away somewhere—it must be such a bore." Of course she firmly believed he was staying for Miriam, which he really was not; and probably she had written this false impression off to Peter, who, still more probably, would prefer to regard it as just. Nick was staying for Miriam only in the sense that he should be very glad of the money he might receive for the portrait he was engaged in painting. That money would be a great convenience to him, in spite of the obstructive ground Miriam had taken in pretending (she had blown half a gale about it) that he had had no right to dispose of such a production without her consent. His answer to this was simply that the purchaser was so little of a stranger that it did n't go, as it were, out of the family, out of hers. It did n't matter that Miriam should protest that if Mr. Sherringham had formerly been no stranger he was now utterly one, so that there could be nothing less soothing to him than to see her hated image on his wall. He would back out

of the bargain, and Nick would be left with his work on his hands. Nick jeered at this shallow theory, and, when she came to sit, the question served as well as another to sprinkle their familiar silences with chaff. Nick already knew something, as we have seen, of the conditions in which his distracted kinsman had left England; and this connected itself, in casual meditation, with some of the calculations that he attributed to Julia and Biddy. There had naturally been a sequel to the queer behavior in which Peter had indulged, at the theatre, on the eve of his departure — a sequel embodied in a remark dropped by Miriam in the course of the first sitting she gave Nick after her great night. "Fancy" — so this observation ran — "fancy the dear man finding time, in the press of all his last duties, to ask me to marry him!"

"He told me you had found time, in the press of all yours, to say you would," Nick replied. And this was pretty much all that had passed on the subject between them, save, of course, that Miriam immediately made it clear that Peter had grossly misinformed him. What had happened was that she had said she would do nothing of the sort. She professed a desire not to be confronted again with this trying theme, and Nick easily fell in with it, from a definite preference he now had not to handle that kind of subject with her. If Julia had false ideas about him, and if Peter had them too, his part of the business was to take the simplest course to establish that falsity. There were difficulties indeed attached even to the simplest course, but there would be a difficulty the less if, in conversation, one should forbear to meddle with the general suggestive topic of intimate unions. It is certain that in these days Nick cultivated the practice of forbearances for which he did not receive, for which perhaps he never would receive, due credit.

He had been convinced for some time

that one of the next things he should hear would be that Mrs. Dallow had arranged to marry Mr. Macgeorge or some such leader of multitudes. He could think of that now, he found — think of it with resignation, even when Julia was before his eyes, looking so handsomely forgetful that her air had to be taken as referring still more to their original intimacy than to his comparatively superficial offense. What made this accomplishment of his own remarkable was that there was something else he thought of quite as much — the fact that he had only to see her again to feel by how great a charm she had in the old days taken possession of him. This charm operated apparently in a very direct, primitive way: her presence diffused it and fully established it, but her absence left comparatively little of it behind. It dwelt in the very facts of her person — it was something that she happened physically to be; yet (considering that the question was of something very like loveliness) its envelope of associations, of memories and recurrences, had no great density. She packed it up and took it away with her, as if she had been a woman who had come to sell a set of laces. The laces were as wonderful as ever when they were taken out of the box, but to get another look at them you had to send for the woman. What was above all remarkable was that Miriam Rooth was much less irresistible to our young man than Mrs. Dallow could be when Mrs. Dallow was on the spot. He could paint Miriam, day after day, without any agitating blur of vision; in fact the more he saw of her the clearer grew the atmosphere through which she blazed, the more her richness became one with that of the flowering picture. There are reciprocities and special sympathies, in such relations; mysterious affinities they used to be called, divinations of private congruity. Nick had an unexpressed conviction that if, as he had often wanted and proposed, he had em-

barked with Mrs. Dallow in this particular quest of a great prize, disaster would have overtaken them on the deep waters. Even with the limited risk, indeed, disaster had come; but it was of a different kind, and it had the advantage for him that now she could n't reproach and accuse him as the cause of it — could n't do so, at least, on any ground he was obliged to recognize. She would never know how much he had cared for her, how much he cared for her still; inasmuch as the conclusive proof, for himself, was his conscious reluctance to care for another woman, which she positively misread. Some day he would doubtless try to do that; but such a day seemed as yet far off, and he had no spite, no vindictive impulse, to help him. The soreness that was mingled with his liberation, the sense of indignity even, as of a full cup suddenly dashed, by a blundering hand, from his lips, demanded certainly a balm; but it found it, for the time, in another passion, not in a rancorous exercise of the same — a passion strong enough to make him forget what a pity it was that he was not made to care for two women at once.

As soon as Mrs. Dallow returned to England he broke ground, to his mother, on the subject of her making Julia understand that she and the girls now regarded their occupancy of Broadwood as absolutely terminated. He had already, several weeks before, picked a little at this arid tract, but in the interval the soil appeared to have formed again. It was disagreeable to him to impose such a renunciation on Lady Agnes, and it was especially disagreeable to have to phrase it and discuss it and perhaps insist upon it. He would have liked the whole business to be tacit — a little triumph of silent delicacy. But he found reasons to suspect that what in fact would be most tacit was Julia's certain endurance of any chance *indelicacy*. Lady Agnes had a theory that they had virtually — “practically,” as she said —

given up the place, so that there was no need of making a splash about it; but Nick discovered, in the course of a conversation with Biddy more rigorous perhaps than any to which he had ever subjected her, that none of their property had been removed from the delightful house — none of the things (there were ever so many things) that Lady Agnes had caused to be conveyed there when they took possession. Her ladyship was the proprietor of innumerable articles of furniture, relics and survivals of her former greatness, and moved about the world with a train of heterogeneous baggage; so that her quiet overflow into the spaciousness of Broadwood had had all the luxury of a final subsidence. What Nick had to propose to her now was a dreadful combination, a relapse into all the things she most hated — seaside lodgings, bald storehouses in the Marylebone Road, little London rooms crammed with things that caught the dirt and made them stuffy. He was afraid he should really finish her, and he himself was surprised, in a degree, at his insistence. He would n't have supposed that he should have cared so much, but he found he did care intensely. He cared enough — it says everything — to explain to his mother that, practically, her retention of Broadwood would be the violation of an agreement. Julia had given them the place on the understanding that he was to marry her, and since he was not to marry her they had no right to keep the place. “Yes, you make the mess and *we* pay the penalty!” Lady Agnes flashed out; but this was the only overt protest that she made, except indeed to contend that their withdrawal would be an act ungracious and offensive to Julia. She looked as she had looked during the months that succeeded his father's death, but she gave a general grim assent to the proposition that, let Julia take it as she would, their own duty was unmistakably clear.

It was Grace who was the principal

representative of the idea that Julia would be outraged by such a step; she never ceased to repeat that she had never heard of anything so "nasty." Nick would have expected this of Grace, but he felt rather deserted and betrayed when Biddy murmured to him that *she* knew — that there was really no need of their sacrificing their mother's comfort to a mere fancy. She intimated that if Nick would only consent to their going on with Broadwood as if nothing had happened (or rather as if everything had happened), she would answer for Julia. For almost the first time in his life Nick disliked what Biddy said to him, and he gave her a sharp rejoinder, embodying the general opinion that they all had enough to do to answer for themselves. He remembered afterwards the way she looked at him, startled, even frightened, with rising tears, before turning away. He held that it would be time enough to judge how Julia would take it after they had thrown up the place; and he made it his duty to see that his mother should address to Mrs. Dallow, by letter, a formal notification of their retirement. Mrs. Dallow could protest then if she liked. Nick was aware that, in general, he was not practical; he could imagine why, from his early years, people should have joked him about it. But this time he was determined that his behavior should be founded on a rigid view of things as they were. He did n't see his mother's letter to Julia, but he knew that it went. He thought she would have been more loyal if she had shown it to him, though of course there could be but little question of loyalty now. That it had really been written, however, very much on the lines he dictated, was clear to him from the subsequent surprise which Lady Agnes's blankness did not prevent him from divining.

Julia answered her letter, but in unexpected terms: she had apparently neither resisted nor protested; she had

simply been very glad to get her house back again and had not accused any of them of nastiness. Nick saw no more of her letter than he had seen of his mother's, but he was able to say to Grace (to Lady Agnes he was studiously mute), "My poor child, you see, after all, that we have n't kicked up such a row." Grace shook her head and looked gloomy and deeply wise, replying that he had no cause to triumph — they were so far from having seen the end of it yet. Then he guessed that his mother had complied with his wish on the calculation that it would be a mere form, that Julia would entreat them not to be so fantastic, and that he would then, in the presence of her wounded surprise, consent to a quiet continuance, so much in the interest (the air of Broadwood had a purity!) of the health of all of them. But since Julia jumped at their relinquishment he had no chance to be mollified: he had only to persist in having been right.

At bottom, probably, he himself was a little surprised at her eagerness. Literally speaking, it was not perfectly graceful. He was sorry his mother had been so deceived, but he was sorrier still for Biddy's mistake — it showed she might be mistaken about other things. Nothing was left now but for Lady Agnes to say, as she did, substantially, whenever she saw him, "We are to prepare to spend the autumn at Worthing, then, or some other horrible place? I don't know their names: it's the only thing we can afford." There was an implication in this that if he expected her to drag her girls about to country-houses, in a continuance of the fidgety effort to work them off, he must understand at once that she was now too weary and too sad and too sick. She had done her best for them, and it had all been vain and cruel, and now the poor creatures must look out for themselves. To the grossness of Biddy's misconduct she need n't refer, nor to the

golden opportunity this young lady had forfeited by her odious treatment of Mr. Grindon. It was clear that this time Lady Agnes was incurably discouraged; so much so as to fail to glean the dimmest light from the fact that the girl was really making a long stay at Harsh. Biddy went to and fro two or three times and then, in August, fairly settled there; and what her mother mainly saw in her absence was the desire to keep out of the way of household reminders of her depravity. In fact, as it turned out, Lady Agnes and Grace, in the first days of August, gathered themselves together for another visit to the old lady who had been Sir Nicholas's godmother; after which they went somewhere else, so that the question of Worthing had not to be immediately faced.

Nick stayed on in London with a passion of work fairly humming in his ears; he was conscious, with joy, that for three or four months, in the empty Babylon, he would have generous days. But toward the end of August he got a letter from Grace in which she spoke of her situation, and her mother's, in a manner that made him feel he ought to do something felicitous. They were paying a third visit (he knew that in Calcutta Gardens lady's-maids had been to and fro with boxes, replenishments of wardrobes), and yet somehow the outlook for the autumn was dark. Grace didn't say it in so many words, but what he read between the lines was that they had no more invitations. What therefore was to become of them? People liked them well enough when Biddy was with them, but they didn't care for her mother and her, *tout pur*, and Biddy was cooped up indefinitely with Julia. This was not the manner in which Grace used to allude to her sister's happy visits to Mrs. Dallow, and the change of tone made Nick wince with a sense of all that had collapsed. Biddy was a little fish worth landing, in short, scantily as she seemed disposed to bite, and Grace's

rude probity could admit that she herself was not.

Nick had an inspiration: by way of doing something felicitous he went down to Brighton and took lodgings for the three ladies, for several weeks, the quietest and sunniest he could find. This he intended as a kindly surprise, a reminder of how he had his mother's comfort at heart, how he could exert himself and save her trouble. But he had no sooner concluded his bargain (it was a more costly one than he had at first calculated) than he was bewildered, as he privately phrased it quite "stumped," at learning that the three ladies were to pass the autumn at Broadwood with Julia. Mrs. Dallow had taken the place into familiar use again, and she was now correcting their former surprise at her crude concurrence (this was infinitely characteristic of Julia) by inviting them to share it with her. Nick wondered, vaguely, what she was "up to;" but when his mother treated herself to the fine irony of addressing him an elaborately humble inquiry as to whether he would consent to their accepting the merciful refuge (she repeated this expression three times), he replied that she might do exactly as she liked: he would only mention that he should not feel himself at liberty to come and see her at Broadwood. This condition proved, apparently, to Lady Agnes's mind, no hindrance, and she and her daughters were presently reinstalled in the very apartments they had learned to love. This time it was even better than before; they had still fewer expenses. The expenses were Nick's: he had to pay a forfeit to the landlady at Brighton for backing out of his contract. He said nothing to his mother about this bungled business — he was literally afraid; but an event that befell at the same moment reminded him afresh that it was not the time to choose to squander money. Mr. Carteret drew his last breath; quite painlessly it seemed, as the closing scene was

described at Beauclere when our young man went down to the funeral. Two or three weeks afterwards the contents of his will were made public in the Illustrated London News, where it definitely appeared that he left a very large fortune, not a penny of which was to go to Nick. The provision for Mr. Chayter's declining years was very handsome.

XLVIII.

Miriam had mounted, at a bound, in her new part, several steps in the ladder of fame, and at the climax of the London season this fact was brought home to her from hour to hour. It produced a thousand solicitations and entanglements, so that she rapidly learned that it takes up a great deal of one's time to be celebrated. Even though, as she boasted, she had reduced to a science the practice of "working" her mother (she made use of the good lady socially, to the utmost, pushing her perpetually into the breach), there were many occasions on which it was represented to her that she could not be disobliging without damaging her cause. She made almost an income out of the photographers (their appreciation of her as a subject knew no bounds), and she supplied the newspapers with columns of irreducible copy. To the gentlemen who sought speech of her on behalf of these organs she poured forth, vindictively, floods of unscrupulous romance; she told them all different tales, and as her mother told them others more marvelous yet, publicity was cleverly caught by rival versions, surpassing each other in authenticity. The whole case was remarkable, was unique; for if the girl was advertised by the bewilderment of her readers, she seemed to every skeptic, when he went to see her, as fine as if he had discovered her for himself. She was still accommodating enough, however, from time to time, to find an hour to come

and sit to Nick Dormer, and he helped himself, further, by going to her theatre whenever he could. He was conscious that Julia Dallow would probably hear of that and triumph with a fresh sense of how right she had been; but this reflection only made him sigh resignedly, so true it struck him as being that there are some things explanation can never better, can never touch.

Miriam brought Basil Dashwood once to see her portrait, and Basil, who commended it in general, directed his criticism mainly to two points — its not yet being finished and its not having gone into that year's Academy. The young actor was visibly fidgety: he felt the contagion of Miriam's rapid pace, the quick beat of her success, and, looking at everything now from the standpoint of that speculation, could scarcely contain his impatience at the painter's clumsy slowness. He thought the second picture much better than the other one, but somehow it ought, by that time, to be before the public; having a great deal of familiar proverbial wisdom, he put forth, with vehemence, the idea that in every great crisis there is nothing like striking while the iron is hot. He even betrayed a sort of impression that with a little good-will Nick might wind up the job and still get the Academy people to take him in. Basil knew some of them; he all but offered to speak to them — the case was so exceptional; he had no doubt he could get something done. Against the appropriation of the work by Peter Sherringham he explicitly and loudly protested, in spite of the homeliest recommendations of silence from Miriam; and it was, indeed, easy to guess how such an arrangement would interfere with his own conception of the eventual right place for the two portraits — the vestibule of the theatre, where every one going in and out would see them, suspended face to face and surrounded by photographs, artistically disposed, of the young actress in a variety of characters.

Dashwood showed a largeness of view in the way he jumped to the conviction that, in this position, the pictures would really help to draw. Considering the virtue he attributed to Miriam, the idea was exempt from narrow prejudice.

Moreover, though a trifle feverish, he was really genial; he repeated, more than once, "Yes, my dear sir, you've done it this time." This was a favorite formula with him; when some allusion was made to the girl's success, he greeted it also with a comfortable "This time she *has* done it." There was a hint of knowledge and far calculation in his tone. It appeared before he went that this time even he himself had done it — he had taken up something that would really answer. He told Nick more about Miriam, more about her affairs at that moment, at least, than she herself had communicated, contributing strongly to our young man's impression that, one by one, every element of a great destiny was being dropped into her cup. Nick himself tasted of success, vicariously, for the hour. Miriam let Dashwood talk only to contradict him, and contradicted him only to show how indifferently she could do it. She treated him as if she had nothing more to learn about his folly, but as if it had taken intimate friendship to reveal to her the full extent of it. Nick did n't mind her intimate friendships, but he ended by disliking Dashwood, who irritated him — a circumstance in which poor Julia, if it had come to her knowledge, would doubtless have found a damning eloquence. Miriam was more pleased with herself than ever: she now made no scruple of admitting that she enjoyed all her advantages. She was beginning to have a fuller vision of how successful success could be; she took everything as it came — dined out every Sunday, and even went into the country till the Monday morning; she had a hundred distinguished names on her lips, and wonderful tales about the people who were

making up to her. She struck Nick as less serious than she had been hitherto, as making even an aggressive show of frivolity; but he was conscious of no obligation to reprehend her for it — the less as he had a dim vision that some effect of that sort, some irritation of his curiosity, was what she desired to produce. She would perhaps have liked, for reasons best known to herself, to look as if she were throwing herself away, not being able to do anything else. He could n't talk to her as if he took an immense interest in her career, because in fact he did n't; she remained to him, primarily and essentially, a pictorial object, with the nature of whose vicissitudes he was concerned (putting common charity and his personal good-nature, of course, aside) only so far as they had something to say in her face. How could he know, in advance, what twist of her life would say most? so possible was it even that complete failure or some incalculable perversion would only make her, for his particular purpose, more magnificent.

After she had left him, at any rate, the day she came with Basil Dashwood, and still more on a later occasion, as he turned back to his work when he had put her into her carriage, the last time, for that year, that he saw her — after she had left him it occurred to him, in the light of her quick distinction, that there were mighty differences in the famous artistic life. Miriam was already in a glow of glory, which moreover was probably but a faint spark in relation to the blaze to come; and as he closed the door upon her and took up his palette to rub it with a dirty cloth, the little room in which his own battle was practically to be fought looked wofully cold and gray and mean. It was lonely, and yet it was peopled with unfriendly shadows (so thick he saw them gathering in winter twilights to come), the duller conditions, the longer patiences, the less immediate and personal joys. His late

beginning was there, and his wasted youth, the mistakes that would still bring forth children after their image, the sedentary solitude, the clumsy obscurity, the poor explanations, the foolishness that he foresaw in having to ask people to wait, and wait longer, and wait again, for a fruition which, to their sense at least, would be an anticlimax. He cared enough for it, whatever it would be, to feel that his pertinacity might enter into comparison even with such a productive force as Miriam's. This was, after all, in his bare studio, the most collective dim presence, the one that was most sociable to him as he sat there, and that made it the right place, however wrong it was — the sense that it was to the thing in itself he was attached. This was Miriam's case, but the contrast, which she showed him she also felt, was in the number of other things that she got with the thing in itself.

I hasten to add that our young man had hours when this fine substance struck him as requiring, for a complete appeal, no adjunct whatever — as being, in its own splendor, a summary of all adjuncts and apologies. I have related that the great collections, the National Gallery and the Museum, were sometimes rather a series of dead surfaces to him; but the sketch I have attempted of him will have been inadequate if it fails to suggest that there were other days when, as he strolled through them, he plucked, right and left, perfect nosegays of reassurance. Bent as he was on working in the modern, which spoke to him with a thousand voices, he judged it better, for long periods, not to haunt the earlier masters, whose conditions had been so different (later he came to see that it did n't matter much, especially if one did n't go); but he was liable to accidental deflections from this theory — liable in particular to want to take a look at one of the great portraits of the past. These were the things that were the

most inspiring, in the sense that they were the things that, while generations, while worlds had come and gone, seemed most to survive and testify. As he stood before them, sometimes, the perfection of their survival struck him as the supreme eloquence, the reason that included all others, thanks to the language of art, the richest and most universal. Empires and systems and conquests had rolled over the globe, and every kind of greatness had risen and passed away, but the beauty of the great pictures had known nothing of death or change, and the ages had only sweetened their freshness. The same faces, the same figures, looked out at different centuries, knowing a deal the century did n't, and when they joined hands they made the indestructible thread on which the pearls of history were strung.

Miriam notified her artist that her theatre was to close on the 10th of August, immediately after which she was to start, with the company, on a tremendous tour of the provinces. They were to make a lot of money, but they were to have no holiday, and she did n't want one; she only wanted to keep at it and make the most of her limited opportunities for practice; inasmuch as, at that rate, playing but two parts a year (and such parts — she despised them!), she should n't have mastered the rudiments of her trade before decrepitude would compel her to lay it by. The first time she came to the studio after her visit with Dashwood she sprang up abruptly, at the end of half an hour, saying she could sit no more — she had had enough of it. She was visibly restless and preoccupied, and though Nick had not waited till now to discover that she had more moods than he had tints on his palette, he had never yet seen her fitfulness at this particular angle. It was a trifle unbecoming, and he was ready to let her go. She looked round the place as if she were suddenly tired of it, and then she said mechani-

cally, in a heartless London way, while she smoothed down her gloves, "So you're just going to stay on?" After he had confessed that this was his dark purpose she continued in the same casual, talk-making manner, "I dare say it's the best thing for you. You're just going to grind, eh?"

"I see before me an eternity of grinding."

"All alone, by yourself, in this dull little hole? You *will* be conscientious, you *will* be virtuous."

"Oh, my solitude will be mitigated—I shall have models and people."

"What people—what models?" Miriam asked, before the glass, arranging her hat.

"Well, no one so good as you."

"That's a prospect!" the girl laughed; "for all the good you've got out of me!"

"You're no judge of that quantity," said Nick, "and even I can't measure it just yet. Have I been rather a brute? I can easily believe it; I have n't talked to you—I have n't amused you as I might. The truth is, painting people is a very absorbing, exclusive occupation. You can't do much to them besides."

"Yes, it's a cruel honor."

"Cruel—that's too much," Nick objected.

"I mean it's one you should n't confer on people you like, for when it's over it's over: it kills your interest in them, and after you've finished them you don't like them any more."

"Surely I like you," Nick returned, sitting tilted back, before his picture, with his hands in his pockets.

"We've done very well; it's something not to have quarreled," said Miriam, smiling at him now and seeming more in it. "I would n't have had you slight your work—I would n't have had you do it badly. But there's no fear of that for you," she went on. "You're the real thing and the rare bird. I have n't lived with you this way without

seeing that: you're the sincere artist so much more than I. No, no, don't protest," she added, with one of her sudden fine transitions to a deeper tone. "You'll do things that will hand on your name when my screeching is happily over. Only you do seem to me, I confess, rather high and dry here—I speak from the point of view of your comfort and of my personal interest in you. You strike me as kind of lonely, as the Americans say—rather cut off and isolated in your grandeur. Haven't you any *confrères*—fellow-artists and people of that sort? Don't they come near you?"

"I don't know them much, I've always been afraid of them, and how can they take me seriously?"

"Well, I've got *confrères*, and sometimes I wish I had n't! But does your sister never come near you any more, or is it only the fear of meeting me?"

Nick was aware that his mother had a theory that Biddy was constantly bundled home from Rosedale Road at the approach of improper persons: she was as angry at this as if she would n't have been more so if the child had been suffered to stay; but the explanation he gave his present visitor was nearer the truth. He reminded Miriam that he had already told her (he had been careful to do this, so as not to let it appear she was avoided) that his sister was now most of the time in the country, staying with an hospitable relation.

"Oh, yes," the girl rejoined to this, "with Mr. Sherringham's sister, Mrs.—what's her name? I always forget it." And when Nick had pronounced the word with a reluctance he doubtless failed sufficiently to conceal (he hated to talk about Mrs. Dallow; he did n't know what business Miriam had with her), she exclaimed, "That's the one—the beauty, the wonderful beauty. I shall never forget how handsome she looked the day she found me here. I don't in the least resemble her, but I

should like to have a try at that type, some day, in a comedy of manners. But who will write me a comedy of manners? There it is! The trouble would be, no doubt, that I should push her *à la charge*."

Nick listened to these remarks in silence, saying to himself that if Miriam should have the bad taste (she seemed trembling on the brink of it) to make an allusion to what had passed between the lady in question and himself, he should dislike her utterly. It would show him she was a vulgar creature, after all. Her good genius interposed, however, as against this hard penalty, and she quickly, for the moment at least, whisked away from the topic, demanding, apropos of comrades and visitors, what had become of Gabriel Nash, whom she had not encountered for so many days.

"I think he's tired of me," said Nick; "he has n't been near me, either. But, after all, it's natural — he has seen me through."

"Seen you through? Why, you've only just begun."

"Precisely, and at bottom he doesn't like to see me begin. He's afraid I'll do something."

"Do you mean he's jealous?"

"Not in the least, for from the moment one does anything one ceases to compete with him. It leaves him the field more clear. But that's just the discomfort, for him — he feels, as you said just now, kind of lonely; he feels rather abandoned and even, I think, a little betrayed. So far from being jealous, he yearns for me and regrets me. The only thing he really takes seriously is to speculate and understand, to talk about the reasons and the essence of things; the people who do that are the highest. The applications, the consequences, the vulgar little effects, belong to a lower plane, to which one must doubtless be tolerant and indulgent, but which is after all an affair of compara-

tive accidents and trifles. Indeed, he'll probably tell me frankly, the next time I see him, that he can't but feel that to come down to the little questions of action — the little prudences and compromises and simplifications of practice — is, for the superior person, a really fatal descent. One may be inoffensive and even commendable after it, but one can scarcely pretend to be interesting. *Il en faut comme ça*, but one does n't haunt them. He'll do his best for me; he'll come back again, but he'll come back sad, and finally he'll fade away altogether. He'll go off to Granada, or somewhere."

"The simplifications of practice?" cried Miriam. "Why, they are just precisely the most blessed things on earth. What should we do without them?"

"What — indeed?" Nick echoed. "But if we need them, it's because we're not superior persons. We're awful Philistines."

"I'll be one with you," the girl smiled. "Poor Nash is n't worth talking about. What was it but a little question of action when he preached to you, as I know he did, to give up your seat?"

"Yes, he has a weakness for giving up — he'll go with you as far as that. But I'm not giving up any more, you see. I'm pegging away, and that's gross."

"He's an idiot — *n'en parlons plus!*" Miriam dropped, gathering up her parasol, but lingering.

"Ah, never for me! He helped me at a difficult time."

"You ought to be ashamed to confess it."

"Oh, you *are* a Philistine," said Nick.

"Certainly I am," Miriam returned, going toward the door, "if it makes me one to be sorry, awfully sorry, and even rather angry, that I have n't before me a period of the same sort of unsociable pegging away that you have. For want

of it I shall never really be good. However, if you don't tell people I've said so, they'll never know. Your conditions are far better than mine, and far more respectable; you can do as many things as you like, in patient obscurity, while I'm pitchforked into the *mêlée*, and into the most improbable fame, upon the back of a solitary *cheval de bataille*, a poor, broken-winded screw. I foresee that I shall be condemned for the greater part of the rest of my days (do you see that?) to play the stuff I'm acting now. I'm studying Juliet, and I want awfully to do her, but really I'm mortally afraid lest, if I should succeed, I should find myself in such a box. Perhaps they'd want Juliet forever, instead of my present part. You see amid what delightful alternatives one moves. What I want most I never shall have had — five quiet years of hard, all-round work, in a perfect company, with a manager more perfect still, playing five hundred parts and never being heard of. I may be too particular, but that's what I should have liked. I think I'm disgusting, with my successful crudities. It's discouraging; it makes one not care much what happens. What's the use, in such an age, of being good?"

"Good? Your haughty claim is that you're bad."

"I mean *good*, you know — there are other ways. Don't be stupid." And Nick's visitor tapped him — he was at the door with her — with her parasol.

"I scarcely know what to say to you, for certainly it's your fault if you get on so fast."

"I'm too clever — I'm a humbug."

"That's the way I used to be," said Nick.

Miriam rested her wonderful eyes on him; then she turned them over the room, slowly, after which she attached them again, kindly, musingly, on his own. "Ah, the pride of that — the sense of purification! He 'used' to

be! Poor me! Of course you'll say, 'Look at the sort of thing I've undertaken to produce, compared with what you have.' So it's all right. Become great in the proper way and don't expose me." She glanced back once more into the studio, as if she were leaving it forever, and gave another last look at the unfinished canvas on the easel. She shook her head sadly. "Poor Mr. Sherringham — with *that*!" she murmured.

"Oh, I'll finish it — it will be very decent," said Nick.

"Finish it by yourself?"

"Not necessarily. You'll come back and sit when you return to London."

"Never, never, never again."

Nick stared. "Why, you've made me the most profuse offers and promises."

"Yes, but they were made in ignorance, and I've backed out of them. I'm capricious too — *faites la part de ça*. I see it would n't do — I didn't know it then. We're too far apart — I *am*, as you say, a Philistine." And as Nick protested, with vehemence, against this unscrupulous bad faith, she added, "You'll find other models; paint Gabriel Nash."

"Gabriel Nash — as a substitute for you?"

"It will be a good way to get rid of him. Paint Mrs. Dallow, too," Miriam went on, as she passed out of the door which Nick had opened for her — "paint Mrs. Dallow, if you wish to eradicate the last possibility of a throb."

It was strange that since only a moment before Nick had been in a state of mind to which the superfluity of this reference would have been the clearest thing about it, he should now have been moved to receive it, quickly, naturally, irreflectively, with the question, "The last possibility? Do you mean in her or in me?"

"Oh, in you. I don't know anything about her."

"But that would n't be the effect," rejoined Nick, with the same supervening candor. "I believe that if she were to sit to me the usual law would be reversed."

"The usual law?"

"Which you cited awhile since, and

of which I recognize the general truth. In the case you speak of I should probably make a frightful picture."

"And fall in love with her again? Then, for God's sake, risk the daub!" Miriam laughed out, swimming away to her victoria.

Henry James.

TRIAL BY JURY OF THINGS SUPERNATURAL.

THE law can deal with the supernatural — with such questions as the existence of God or the devil — in any way that it chooses. Two ways have been adopted. One is that of assuming their truth and reality, and then legislating upon that basis, in such a way as leaves open no question of fact about them; directing certain conduct, forbidding certain other conduct. The volume of our oldest Anglo-Saxon laws begins with an assumption of the existence of God. It is providing a penalty for stealing, and opens thus: "The property of God and of the Church twelvefold." This is the first sentence in the long annals of our recorded English legislation, now reaching back for nearly thirteen hundred years. The existence of God has always been assumed in English law; and so the English Commonwealth punished capitally a denial that God exists, and any denial of his leading attributes such as his omnipresence, of the Trinity, of certain things about Christ, of the resurrection of the dead, etc. It is laid down by high authority in England to-day, although this is controverted, that it is punishable as blasphemy at common law to deny the truth of Christianity or the existence of God. In the opinion of Mr. Justice Stephen, it is, in point of strict law, criminal blasphemy in England to sell, or even lend, a copy of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, or Renan's work of the same name, or

certain works of Comte. Whatever may be the exact truth about that, yet in England always, and for the most part here, the plan has been pursued of asserting and sustaining by law the truth of certain opinions about the supernatural. Even now the phrase is familiar that "Christianity is part of the common law." This is, indeed, a highly figurative expression, very likely to be misunderstood, the import of which may be best surmised by remembering that the old judges also said that the "almanac is part of the common law." It is true in a sense, but by no means in a literal sense. Now, under any such laws as these which I have just referred to, or under our own laws against blasphemy, which rather deal with a certain objectionable method of handling given opinions than with the sober and decent denial of them, there is no chance left for any legal discussion as to the reality or truth, in point of fact, of these things; that is, of the existence of God, the nature of Christ, and the like.

But there is another way. Formerly, legislators did sometimes leave open a question of fact as to the existence and the operation of supernatural influence. When they tried people for witchcraft, it was a question, not indeed whether there were a devil and evil spirits able to communicate with men and to operate among them, for the truth of this was

assumed, but whether, on a given occasion, these creatures had actually been operating in league with the accused persons and in a certain way. That is a sort of question which our system of law has not and never had any suitable machinery for determining; and so in recent times we do not take this course. But suppose we did, how should we deal with the question? Precisely as they formerly dealt with it, precisely as we now deal with any other question of fact,—by calling witnesses, by expert testimony, and by a jury, or, it may be, a judge; and this was the same machinery that our ancestors used in the witchcraft cases. When Ruskin was brought into court, some years ago, for libeling Whistler, the artist, by some highly flavored remarks about his pictures and his capacity, the artistic merit of these works was submitted to the decision of a jury: the pictures were hung up before them, and artists like Burne Jones and Rossetti were called in as expert witnesses to aid the jury by their opinions. And so it was, a few years ago, when the sculptor Belt brought a like inquiry before a London jury, who sat upon the question of his capacity to do work of any artistic worth, examined his busts, with a collection of which the court-room was furnished, and had to hear, digest, and pass judgment upon the expert opinions of the leading artists of England. The Londoners laughed at all this, and were reminded, they said, of the fable,—how the beasts of the field quarreled as to which should be greatest among them, and called in a passing crow to settle the question. They spoke also in jest of a judge who once proposed to end the everlasting controversy over fate and free will by making up what the lawyers call a “special case,” and arguing it out *in banc*. It was, to be sure, a sorry sight. The tribunal was not fit for the task, but it was the best that the law could furnish. And now, if the question of the existence of

supernatural intelligences and their influence should ever be submitted to our courts for decision, it would be before just such a tribunal, either a jury or a judge, and upon just such proofs that it would have to be determined. Legally speaking, the fundamental facts about religious truth as manifested upon any given occasion might be settled one way to-day and another way to-morrow, according as different juries should find.

It is not impossible that we may yet see something of this sort done about Spiritualism; that is to say, may see the question passed upon whether it is or is not true. But so far, in modern times, such things do not come up in this way. When Spiritualists get into court nowadays, it is on the charge of defrauding people and using undue influence, as in the case of Home in England, twenty years ago, who was compelled to return several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property to a woman of seventy-five, a Mrs. Lyon, who had given it to him on the faith of certain alleged messages from her deceased mother; it was a mere question of undue influence, of the abuse of a relation of confidence. And so of the case of a Mrs. Fletcher, who, a few years ago, was found guilty, in London, of obtaining property by false pretenses and conspiracy. She has written a book about it, and insists that her spiritual communications were genuine, and so the pretenses were not false; and that the court wrongly rejected an offer on her part to prove them true, and so condemned her wrongly. But it appeared to the tribunal like a pretty vulgar case of fraud. The court left to the jury fairly the question of her own belief in the manifestations, which was the main thing. In like manner, the Rosses in Boston, not long ago, were arrested for defrauding; and in England, a few years since, a Spiritualist was convicted, under an old statute, as being a “rogue and vagabond” for using these means to defraud.

But the indictment of Mrs. Fletcher on the occasion above named also included a charge of pretending "to exercise divers kinds of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, and conjuration." That was under an existing statute in England, — a law that "every one who pretends to exercise . . . any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration . . . commits a misdemeanor," and must, upon conviction, be imprisoned for a year, etc. This calls for no result, such as defrauding; it is merely a pretending to exercise. That law was enacted in 1736, at the same time that the former law of 1603, which had been passed to please King James when he came to the throne, was repealed. The former law had made it a capital crime, without benefit of clergy, to "use, practice, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any one shall be killed, . . . pained or lamed in his body;" and also "to consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose." This law hardly supports Selden's well-known remark about it: "The law against witches does not prove there be any, but it punishes the malice of those people who use such means to take away men's lives; if one should profess that by turning his hat thrice and crying buz he could take away a man's life, though in truth he could do no such thing, yet this were a just law made by the state that whosoever should turn his hat thrice and cry buz, with the intention to take away a man's life, should be put to death." The law does not, to be sure, prove that there be any witches, but certainly it assumes the reality and possibility of witchcraft and of commerce with evil spirits. In the trial, then, of cases arising under this law, it became a mere question of fact whether in reality a particular person did practice witch-

craft and deal with spirits, or not. But the law of 1736, which is the existing law, deals only with pretending to exercise, etc. An English judge of our own day has raised the question whether it would be a good defense, under the present law, to prove that the accused not only pretended to practice witchcraft, but actually did it. I suppose that it would not. But if it would, then we might see the question of the truth of witchcraft submitted to a jury to-day, as Mrs. Fletcher tried to leave the question of the reality of her communication with spirits.

There was a period of nearly two hundred years during which such allegations had to be passed upon by courts of justice in England, in administering the ordinary laws of the land; and especially during the period of one hundred and thirty years after the act of King James. In Scotland, also, they did it, and, as we all know, here.

I am going to examine a little carefully two famous trials of this sort in the seventeenth century, one in England and one in Scotland, with a view, especially, to mark the way in which legal machinery worked, in performing so singular a task as that of passing on the truth and reality of witchcraft. I pass by the New England cases, because they are but poor illustrations of anything that can be called legal. There was, I believe, no lawyer engaged in the trial of the Salem witches, either on the bench or at the bar.

I. The first of the cases I refer to was the famous one of the so-called "Suffolk Witches," tried before Sir Matthew Hale at Bury St. Edmonds, in 1664, for bewitching seven children.¹ This case has a special interest because it was one of the authorities relied upon by the court that condemned so many unhappy persons at Salem, twenty-eight years afterwards. "They consulted," says Cotton in his *History of the Criminal Law*, i. 378, to which I am indebted for some references.

¹ This case is found in the *State Trials* and elsewhere. Stephen gives a short account of it

Mather (Upham's History of Witchcraft, ii. 361), "the precedents of former times, and the precepts of learned writers about witchcraft, as Keble on the Common Law, . . . also Sir Matthew Hale's Trial of Witches, printed, Anno, 1682." The testimony included statements by the relatives of the children as to their remarkable behavior, which they themselves had seen; of certain experiments upon three of the children who were in court; and of the expert testimony of a person styled in the report "Dr. Brown of Norwich, a person of great knowledge." This was no other than Sir Thomas Browne, then sixty years old, and a physician of much distinction. This expert was by no means uncommitted on the subject of witchcraft. "For my part," he had said twenty years before, in the *Religio Medici*, a book already famous and in its seventh edition, "I have ever believed and do now know that there are witches. They that doubt of this do not only deny them, but spirits; and are, obliquely and upon consequence, a sort, not of infidels, but atheists." And in another treatise, published only two years later than the *Religio Medici*, in dealing with Satan as "the great promoter of false opinions," he said, in that manner of his which carries pleasure to the marrow of a reader's bones: "Lastly, to lead us further into darkness and quite to lose us in this maze of error, he would make men believe there is no such creature as himself, . . . wherein, besides that he annihilates the blessed angels and spirits in the rank of his creation, he begets a security of himself, and a careless eye unto the last remunerations. . . . And to this effect he maketh men believe that apparitions and such as confirm his existence are either deceptions of sight or melancholy depravements of fancy. . . . Thus he endeavors to propagate the *unbelief of witches*, whose concession infers his coexistence; by this means also he advanceth the opinion of total

death, and staggereth the immortality of the soul," etc.

We are not told in the report how it came about that "Dr. Brown" was in the court-room, whether casually or because he was summoned as a witness; but being there, and having heard the evidence and seen the three children in court, he was asked by Sir Matthew Hale to give his opinion; and, as we read in the report, "he was clearly of opinion that the persons were bewitched," and said "that in Denmark there had been lately a great discovery of witches who used the very same way of afflicting persons, by conveying pins into them, and crooked, as these pins were, with needles and nails. And his opinion was, that the devil in such cases did work upon the bodies of men and women upon a natural foundation, (that is) to stir up and excite such humours superabounding in their bodies to a great excess, whereby he did in an extraordinary manner afflict them with such distempers as their bodies were most subject to, as particularly appeared in these children; for he conceived that these swooning fits were natural, and nothing else but what they call the mother, but only heightened to a great excess by the subtilty of the devil, coöperating with the malice of those which we term witches, at whose instance he doth these villainies."

This is the testimony of an "expert witness," and it could not but have had a great effect. For although it was as true then as it is now that the opinions of an expert are not binding upon the jury, are only so much advice and instruction for them, educating them for their task of forming an independent opinion of their own (as in the case of *Whistler v. Ruskin*), yet such opinions, in matters where the jury know so little and the expert knows so much, are often likely to be acted upon as if they were authoritative. It is highly probable that this opinion was so taken. A few

carefully put questions to Sir Thomas Browne might have essentially reduced the proportions of his statement. How, for instance, did he know what had taken place in Denmark? Personally, he probably knew nothing about it, for the accounts of his life do not indicate that he had ever traveled there. And so, in a degree, as regards all the witnesses; for it must be remembered that, at that time, on a trial for a capital offense, as this of witchcraft was, the accused person was allowed no counsel to assist him in trying his case. What did these old women, frightened out of their wits, know about cross-examination? At that time, it may be added, *their* witnesses could not be sworn. Strange as it may seem, it was not for a generation yet that these privileges were allowed in England at any capital trial; and it was far later than that before it was allowed in all of them. It is probable that many thousands of accused persons were unjustly hanged in England, while this state of things existed, whose lives would have been saved by a moderately skillful cross-examination of the government witnesses.

In other respects, what was the nature of the legal machinery which was to be applied to the solution of the strange and difficult questions that were brought up in these proceedings for witchcraft? They were to be settled by the verdict of a jury, — instructed by evidence, to be sure, and advised by the court, but having at that time (unlike the present) the legal right to find a verdict on their own information and knowledge only, although they had not publicly stated this in court so that it might be sifted, and although it was contradicted by all the evidence in the case. While the jury had this great and unmanageable power, their verdict was practically uncontrollable: he whom they acquitted was finally acquitted, and he whom they found guilty was guilty once for all, saving only the judges' power of

delaying execution and the king's pardoning power. Points of law might be taken, but there was then no way of reviewing or setting aside the verdict in a criminal case for an error in finding the fact. The judges were then in the latter days of an experiment at fining and punishing jurors for acquitting improperly, but that soon got its death-blow, and the modern practice of granting new trials was just beginning.

Who and what were the jury? A body of plain, every-day men, having some little qualification of property, and challengeable for a few of the plainer disqualifications for fair dealing, as, for example, that they were in the employment of either party, — a good representation, no doubt, of the average fairly well-to-do citizen, filled full of all the ordinary prejudices, presuppositions, ignorance, superstition, of the times. The jury, as Sir Henry Maine has said, is but "a relic of the ancient popular justice, . . . the old *adjudicating democracy*, limited, modified, and improved in accordance with the principles suggested by the experience of centuries." We can get a side-light on the jury of that period, and their feeling about this class of cases at just about this time, from Roger North's life of his brother Francis, the Lord-Keeper Guilford. Francis North became chief justice of the Common Pleas in 1675, while Sir Matthew Hale was yet sitting as chief justice of the King's Bench. He was a good lawyer and a man of the world. "Sharp and shrewd," says one of his biographers (Lord Campbell, *Lives of the Chancellors*, iv. 333), "but of no imagination, of no depth, of no grasp of intellect, — any more than generosity of sentiment." But he did have a certain hard sense that kept him free from the delusions that affected that much greater but over-religious man, Sir Matthew Hale. Roger North, in the affectionate and most readable life of his brother to which I have referred, and which Tal-

fourd has called "one of the most delightful books in the world," says that his brother was extremely "scrutinous," as he calls it, in criminal cases when they were at all obscure, especially when they were capital cases; "but never more puzzled," he goes on, "than when a popular cry was at the heels of a business; for then he had his jury to deal with, and if he did not tread upon eggs they would conclude sinistrously, and be apt to find against his opinion. And for this reason he dreaded the trying of a witch. It is seldom that a poor old wretch is brought to trial upon that account but there is, at the heels of her, a popular rage that does little less than demand her to be put to death; and if a judge is so clear and open as to declare against that impious, vulgar opinion that the devil himself has power to torment and kill innocent children, or that he is pleased to divert himself with the good people's cheese, butter, pigs, and geese, and the like errors of the ignorant and foolish rabble, the countrymen (the triers) cry, this judge hath no religion, for he doth not believe witches; and so, to show they have some, hang the poor wretches. All which tendency to mistake requires a very prudent and moderate carriage in a judge, whereby to convince rather by *detecting of the fraud* than by denying authoritatively such power to be given to old women."

Francis North had been made the more thoughtful upon this subject on account of the conviction of two old women before one of his colleagues upon trivial evidence, reinforced by their confessions. "This judge," says Roger North, "left the point upon the evidence fairly (as they call it) to the jury, but he made no nice distinctions, as how possible it was for old women in a sort of melancholy madness, by often thinking in pain and want of spirits, to contract an opinion of themselves that was false; and that this confession ought not to be taken against themselves, without

a plain evidence that it was rational and sensible, no more than that of a lunatic or distracted person."

Roger North had himself been present when his brother had to try an old man for bewitching a girl of thirteen. The girl had shown the usual symptoms of strange fits when the man came near her, and of spitting out pins. But these pins, unlike the common case, were straight, and his lordship, we are told, "wondered at the straight pins, which could not be so well couched in the mouth as crooked ones; for such only used to be spit out by the people bewitched. He examined the witnesses very tenderly and carefully, and so as none could collect what his opinion was; for he was fearful of the jurymen's precipitancy, if he gave them any offence." The old man defended himself well (without counsel, of course), and called his witnesses, who could not (as I have said) be sworn. "After this was done," goes on the biographer, "the judge was not satisfied to direct the jury before the imposture was fully declared, but studied and beat the bush awhile, asking sometimes one person, and then another, questions as he thought proper. At length he turned to the justice of the peace that committed the man and took the first examinations, and, 'Sir,' said he, 'pray will you ingenuously declare your thoughts, if you have any, touching these straight pins which the girl spit? for you saw her in her fit.' Then, 'My lord,' said he, 'I did not know that I might concern myself in the evidence, having taken the examination and committed the man. But since your lordship demands it, I must needs say I think the girl, doubling herself in her fit, as being convulsed, bent her head down close to her stomach, and with her mouth took pins out of the edge of that, and then, righting herself a little, spit them into some bystander's hands.' This," adds the biographer, "cast an universal satisfaction upon the minds of

the whole audience, and the man was acquitted."

Now Hale, in dealing with his jury, gave them no such quiet exhibition of his anxiety and his doubts; he took a very different method, and one which is exactly indicated by Roger North's slurring expression as to his brother's colleague, Raymond, — "whose passive behavior," as he said, "should let those poor women die," — namely, "he left the point . . . fairly (as they call it) to the jury." Hale had done just this, and in a manner which indicated his own unwillingness to interfere with the natural movements of the jurors' minds, whose tendencies on such a question, of course, he must well have known. "He would not," he said, in charging the jury, "repeat the evidence to them, lest he should vary it one side or the other. They had two things to ask: Were the children bewitched? Were the prisoners guilty of it? That there were such creatures as witches he made no doubt at all; the Scriptures and the laws of all nations, including England, showed that. And he desired them strictly to observe this evidence, and the great God of heaven to direct their hearts in this weighty thing. For to condemn the innocent and to let the guilty go free were both an abomination to the Lord." Thereupon the jury went out, and in half an hour found the women guilty on thirteen charges. This was on Thursday afternoon, March 13, 1664-5.

Now what was this evidence which Chief Baron Hale was content to leave to the jury with so little remark, and with no criticism whatever? Our source of information for this is an account printed certainly as early as 1682, and perhaps, as there is some reason for thinking, in Hale's own lifetime, — an account prepared with care by one who was present at the trial. It bears plain marks of an effort to vindicate the justice of the proceeding.

There were, as I said, seven children

supposed to be bewitched: of these, one had died before the trial; of the others, not one actually testified in court; three were reported as sick, and the other three who came to court were conveniently bewitched at this time and made dumb. But these three did go through many manifestations before the court, which must have strongly impressed any jury of plain men whose minds were preoccupied with a belief in witchcraft. One of the children was a girl of eleven, who lay on a table in the court-room, on her back, as one in a deep sleep, unable to move any part of her body, except (a common symptom in witch cases) that her stomach, "by the drawing of her breath, would arise to a great height." Then she recovered herself and sat up, but could neither see nor speak, though able to understand what was said to her; and then "she laid her head on the bar of the court with a cushion under it." The judge directed one of the alleged witches to come near and touch the girl, "whereupon," we read, "the child, without so much as seeing her, for her eyes were closed all the while, suddenly leaped up and caught Amy Duny [the old woman] by the head and afterwards by the face, and with her nails scratched her till the blood came, and would by no means leave her till she was taken from her; and afterwards the child would still be pressing towards her and making signs of anger conceived against her." Another girl of eighteen "fell into her fits" on being brought into court, and was carried out; in half an hour she recovered, and came back and was sworn, but as she undertook to testify "she fell into her fits, shrieking out in a miserable manner, crying, burn her, burn her, which were all the words she could speak." Repeated experiments were made in court of the touching of the children, while appearing to be insensible, by the old women, and of their starting up into activity. Now, says the

reporter, "there was an ingenious person who objected that there was here a great fallacy in this experiment," for the children might be shamming. Whereupon the judge (who was always fair) had an experiment tried that well-nigh upset the whole business. Three persons of consideration, including Serjeant Keeling, were desired by the court to attend one of the children, in the further part of the hall, while she was in one of her fits, and then send for one of the old women. This was done. The girl's apron was put over her eyes, and a person who was not one of the witches touched the girl's hand, which produced the same effect as the touch of the old women themselves. "Whereupon," goes on the report, "the gentlemen returned, openly protesting that they did believe the whole transaction of this business was a mere imposture. This put the court and all persons into a stand." But at length Mr. Pacy, the father of the eleven-year-old girl, made a naive suggestion that seems to have been thought a valuable one, namely, he "did declare that possibly the maid might be deceived by a *suspicion* that the witch touched her when she did not;" and the reporter, with an amusing credulity, says this was afterwards found to be true, so that "by the opinions of some this experiment (which others would have a fallacy) was rather a confirmation that the parties were really bewitched than otherwise."

One readily guesses that these dramatic incidents must have told strongly on the feelings of any plain and ordinarily kind-hearted jury. Some of the

¹ As regards this experiment with the toad, it is singular how the human fancy holds on to such conceptions. A near relative of mine, who lived in Andover eighty years ago, has told me that she went to school there, as a very young child, to an old woman who was generally believed to be a witch. On a neighboring farm, one day, the churning didn't work right, and the failure of the butter to come was attributed to the machinations of this old woman. The butter-makers resorted

children were probably in a state of real hysteria; and the scene was heightened by all the fear and sorrow which their distressed mothers and relatives felt in telling these things, and in telling how one child had been already killed by these torments, and others were now languishing at home, at the point of death, from the same cause.

The other testimony, which a lawyer of the present day reads with amazement, was calculated to have much effect on the jury. It was, in substance, this: As to two of the children, their mother gave an account of a quarrel which she herself had had with one of the old women some years before. The woman had had the reputation of being a witch for several years. As soon as this quarrel came, the witness's little nursing boy was very sick for several weeks. She consulted a doctor who was reckoned good at helping bewitched children, and was advised by him to hang up the child's blanket by the fire all day, and when she took it down at night to burn anything that she found in it. She did hang it up, and at night found in the blanket a great toad, which she caused to be held in the fire with the tongs; then followed (as the reader will anticipate) "a great and horrible noise," "a flashing in the fire like gunpowder," "a noise like the discharge of a pistol, and thereupon the toad was no more seen nor heard." The child recovered, but the old woman (the witch) was found, on the next day, to be herself terribly burned, and she charged this on the witness, and threatened her.¹ About two years later, the witness to the usual way of exorcising the evil influence by heating the spit and thrusting it red-hot into the cream. It turned out that the old woman at once appeared with a burned hand; and this was widely received as conclusive evidence that she was a witch. This was in the nineteenth century. Of this old woman, as of Moll Pitcher of Lynn, who was known to my friend, I was told that she did not discourage this opinion, for it was worth something to her in the gainful occupation of fortune-telling.

ness's daughter, ten years old, was taken in much the same way, and in her fits charged this old woman with afflicting her, and soon died; and, moreover, the witness herself became lame, and ever since, for more than three years, had gone on crutches.

As to two more of the children, eleven and nine years old, their father testified to a quarrel with one of the old women; and that the younger daughter immediately fell into fits, had the pricking of pins in her stomach, and shrieked out like a whelp, and continued in this condition nearly a fortnight, charging the old woman with afflicting her. He caused the woman to be put in the stocks, whereupon the other daughter fell sick in the same way. Their aunt testified that they were then sent to be under her care; that she had at first no faith in the stories, and thought that the children were deceiving; but they went on to throw up crooked pins and sometimes nails, although she took care that no pins were used in their clothes; and a large quantity of these pins, and also nails from the same quarter, were produced to the jury. The doctor who attended one of the children testified to his inability to account for the cause of their disorder. Similar stories were told of the other children. And finally, by way of confirming the idea that all this sort of thing was traceable to the old women, a man testified to his wagon having once struck and injured the house of one of the women, whereupon the cart was afterwards upset, and also stuck unaccountably in a gate, and the like. Another man, having touched her house with his axle, had four horses die soon afterwards, and also cattle and pigs; and himself grew lame in his legs and was troubled with lice. A woman, having been threatened by one of the old women, afterwards lost all her geese and had a new chimney fall, and also lost a firkin of fish which her brother had sent her from the "northern seas;"

as to the firkin, the unfortunate mariners who were to have delivered it to her told her "they could not keep it in the boat from falling into the sea, and they thought it was gone to the devil, for they never saw the like before." An examination of the persons of the alleged witches was also had by some women appointed by the court, and they reported certain appearances which were in those days considered marks of a witch.

This, with the expert testimony of Sir Thomas Browne, was, so far as we can tell, all of the evidence. Think of Sir Matthew Hale leaving all that rubbish to the jury! What is even worse, think of his doing it with nothing to mark any just appreciation of its character! That Hale himself really believed the evidence and approved the jury's action is shown by the fact that he sentenced the women at once, on the next morning. He might have delayed, and have respited them; that was very common with the English judges when there was any doubt. But here the conviction came in the afternoon; and Hale, after having the three children and their parents at his lodgings the next morning, where he found, as the reporter tells us, that within half an hour after the conviction the children had all recovered, that they had slept well, that they now spoke perfectly and were in good health, proceeded forthwith to the final step. He must also have learned that morning of the alleged circumstance that the mother, who had been for more than three years on crutches, and had testified on them in court, was, upon the jury's verdict, "restored to the use of her limbs," and went for the first time without her crutches. Hale had two of the children come into court and confirm all that had been testified by their friends; "the prisoners," says the reporter, "not much contradicting them." And then "the judge and all the court, [being] fully satisfied with the verdict, gave judgment against the witches that

they should be hanged." They were urged to confess, but would not; and in three days they were executed.

II. I pass at once to the Scotch case. This case is remarkable for preserving the principal arguments of the prosecuting counsel, both to the court and jury; so that we may see just what the line of reasoning was by which a tribunal might be persuaded of these things. It brings strongly to light the way in which the security afforded by legal forms and solemnities for the accurate investigation of facts may wholly break down when the men who are to do the judging have their minds saturated with certain sorts of opinion. We should be very foolish if we supposed that we are wholly rid of this sort of difficulty at the present day. It is familiar to us in some of its plainer forms. The most conspicuous illustration of it in our own time is the outcome of the electoral commission for determining who had been chosen President in 1876. On a set of questions which divided the commission, as they divided the country, sharply on political lines, we tried to make the commission judges. Most of its members, no doubt, approached the questions with a patriotic purpose to be perfectly impartial, perfectly judicial. They listened to arguments on both sides, and deliberated and gave their opinions; and they were divided, eight to seven,—precisely on party lines; and this not merely on one or two of the questions, but on every question of importance. In the journal of the commission one may read thirty-four divisions of eight to seven, almost every one that is recorded. Some persons blamed them. But whom would you blame? I believe it is common for those who lost to blame all of those on the opposite side, as having been partisans. But of course it must not be overlooked that the minority showed precisely the same solidarity. The fact is that the human creature, do what he will, *cannot* rid his mind of preconcep-

tions; and I suppose that we ought to thank God that it is so, that we cannot make ourselves into mere thinking machines. At any rate, so the fact is; these judicial treasures we have in earthen vessels.

The Scotch case came on thirty years or more after the trial of the Suffolk Witches, near Glasgow. It arose in 1696, a few years after our Salem trials. It derives a certain interest from the fact that the bewitched person, a girl of eleven, Christian Shaw, afterwards, with her mother, began at Paisley that manufacture of thread which has since made the place famous the world over. Her father was the Laird of Bargarran, in Renfrewshire, a little way out of Paisley. Christian had caught a servant, Katherine Campbell, stealing some milk on a Monday in August, and received a vigorous cursing for it; thrice the servant wished that the devil might "harle her soul through hell." On the next Friday, Agnes Naesmith, an old widow and a reputed witch, was in the laird's courtyard; the girl, Christian Shaw, gave her a saucy answer to some question, and the old woman appears to have shown resentment. On the next evening, Saturday, strange manifestations began with Christian Shaw, which continued for months. She flew over her bed, lay insensible for days, stood bent like a bow upon her feet and neck at once, "fell a-crying" that Katherine Campbell and Agnes Naesmith were hurting her, etc. She was taken to Glasgow to see a distinguished physician, Dr. Brisbane. Here her health grew better. She had an intermission of nearly a fortnight. She went home again, and her symptoms came back worse than ever; her head was pulled down towards her breast, and her tongue violently thrown out and squeezed between her teeth, especially when she undertook to pray. They took her back to Dr. Brisbane at Glasgow; and now, even on the journey thither, she developed a new thing,—the

spitting out of hairs, curled and knotted, of coal cinders as big as chestnuts and almost too hot to handle, straw, pins, small bones, pieces of wood, feathers, gravel-stones, candle-grease, and eggshells. She was visited by great numbers of people in Glasgow, and by many of distinction. She sat up in bed, unable to see or hear, and called for a Bible and a candle, and preached to the invisible Katherine Campbell for two hours. And now she began to accuse others, and to see the devil himself. The clergy took it up; she became the object of constant observation and labor with the credulous Presbytery of Paisley. She saw a good many witches, and was much beset by them and by the devil, particularly when any religious exercise was on. "Usually," we are told in the naive story of all this, printed within a year or so, in 1698, "when ministers began to pray she made great disturbance by idle, loud talking, whistling, singing, and roaring; and when she recovered she laid this off on the hellish crew about her." Now people would hear sounds as of strokes, and she complained that various people were striking and tormenting her, and urging her to kill her young sister. She went on to name more people, and was tormented when they touched her, among them an old Highlander who had come along and asked a night's lodging; his touch tormented her, and he was arrested. The next day, a clergyman tried the experiment of covering her with his cloak, and bringing her in and letting the Highlander touch her. He did so, and she was at once tormented. Then she begged the Highlander to let her tell their secrets, upon which, says the simple narrative, "the old fellow looking at her with an angry countenance," her mouth was stopped and her teeth set. Early in February, 1696-7, came a meeting of a commission of distinguished persons appointed by the Privy Council of Scotland to examine and re-

port upon this whole case. Christian Shaw accused various persons, and was touched by them in public and duly tormented. Then came confessions. One person charged by Christian was a beggar, described as "an ignorant, irreligious fellow who had always been of evil fame;" another was his daughter of seventeen, who, after being, as the narrative says, "seriously importuned and dealt with by two gentlemen," confessed and implicated her father and the old Highlander. A boy under twelve was arrested, and although at first he vigorously denied any guilt, he confessed and implicated his brother, aged fourteen, — now in jail at Glasgow, and about to be transported for something else. This boy also, at first, wholly denied the business, "yet," says the narrative, "at length, through the endeavors of Mr. Patrick Simpson, a neighbor minister, ingeniously confessed his guilt."

On February 11 there was a public fast, and Christian was present in church all day, — listening to three sermons; certainly a good day's work. That evening she had a sharp attack; "and when the fit was over," we read that she had to hear another discourse. "Mr. Simpson, going about family worship, did expound Psalm ex., and speaking of the limited power of the adversaries of our Lord Jesus Christ, from the latter part of verse 1, she was on a sudden seized with another grievous [sic] fit, in which she put out of her mouth some blood, which raised grounds of fear and jealousy in the minds of spectators that something in her mouth, hurting her, had been the occasion of it; yet they could not get her mouth opened, though they used means to open the same, her teeth being close set. And in the interval of the fit, she being asked if she found anything in her mouth that had been the occasion of her putting out of blood, she replied she found nothing, nor knew the cause thereof; but open-

ing her mouth, those present found one of her double teeth newly drawn out, but knew not what became of the tooth; for though search was made for the same, it could not be found. After which," we are told, "the minister proceeded [with his discourse], but was again interrupted by her renewed fits, yet closed the exercise with prayer, after which, without more trouble, she was taken to her bed."

She went on in this way accusing more people, a midwife and others, up to a certain Sunday morning near the end of March, when it all stopped. It appears to have been about this time that the final report was made by the commissioners to the Privy Council of the doings of the witches. In eight days a new commission was appointed, "not merely to examine, but now actually to try the accused persons, and sentence the guilty to be burned or otherwise executed to death, as the commissioners should incline." The commission met, heard a sermon by Mr. Hutchinson on the stimulating text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and in a day or two adjourned for a month. Three confessions had been heretofore obtained, and it was desired that the clergy should try in this interval to get more of them. This seems to have been regarded as very important; and they succeeded in getting two more on the morning that the commission met. It is strange that neither of these two "confessants" appears to have been put on trial. Twenty-four persons had been accused. Seven of them were tried before a jury, and all convicted. After conviction one confessed, and committed suicide in prison the same night. The other six, including Katherine Campbell and Agnes Naesmith, and at least two of the earlier "confessants," were burned at Paisley on June 10, 1697.

Now, although I have been drawn into this long narrative, my chief concern is with the arguments and the trial. We

have no full report; it appears, however, that they had the testimony of Dr. Brisbane, the Glasgow physician and expert, of Christian Shaw herself, now restored and in her right mind, of the five surviving "confessants," and of many others. The accused had an advocate, and in this they were more fortunate than a witch tried in England would have been at that time.

Observe, then, that this Scotch case is very different from that of the Suffolk Witches, in that the person bewitched testified here, and that *five of the alleged witches* also testified. In this way there was brought into the case a body of what was called "spectral evidence," which Sir Matthew Hale did not have to deal with. All of the "confessants" testified that they had personally seen the devil in one or another shape, and had been carried through the air in "flights;" they had met with the devil and companies of witches, being all invisible, and had appeared to Christian Shaw while unseen to everybody else, and put pins and hair, cinders, and the like into her mouth, and had, while invisible, by upsetting boats and otherwise, assisted in several murders.

The testimony of the expert, Dr. Brisbane, was of course important. It was much cooler than that of Sir Thomas Browne in the case of the Suffolk Witches. He adhered, at the trial, to a deposition which he had previously given, in which he had said that he found Christian Shaw, on her first coming, "brisk," "florid in color," "cheerful," and "every way apparently healthful," and that he saw nothing in what took place during her first visit to him — the convulsive motions and groans and talk against Campbell and Naesmith — which was not "reducible to the freaks of hypochondriac melancholy;" and at that time he treated her accordingly, with advantage. But what he could not explain was what happened afterwards.

He was often with her, he said, and "observed her narrowly, so that he was confident she had no visible correspondent to supply hair, straw, coal cinders, hay, and the like, all of which on several occasions he saw her put out of her mouth without being wet; nay, rather as if artificially dried, and hotter than the natural warmth of her body. . . . Were it not for the hay, straw, etc., he should not despair to reduce the other symptoms to their proper classes in the catalogue of human diseases." At the trial, referring to these previous statements, the doctor declared that in his opinion these things "did not proceed from natural causes arising from the patient's body." Now as regards this testimony by Dr. Brisbane, one observes no statement at all that he had at any time had the girl searched. There is also no statement, like Sir Thomas Browne's, that he himself believed in witchcraft or thought these strange occurrences traceable to that; and none that he absolved the girl from cheating. It is, as we have it, only a guarded declaration that these things are not imputable, in his opinion, to any bodily disease. If this was all he meant to say, — and it seems to have been so, — we can hardly excuse Dr. Brisbane from the charge of a cunning or cowardly unwillingness to intimate his whole mind; one can easily guess how a more frank expression as regards imposture on the part of the Laird of Bargarran's daughter, and as touching the folly and credulity of the Presbytery of Paisley, and generally of the learned and fashionable world of Glasgow and of all Scotland, might have affected the prosperity of a famous and successful physician; but it was the part of a scholar and of a man, at such a time, to say what he thought. If he had done it, it looks very much as if he might have saved the lives of seven

poor wretches who afterwards died for this, and might have checked the horrid superstition that had many a victim yet. In reality, this canny statement of the expert (if it be really his exact statement, and not a poor report of it),¹ "that in his opinion the things mentioned in his attestation did not proceed from natural causes *arising from the patient's body*," was pressed upon the jury as saying that it came from no natural causes at all. These things, said the government's advocate to the jury, were "deponed by Dr. Brisbane, in his opinion, *not to proceed from a natural cause*." He did not say that; he said something very different indeed from that, and yet something that might easily be taken for it.

But not yet, as regards this Scotch case, am I speaking of what seems to me its most interesting feature, the illustration it furnishes of the use of legal machinery in ascertaining questions of fact touching the supernatural. This is found in the two arguments for the government to which I have referred, — one to the court, the other to the jury. There is something very ghastly in the application which they furnish of the formal precision of legal and logical methods, and of the analogies of natural science to a consideration of all this wretched compound of imposture and superstitious misconception which was laid before the jury. There came first a long argument to the court, on the question of receiving the "spectral evidence;" that is, the testimony of the five "confessants" and of Christian Shaw to the supernatural sights and sounds and communications which they had had, — all of which was ultimately received and submitted to the jury. The line of argument was this: You have here, the counsel said to the court, a case, where the witchcraft is sufficiently

¹ We cannot be quite sure; but one suspects Dr. Brisbane grievously. This deposition and subsequent evidence are given at pages 129,

130, and 140 of *The Witches of Renfrewshire*, Paisley, Alexander Gardner, 1877.

proved, and also the fact that these accused persons are the witches; and the question is of admitting *in such a case*, necessarily involving, as it does, the existence and present exercise of supernatural influences, the testimony of six persons testifying to their own seeing and hearing of certain things, — things which are in their nature objects of sense. The crime of witchcraft is an occult and secret one; witches work in secret and invisibly to most persons. "It is a part of the witches' purchase from the devil that they cannot be seen at some occasions; so that the abominations committed then would remain unpunished if such witnesses were not admitted." When these witnesses testify to going and coming from meetings, *especially on foot*; falling down and worshipping the devil, then under a corporeal shape (and he had such a shape when he tempted our Saviour); the murdering of children by a cord and napkin; the tormenting of others by pins, etc., they speak of plain objects of sense and are to be believed. It is said to be dangerous to allow this, since Satan may have represented others by false shapes. But here other facts point the same way, and, besides, experience and the opinion of the wisest divines, lawyers, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, judges, and historians, at home and abroad, are that the apparitions of witches are commonly real, and we must go by what is generally true. Moreover, it is easier for the devil to transport people in hurricanes, as in the case of Job, protecting their faces so that they are not choked with the rush of air, than it is to form the curious miniature of fictitious transactions on their brain. It is both a greater crime and pleasure *to act* in truth, and the devils and witches do so in fact (unless the place be far distant or the party indisposed), and this is supported by the writers and witches of all nations and ages. The extraordinary nature of these things is not to diminish the certainty

of these proofs, for in law, as in nature, reality and not simulation is to be presumed. Our Saviour's miracles were the subject of the testimony of witnesses, his transfiguration, walking on the waters, standing in the midst of the disciples while the doors were shut, and "arguing assurance by their senses that a spirit had not flesh and bones." And if it still be said that it is not conceivable how the girl or witnesses could see what the bystanders could not see, besides its being impossible that real bodies should enter at closed doors and windows and should not intercept the sight of what is behind them, the answer is: (1) that we are not to deny proved facts because philosophers have not certainly reached yet the invisible manner of their existence, like the facts of nature that the loadstone draws iron and the compass turns always to the pole, and the facts of Scripture that an angel (and the devil was an angel once, and retains as yet his old power) smote the Sodomites so that they could not see the door while they did see the house, and that Balaam's ass saw the angel when his master could not see him; and (2) that where the fact, as here, is proved, it is enough for us to suggest a possible way in which it may come about; such a way is this, namely: Satan is a personage whose knowledge and experience make him perfect in optics and limning, and he is also very strong and agile, "whereby" (and here I cannot do justice to the passage without exact quotation) "he may easily bewitch the eyes of others to whom he intends that his instruments should not be seen, in this manner as was formerly hinted, namely, he constricts the pores of the witches' vehicle, which intercepts a part of the rays reflecting from her body; he condenses the interjacent air with grosser meteors blown into it, or otherwise does violently agitate it, which drowns another part of the rays; and lastly he obstructs the optic nerves with humors stirred towards them: all which

joined together may easily intercept the whole rays reflecting from their bodies, so as to make no impression upon the common sense; and yet, at the same time, by the refraction of the rays gliding along at the fitted sides of the volatile couch, wherein Satan transports them, and thereby meeting and coming to the eye, as if there were nothing interjacent, the wall or chair behind the same bodies may be seen; as a piece of money lying out of sight in a cup becomes visible how soon the medium is altered by pouring in some water on it. Several of your number do know that the girl declared that *she saw and heard the door and windows open* at the witches' entry, when, no doubt, the devil had precondensed a soft postage on the eyes and ears of others to whom that was unperceived. So Apolonius escaped Domitian's flight, and Giges became invisible by his magical ring. John of Sarisberrie tells us of a witch that could make anything not to be seen; and Mejerus relates another that had the like power. Some Italian witches of greater than ordinary wit confessed to Grilandus the devil opening doors and windows for them, though the more ignorant [witches] by a fascination think themselves actors of this; whence [our lawyer concludes] it ought not to be doubted by any reasonable man what in all times and places is so incontestable fact."

There was much more in this singular argument, but surely enough has been quoted to mark the nature of the idle and wandering speculations into which a legal discussion may degenerate when it enters upon such questions as these. What the considerations were that prevailed with the court we do not know. But in fact, as I said, all this evidence was received; some of it under a *cum nota*, that is a qualification that it must have corroboration, and the rest as that of persons not old enough to be sworn, and so to be taken with caution.

The jury at the trial sat continuously

for twenty-six hours. Such was the custom of that time even in England, — to go through a case without adjourning. One sees many examples of it in the State Trials. Twenty hours were taken up with the putting in of the evidence and incidental arguments; and then came six hours for the final addresses and the final deliberation.

The government advocate's argument to the jury was brief. (1.) He drew their attention to the extraordinary nature of these occurrences, which on the one hand are true, as being proved by unexceptionable witnesses, and on the other are very strange, of a sort not explainable by the ordinary course of nature. He recited all that I have mentioned, and more: such as Christian Shaw's talking once with her invisible tormentors, and asking them about their red sleeves, and then seizing these invisible people and pulling away two pieces of red cloth, unlike any in the house; and again her glove being lifted from the floor by an invisible hand. It is, then (so he argued), plainly to be concluded that *there is witchcraft* here. (2.) He enlarged upon a variety of circumstances tending to show that *these accused persons were the witches*: such as that all of them had "insensible marks" on their bodies, that is places which were not sensitive; most of them had long been reputed to be witches; none of them ever shed tears; the touch of all of them set the girl into torments; all were named by her, in her fits or out of them. These things, he said, which the wisdom and experience of all nations recognize as the marks of a witch, and which are so many discoveries by Providence of a crime that would otherwise remain in the dark, all concur in these persons, and such a concurrence was never known to happen when they were incorrect. (3.) There are the positive depositions of the "confessants" to the actual sight of the devil and the witches at their work. As to these depositions

and Christian Shaw's testimony, the "spectral evidence," he drew attention to circumstances that confirmed the witnesses; for example, their concurrence, and the fact that they accused their own relatives. Of one of them the advocate says, "She went on foot to the meeting [of witches] with her father, except only that the devil transported them over the water Clyde, which was easy to the prince of the air, who does far greater things by his hurricanes."

Such were these arguments, the feature which gives its peculiar interest to this Scotch case. It will be observed that, in a sense, they relied upon the same sort of thing that would be relied upon to-day, namely, the testimony under oath of persons speaking to what they say they have seen and heard, and the testimony of experts negating (for so this testimony was interpreted) any known natural cause as competent to explain the facts thus proved. It is true that documents were laid before the jury that would not be received to-day, — for instance, a long narrative of events prepared by the Presbytery of Paisley; but the purport of it was the same in kind as that of the testimony. The one radical difference between the trial as it was conducted then and as it would have been conducted later, while it was still possible to try for witchcraft (that is, down to 1736), lay in the different preconceptions, the different mental furniture and mental attitude, of the judge and jury at the trials. The "spirit of the age" appears in the things of which a tribunal will take judicial notice, as the lawyers say.

A great and admirable English judge, Chief Justice Holt, who came in at the English Revolution and sat till 1710, tried eleven cases of witchcraft, but there was never one conviction. As has been truly said, he went far to put an end to witchcraft trials by simply directing the prosecution, in 1702, of one Richard Hathaway, who had declared himself

bewitched, and had assaulted a woman as being the witch. At that trial Holt showed, as North had showed, what a shrewd and sensible judge might do and might always have done, even with all the danger from juries at that time: he himself questioned the witnesses narrowly and in a way to reveal imposture. For example, a witness had said that he saw Hathaway with his eyes open and yet unable to see.

Holt. "And yet you say he was blind; how could that be?"

Witness. . . . "I wagged' the hair of his eyelids and put a candle to his eyes, and he took no notice of it."

Holt. "How could you know that he did not see?"

Another witness, a woman, testified that she thought Hathaway bewitched.

Holt. . . . "Did you ever see anybody bewitched?"

Witness. "Yes, I have been so myself."

Holt. "How do you know you were bewitched?"

The woman answered, among other things, that she "flew over the heads of them all."

Holt. "Woman, can you produce any of those women that saw you fly?"

Witness. "It was when I was a child. They are dead."

Hathaway pretended to have fasted a long time. One of the witnesses called by him was a doctor. When the counsel had done with him, Holt put him two questions. "Doctor, do you think it *possible*, in nature, for a man to fast a fortnight?"

Witness. "I think not, my lord."

Holt. "Can all the devils in hell help a man to fast so long?"

Witness. "No, my lord, I think not: and that made me to suspect him."

And then in charging the jury Holt put the question to them, not whether Hathaway was bewitched, but whether "he was under a delirium of his mind, and did fancy himself to be bewitched."

Here we have a man whose mental outfit was of the modern style. This temper was not favorable to prosecutions for witchcraft. If it had been exhibited

by Sir Matthew Hale or the Scotch judges, there would probably have been no convictions and certainly no executions.

James B. Thayer.

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS.

THE Belgians not less than the Swiss have reason to be thankful every day that theirs is a small country, without foreign policy or colonial ambitions, secure in a guaranteed neutrality, and at liberty to cultivate the arts of peace. The burdens and anxieties which the current régime of militarism and the constant menace of war inflict upon the people of France and Germany can be appreciated only after a sojourn among them. The Germans are obliged to live under a harsh and impoverishing military despotism, while the French are reduced to an unhappy state of foreboding and half-desperation. Little Belgium, lying like a wedge between France and Germany, is, fortunately, free from the more serious troubles of its greater neighbors. Here the citizen enjoys a much higher degree of real liberty than the citizen in either of these adjoining countries: his taxes are far lighter, his obligation of military service is less oppressive, his commerce is less shackled, and in all respects he receives more and sacrifices less by reason of membership in the body politic.

There has elapsed just half a century since the Treaty of London revised the boundaries and assured the perpetual neutrality of Belgium, and gained recognition for the new state from all the powers of Europe; and during this period it has been possible for the government to give almost undivided attention to domestic affairs. Nowhere else in Europe has constitutional government pursued so even and so consis-

tent a course; and Belgium has offered the other Continental powers many instructive lessons. The politics of Belgium, and the principles and forms of its administration in this century, have been affected so materially and directly by the French Revolution that all its political writers dwell upon 1789 as one of the cardinal dates in their country's constitutional history. The fact that the recent centennial anniversary of the great Revolution coincides with the semi-centennial of the Treaty of London might well lend additional interest to a glimpse at the *politique* of Belgium. To the foreign student of political and social questions such a view of the working institutions of the country becomes infinitely more intelligible under the explanations of so wise and eminent a publicist as Professor Émile de Lavelaye, of Liege. It is not proposed here to present either a formal study of Belgian politics or a precise report of talks with M. de Lavelaye, but rather to combine in an informal way certain remarks and comments of the distinguished Belgian with the writer's own observations.

Belgium is so famous for its close tilage, great number of small agricultural holdings, and dense population that the American visitor is surprised at the appearance of the country from the windows of his railway carriage. From the French frontier to Brussels, and from Brussels to the German frontier,—assuming that the traveler is going by the usual northern route from Paris through the heart of Belgium, on his way to

Cologne and Berlin, — one finds slightly undulating plains stretching off to a horizon of low hills, the prospect at many points being unrelieved by a village or even by a single house. A more solitary landscape could now hardly be found on the prairies of Nebraska or western Iowa, — which in fact are constantly suggested, if one happens to be familiar with them. The air of solitude is of course greatest in winter. The farming customs of central and southern Belgium differ radically from those of Flanders, the northern provinces. In the north, the land belongs to peasants, who perform the labor themselves and subdivide estates. In the centre and south, the farmers are of a different class, and hold large properties, which they seldom subdivide. The empty appearance of the land results from the grouping of houses and farm buildings in villages. Subdivision of these farms would require the investment of new capital in additional buildings, machinery, and general outfit, and this is not deemed profitable. Accordingly, as M. de Lavelaye explains, there is an absolute end of the multiplication of holdings in Belgium, and, instead of dividing the land among heirs, the people of the farming class prefer to sell the land and divide the proceeds. In the discussion of Irish, English, and American problems of agrarian economics, the fact is too frequently overlooked that modern farming methods place a natural limit upon the size of holdings, and that the average area of separate *exploitations* is nowhere tending to decrease. Yet this assertion would seem to be emphatically contradicted by the statistics of Belgium itself. From 1846 to 1880 the number of separate farms had increased from about 580,000 to more than 910,000. But these figures bring the small peasant holdings of Flanders and the large farms of the other provinces into a common category, and are therefore liable to a mistaken interpretation. The economics of large

farming, in which capital is the most prominent factor, and the economics of peasant proprietorship, in which labor has the chief place, are very different. Of the 910,000 "farms" of Belgium, more than 710,000 contain less than two hectares, or five English acres each. It might be safe to estimate that less than 100,000 good-sized farms, according to English and American standards, occupy nearly two thirds of the cultivated area of Belgium, and that more than 800,000 small holdings make up the remaining one third. Subdivision is the tendency wherever that peasant proprietorship prevails; and the multiplication of Belgian farms indicated by the statistics has been chiefly in Flanders.

M. de Lavelaye explains very satisfactorily why a different land system prevails in the two parts of Belgium. The land of Flanders was originally sterile, and great labor was required to redeem the sandy wastes. The feudal tenure of such soil was not profitable, and the feudal system was therefore abrogated in Flanders much earlier than in the fertile provinces lying further inland. By dint of great industry the peasants have made the land productive. It would have been a desert to-day under a landlord system, just as Ireland would be almost as barren as Sahara but for the extraordinary richness of the soil and the fertilizing effects of an abundant rainfall. It is highly instructive to compare the thrift of peasant owners in Flanders with the distress of peasant tenants in the west of Ireland. If landlordism had been abolished in the rocky and boggy regions of western Ireland when it disappeared in Flanders, the Irish peasants would to-day be richer and more prosperous than the Flemish. A well-regulated landlord system, when applied to good land held in large farms, is not necessarily disastrous; but wherever great labor is required to redeem and cultivate rocky hillsides or barren wastes, no system but that of peasant ownership is applicable. Of this fact Flanders sup-

plies a striking illustration. It is interesting to note in passing that although so many hundred thousands of these farms now contain only about a hectare, it is not common to find them smaller. Subdivision stops at this line. M. de Lavelaye says that, to the peasant mind, the division of a hectare would be like cutting a good picture into halves.

But I had intended to dwell more particularly upon the Belgian constitution and government, and may first be allowed to recall a few general historical facts. The Belgian provinces with approximately their present bounds are very ancient, and were comparatively independent of one another until the House of Burgundy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, knit them together with a centralized administration which has from that time to the present day given them a common destiny. After the crumbling of the Carolingian Empire, the Belgian provinces had come under the rule of feudal princes and barons, whose sway had in turn been broken down by the rise of the "communes," or townships, a movement beginning in the eleventh century. The communes reached a very high degree of prosperity, privilege, and local autonomy in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The great part which the feudal princes of Belgium played in the Crusades had enabled the communes the more successfully to assert themselves. Each commune, with its elected council and its college of magistrates, composed of a burgomaster and several *echevins*, formed in itself a miniature free state. The House of Burgundy superimposed a central administration upon provinces each of which had already its long-standing provincial organization and its highly developed communal system. In order to produce a larger unity, the measures which depressed and enfeebled the communes in the fifteenth century and subsequently were perhaps justified. We are accus-

tomed to regard the superiority of Anglo-Saxon institutions as due in large part to the persistence of the old-time local units of government, the townships. It is, however, well to remember that the French and Belgian communes are almost as ancient and as worthy of respect as the Anglo-Saxon townships. Modern constitutional improvements in Belgium have been wisely grafted upon the ancient structure of provinces and communes.

Many dark pages in the history of the Low Countries are filled with the story of the Spanish domination, of the religious wars, and of the aggressions of Louis XIV., but recuperation was rapid under the beneficent administration of the Austrian House in the eighteenth century. M. de Lavelaye tells me that he well remembers how, in his boyhood days, the old people fondly recalled the good times of Maria Theresa. The economic character of the pre-Revolutionary régime in Belgium was far from being so bad as that of France. In Belgium, in the eighteenth century, the nobles and the Church bore their respective shares of taxation, and the masses were comparatively comfortable. The more violent phases of the French Revolution were fortunately not witnessed in Belgium, while the beneficent and just principles of the new political philosophy of France had free course and general acceptance in the neighbor country. In 1794, Belgium was annexed by the French republic, and it shared the fortunes of France until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. Compared with the old France, the old Belgium was certainly an Elysium; but its society was lethargic and unprogressive. The Revolution and the French intrusion made an awakening that was exceedingly rough and uncomfortable, but thoroughly beneficial in the end. As a primary-school summary of Belgian history quaintly remarks, "*À la suite de la victoire de Fleurus, la Belgique passe à la France,*

dont le régime a ses rigueurs, mais nous procure de précieuses libertés." The transformation wrought in a very few years is well summed up by a spirited Belgian historian: "1789, c'est la vieille Belgique, la Belgique provinciale et communale, telle que l'ont formée les siècles, avec ses antiques privilèges, ses rouages compliqués, ses classes juxtaposées, ses trois états, son clergé tout-puissant, son esprit particulariste et conservateur — 1799, c'est la Belgique nouvelle, la Belgique unifiée, telle que l'a modelée le clair génie de la France, avec son administration simple, sa égalité civique, son clergé fonctionnaire, son esprit centralisateur et progressif." To this day, the civil and criminal codes, the machinery of civil administration, and the arrangements and procedure of judicial tribunals are essentially those introduced from France in the Napoleonic period.

The allied powers, convened at Paris in 1814 to arrange terms of peace with France, determined upon the fusion of Belgium and Holland, and the establishment of the Kingdom of the Low Countries, under the rule of the Prince of Orange as William I. The new power was erected upon the basis of a constitutional document known as "the Fundamental Law of 1815;" and a very liberal charter it was, when one considers the mood in which the conquerors were, and their dislike of advanced and "Frenchified" political notions. It had been adopted by Holland in 1814, and its benefits were extended to Belgium by the fusion of the following year. The Fundamental Law recognized most of "the rights of man," gave the provinces and communes their own administration, and, in short, established modern representative institutions. But while the government of William was in the main advantageous and just, it was in minor respects exceedingly unpopular and obnoxious in the Belgian provinces. The Belgians for the most part talked French, and they disliked

Dutch as the official language. Holland was Protestant, while Belgium was intensely Catholic, and the Church found itself uncomfortably fettered. Dutch views seemed to prevail in everything, to the growing exasperation of the Belgians, who felt themselves under a foreign yoke rather than an integral part of a self-governing country. The Belgians all admit that what they term the *régime hollandais* was highly favorable to the development of their industry and commerce, and notable for the great impulse given to education; but the Dutch behaved themselves stupidly and offensively in various particulars, and the Belgians, while acknowledging and respecting the many superior qualities of the Netherlands, found the union ill-assorted and incompatible. They admired the Dutch as neighbors, but could not endure to keep house with them. In 1830, they pronounced themselves divorced from a union which had been forced upon them without their consent by the Treaties of Paris and the Congress of Vienna, and they succeeded in maintaining an independence which at first was viewed quite unfavorably by Europe and vigorously opposed by Holland. A provisional government declared Belgium an independent state, and called a national congress to adopt a constitution.

Few constitutional assemblies have ever been more thoroughly representative, and few have ever shown a higher degree of political sagacity, than that which assembled at Brussels in November, 1830, and completed its labors in the following February. Within a period of about forty years Europe and America had witnessed a series of most remarkable constitutional experiments. New principles had been developed, and what we term the modern era of constitutionalism had fairly set in. There were in this convention a number of able and brilliant men, and the discussions were of the most important char-

acter. Some of the two hundred members believed that the time had come to establish a republic; and, with the House of Orange forever excluded by a formal vote, the question seemed to rest upon its pure merits. It was decided, after a discussion of the actual situation, domestic and foreign, that an hereditary constitutional monarchy, with ministerial responsibility, would be the best form of government for Belgium, and only thirteen votes dissented, although the republic was frankly avowed by many to be their ideal. The sovereignty of the people was, however, declared, and not a vestige of the divine right of kings was left in the reconstituted system. The nature and limitations of the monarchy were fortunately determined before the monarch himself was selected.

The Belgian constitution-makers of 1830 understood the nature of their task. It was theirs to preserve in unified and harmonious form the old institutions of the provinces and communes, and to weave into the new fabric those modern liberties, individual and social, which the French Revolution had rescued from the débris of feudalism, and which the French régime in Belgium had left as an imperishable souvenir in the political creeds, if not in the ordinary practice of the country. Then there was the very respectable constitution of Holland, which a joint commission of Belgian and Dutch notables had revised in 1815, and under which the people of the two countries had now lived for fifteen years. This document might well be taken as the basis of comparison, the point of departure. Good use, moreover, was to be made of English and American experience in constitutional government; and finally, there were, in the precise situation and in the causes that had led to the revolution of 1830, many things to tax the critical and the constructive faculties of the national assembly. The result was not only one of the clearest and most scientific instruments of organic law ever

drafted by any man or body of men, but also one of the best in point of practical fitness. It has kept its place without a change to the present day. The revolutionary waves of 1848 and 1870 which swept across Europe were quite without effect in Belgium, where the people were already in the enjoyment of all the more substantial constitutional liberties. Of the larger powers of the European continent, not one has yet attained, through all the struggles of the century, the liberties which Belgium has enjoyed without a break for nearly sixty years. Full freedom of worship, of instruction, of the press and the theatre, of assembly and association, of petition, of language, — these social rights, only partly protected under the régime hollandais, were specifically guaranteed in the constitution of 1831, together with those individual rights of perfect equality before the law and of inviolability of domicile and property that have had more universal recognition.

The adoption of the English system of ministerial responsibility was the most important point of difference between the Fundamental Law of 1815 and that of 1831. If the ministers of William had been dependent upon the Chambers, it is not improbable that the agitations which culminated in the Brussels outbreak of 1830 would have taken the form of parliamentary controversies, and would have expended their force in that way. If the quarrel had lain between the Belgians and a responsible ministry rather than between the people and the king himself, the union with Holland might not have been sacrificed. For the dissatisfaction was with the administration much more than with the laws. With the new constitution, then, Belgium came under the form of government called by the French *le régime parlementaire*, borrowing from England a system which has since been adopted by Austria, Italy, and France, and about the merits and success of which there is

to-day in Europe much discussion and wide difference of opinion. The system has worked more evenly and satisfactorily in Belgium than anywhere else, because, as M. de Lavelaye points out, the conditions of party are more favorable. As for the system in general, I may remark here that M. de Lavelaye has been one of its most hostile critics, regarding it in France and Italy as a "veritable nuisance," and even in England as distracting, inefficient, and wholly disappointing. The parliamentary system is that of government by the ruling party in the legislature. It presupposes two main parties of tolerably stable character, the one representing conservatism, and the other representing change and progress. Nowhere else in Europe are parties so sharply defined and so well balanced as in Belgium. In England, France, Italy, and Austria, parties are now either so numerous or so unstable that governments must depend for their existence upon the coalition of more or less discordant groups and elements; and the larger part of the energy and attention of cabinets must be devoted to the task of maintaining themselves in Parliament. M. de Lavelaye, whose long and close observation has given him a right to speak with more than ordinary authority, avows his great preference for the American presidential system, which separates the executive and the legislative departments, giving the cabinet ministers a safe and fixed tenure, and allowing them to pay undivided attention to their work. At best, as he justly observes, the parliamentary system is properly applicable only to a monarchy, and has no excuse in a republic like France, which could change the administration, if it so desired, by changing the President at stated periods.

I am tempted to present at greater length M. de Lavelaye's criticism of the parliamentary régime in Europe, but I must not wander too far from Belgium. Here there are two parties, the Catho-

lic and the Liberal. It is true that in municipal elections the radicals and socialists sometimes emerge as small party groups; but they cut no figure at all in general politics. There are no independents, there is practically no "floating vote." Every man is a pronounced partisan, and votes his ticket "straight." In Parliament the two parties are closely organized. Changes of ministry are expected, if at all, only in consequence of a regular general election; and dissolution and appeals to the country are quite out of the usual order of things. Recent ministries have, like American cabinets, held office for four years. The parties are so nearly even that the result of the quadrennial parliamentary elections is always uncertain. Viewing the party history through considerable periods, it may be said that from 1830 to 1848 the Catholic party were more generally in power, and that from 1848 up to the present decade the Liberal element was sufficiently predominant, for the most part, to give its character to the laws and administration; while the more recent situation has been Catholic and reactionary. Since Belgium is the most intensely Catholic country in Europe, — the masses in no other region, with the possible exception of the Tyrol, being so completely under the influence and control of the clergy, — it may well be asked how it happens that the Catholic party are not always in power, and that the anti-clericals, while invariably controlling the municipal governments of Brussels, Antwerp, Liege, Mons, and all the towns of any considerable size, are always very compact and strong in the Parliament. The answer to this question involves one of the most curious facts in current European politics. Liberals everywhere in Catholic countries owe whatever of power they possess to limitations upon the suffrage, while the clericals may truly charge all their curtailments of authority to the same cause. It is the wealthy and better educated people

of the middle classes — the lawyers, engineers, bankers, and leaders in all sorts of modern activities — who have broken with the Church in Europe, and are the mainstays of Liberalism. There is, of course, an aristocratic element which holds to the traditions of the old régime, and which is in alliance with the clerical party. But when the docile and religious masses of the people are excluded, as in Austria and Belgium, from the exercise of political privileges, the “emancipated” element of Liberalism finds itself nearly or quite as strong as the conservative Catholic party. Universal suffrage in these countries would, as M. de Lavelaye believes, and as leading Liberals in Vienna assure me to be their opinion, make certain a half century of reaction and Catholic predominance. Yet Liberalism everywhere, true to its faith in the people, has been demanding a broader basis for the suffrage; while Catholicism, deeply opposed to the principle of democracy, has preferred to be thwarted and sometimes flatly defeated rather than to win easy victory by invoking the *vox populi*. There is something decidedly anomalous and paradoxical in the situation upon its face, but each party is perhaps right, if one takes the broad view that looks into the next century.

Both parties regard the educational question as more critically vital than any other. In Belgium, as in Austria, the Liberal governments of two or three decades ago succeeded in establishing elementary education upon a national and unsectarian basis. In both countries, the Catholic party — now slightly in the majority in Belgium, and also, through coalitions, in power at Vienna — are determined to clericalize the schools, and to control the future by directing the education of the children. M. de Lavelaye believes that for his own country, as for Europe in general, the Liberal prospect is less auspicious than at any time in many years. He does not hesitate to predict a general

reaction of Catholicism and aristocratic conservatism in a close alliance which is to sweep Europe. He holds that Liberalism, with its representative system and its much-vaunted parliamentary régime, has come far short of its promises of forty years ago, and that its extravagance, inefficiency, and tedious irrelevancies have excited distrust, in view of military exigencies, and especially in view of the rise of socialism. In Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, the most sagacious Liberal publicists and statesmen, whether agreeing or not with M. de Lavelaye’s condemnation of the parliamentary régime, share, as I have good reason to know, his apprehensions as regards the political future, and witness with alarm, from their own respective and immediate points of view, the growth of clericalism as a political force. M. de Lavelaye deems the French and Italian situations especially bad. He has little hope for the permanency of the French republic; and he regards the religious question as at the root of things, the reaction against republican opposition to the religious orders being fraught with serious consequences, of which the end is yet to be seen. Nor does he see much encouragement for the government in the mortal struggle between the Church and the king in Italy. M. de Lavelaye takes the general view that Catholic predominance in a country is incompatible with the working of free representative institutions, from the very nature of the hold the priests keep upon the consciences of the people. Certainly the Belgian priests watch their flocks closely. One cannot fail to be impressed, in going from France to Belgium, with the astonishing difference in the devoutness of the people.

In Belgium, it is not the women alone who go to church on Sunday. The churches are packed with men, who are under priestly domination of a sort that is exercised in few other countries. In Liege, as I am told, the priests as-

certain through the letter-carriers what members of their congregations receive copies of Liberal newspapers, and read out the names in church, refusing absolution unless the paper is discontinued at once. Protestantism is a very small force in Belgium, having only about fifteen thousand adherents in a population of six millions, one fourth of one per cent. As in France, a part of the salaries of religious ministers is provided by the government; and the ministers of the established Protestant Church, the *Église Réformée*, receive their share. There is also, as in France, a free Protestant Church, which receives no subventions, and is the more energetic for its independent position.

To an outside observer, one of the most seriously objectionable results of the political attitude of the Catholic Church in Europe is the making of religion a matter of party. To be a Liberal in Belgium or Austria is to be without the pale of the Church. The constitution accords every man freely the right of political opinion and association; but the Church denies such right. Practically, therefore, in Catholic countries, the whole Liberal party is unchurched. If Protestantism were reinforced by the withdrawal of the great body of intelligent Liberals from the Catholic Church, the situation would be very different. But, as matters stand, the Church declares that Liberalism destroys all religious faith, and that as the religious sanction disappears morality declines and the very foundation stones of society begin to shake in their places. If the complete secularism of the Liberal party tends to social disintegration, it is hard to see why the major share of blame should not be laid at the door of a church which makes religion a close party monopoly.

In the constitution of the Belgian legislature there is much that resembles that of the law-making bodies of American States. The Chamber of Represen-

tatives has just twice as many members as the Senate, and members of both bodies are chosen by direct vote of the qualified citizens, in the same electoral districts. Senators are chosen for eight years, and Representatives for four years; but both bodies are divided into two classes, so that half the Chamber is renewed every two years, and half the Senate every four years. M. de Lave-laye is a warm advocate of this plan of partial renewal. He thinks that it greatly relieves the strain of parliamentary crises; and he regards its steadiness and continuity as of very high advantage. The French Chambers, in his opinion, might employ the plan with great benefit; and he would regard the adoption of a four years' term, with the biennial election of half the members, as an improvement in the American House of Representatives. Under the Dutch-Belgian constitution of 1814-15, the Representatives were elected indirectly; but the convention of 1831 adopted the plan of direct election, after a spirited discussion.

However, the idea of a universal or even of a tolerably general suffrage found no favor in this assembly. The payment of direct taxes to the state was made the condition of voting, and the constitution provided that the sum should be determined by law, the maximum being one hundred florins, and the minimum twenty florins. At first a schedule was enacted, which made different rates for town and country, and also for different provinces, the average rate being much higher than the constitutional minimum. But in 1848, under the influence of the universal wave of democratic feeling, the differences were all abolished, and the minimum of twenty florins was made the uniform qualification, by unanimous vote of both Chambers. It should be remembered that this sum (42.32 francs, equal to about \$8.50) is to be paid as direct taxes to the state, and that payment of provincial and municipal taxes

does not count towards electoral qualification. In a total population of 6,000,000 there are only about 129,000 persons qualified to vote, or one thirteenth of the adult male population. So restricted a suffrage seems to us extremely illiberal; yet without it Liberalism would have been hopelessly buried. The present system is imbedded in the constitution; and it is well-nigh impossible to change that instrument.

Moreover, there is very little agitation in any quarter for an extension of the suffrage, and the system is likely to remain as it is until the intellectual emancipation of the masses has made much greater progress. Under the existing system of compulsory education the reproach of illiteracy is fast disappearing. In 1880, forty-two per cent. of the population above fifteen years of age was absolutely illiterate, while all but about twenty-nine per cent. of the children between seven and fifteen could read and write. The statistics of 1890 will show a very marked improvement. In deference to the demands of a growing popular intelligence, there was enacted in 1883 a law establishing an educational qualification for the provincial and communal franchise. This new law adds to the electoral lists two classes of persons, irrespective of tax-paying: first, all persons exercising specified liberal professions, holders of diplomas from specified classes of institutions, occupants of important official, commercial, and social positions under specified conditions, and so on through a carefully elaborated schedule; and second, those who pass successfully an electoral examination, the details of which are prescribed in the law.

Educational qualification has been much discussed theoretically, both in Europe and America, but has had very meagre practical trial anywhere. The Belgian experiment is the more interesting for that reason. The requirements are made to correspond in a general way

with the amount and kind of knowledge included in the compulsory school courses, the intention being that the boy who has completed his school attendance shall be well prepared, with a little reviewing, to take the electoral examination. The programme of obligatory instruction in Belgian schools includes reading, writing, arithmetic, the legal system of weights and measures, the elements of the French, Flemish, or German language, according to the province or locality, geography, Belgian history and civil government, drawing, singing, gymnastics, and the principles of agriculture in schools of rural communes. The electoral examination embraces all these subjects except drawing, singing, gymnastics, and agriculture. As originally enacted, the law required the presentation of school certificates as a preliminary; but this demand has been modified. The candidate must be fully eighteen years old. (He is not, of course, to exercise the franchise until he is twenty-one.) He may have his examination in the French, Flemish, or German language, and may choose between an evening and a Sunday sitting. The examinations are held in March of each year in the chief town of every canton, and the state railways carry the candidates up to the ordeal and home again at half price. The examinations are conducted by "juries of three" members each, named by the minister of the interior. Each jury is composed of a principal or leading instructor in a middle school of the state system, a like educator from a private middle school, and a third person not engaged in educational work, who acts as president. The answers are wholly in writing, and the questions to be submitted are selected by lot, in the presence of the candidates, from a very large list prepared and published by the government.

The current list is for the period 1889-93, and it is the privilege of the candidate to study all the questions at his leisure, in advance. Publishers issue

the questions with answers annexed, to make "cramming" as easy as possible. But the examination is, nevertheless, far from being a farce. The official *questionnaire* contains one hundred numbered passages, averaging about one hundred and fifty words each, from the writings of standard authors. A number is drawn, and the corresponding passage is slowly dictated to the candidates, to test at once their ability to read, write, and spell. To answer the questions on the history of Belgium (111 in the questionnaire) requires a remarkably thorough knowledge, involving also much of general European history from the time of Cæsar to the middle of the present century; while the fifty or more questions on the principles of the Belgian constitution call for knowledge both accurate and mature. The geography questions number 168, and require a minute knowledge of Belgium, a very thorough acquaintance with the natural and political features of Europe, and a fair knowledge of the whole world. One hundred and forty-nine problems in general arithmetic are given, and 173 more deal with measures of length, measures of surface, measures of volume and capacity, weights, and money. Questions from each category are successively drawn. The precautions to insure fairness are many and effective. Resident electors are allowed to be represented by witnesses, who observe that all is done in the interest of fair play. The examination papers are collected, sealed in a package, and transmitted to the examining board of some other canton, selected by lot, to be read and marked. Reading and writing together count for ten points, and the other five branches for five points each. To pass the examination and receive a diploma it is necessary to have gained at least twenty-one points out of a possible thirty-five. The requirements seem rather formidable; but they are open to a liberal construction, so that if the candidate is but able to write legi-

bly, to spell respectably, to solve ordinary every-day problems in figures, and to use current weights and measures, he may fail in history and geography and still pass the ordeal. An examination system can never be free from all objections; and Belgium's has perhaps as few as any ever devised.

It is inevitable that the body of provincial and communal electors, now grown vastly larger than that of the legislative electors, must sooner or later demand and obtain the full franchise. At present, only those who pay forty-two francs of direct state taxes vote for Senators and Representatives. For provincial elections the limit is reduced to twenty francs, and for the communal franchise to ten francs; direct taxes paid to the treasury of the state alone being reckoned. The enrollment of individuals by virtue of professions and positions (*capacitaires de droit*), and of those who have passed the educational test (*capacitaires après examen*), now reinforces the number of those possessing the property qualification (*censitaires*) as regards the provincial and municipal elections.

The Belgians have recently adopted an improved form of secret ballot, that is worthy the attention of England and the American States as being distinctly better in some respects than anything in use elsewhere. The ordinary French and American system of balloting was in vogue in Belgium prior to 1877. In that year the English system (commonly called in America the Australian system) was adopted, as a safeguard against prevalent bribery and intimidation. The English plan of ballots prepared by the authorities was found, of course, a great advance. But it did not secure absolute secrecy; for instructed or purchased voters were required, in many cases, by those who controlled them to make the cross or mark in some prescribed and recognizable way, so that interested persons could know to a certainty whether

pledges were fulfilled or not. All this has now been done away with by the substitution of gutta-percha stamps for pencils, in the alcoves of the polling places. The property qualification admits many illiterates to the ballot; and it is found practically objectionable to allow the president or any other official of the day to accompany such voters into the alcoves to read and explain the ticket. Different colors are used for the benefit of illiterates. Thus, in the legislative elections, the average district is entitled to choose several members. The Catholics prepare their list of candidates, and send it in to the authorities with the signatures of at least forty electors to constitute a valid nomination. The Liberals do likewise. The parties are so perfectly organized that the occasions are extremely rare when any other than the two regular lists are sent in. The authorities print the two sets of names in parallel columns on the voting paper, printing the Catholic list in red and the Liberal list in blue. At the head of each list is printed a device which incloses a blank white patch. The voter places the inked stamp in the Catholic or in the Liberal patch at his option, folds the ticket, and deposits his vote. He may vote a mixed list, if he chooses; in which case he affixes the stamp in a space left for that purpose at the end of each name. He can vote only for names printed on the ticket, and only for as many as the number of places to be filled. Sometimes it happens that more than two tickets are nominated. In a municipal election at Brussels, on one occasion, there were four parties in the field, — Catholic, Liberal, Radical, and Socialist. In such cases the additional lists are printed in still different colors on the same ballot paper. The instances are exceptional where voters do not adhere to the regular and complete party list. A man votes "red" or he votes "blue," and stamps his ticket accordingly. It will be observed that the requirement

of so many as forty signatures to a nomination paper helps to maintain party discipline and to keep down random voting. In all its details the system would not be perfectly applicable for a country where parties are less rigid and omnipotent than in Belgium; but the use of the stamp is an improvement which might advantageously be adopted everywhere.

The nine provinces (Antwerp, Brabant, East Flanders, West Flanders, Hainaut, Liege, Limbourg, Luxembourg, and Namur) have each their elective assembly, known as provincial councils; these bodies varying in number, according to the provincial population, from forty-one in Limbourg to ninety-two in East Flanders. The assembly meets in a brief annual session at the chief town of the province, and deals with matters of purely provincial concern. Councilors are elected for four years, half of them retiring every two years. The most important work of the council is done by a standing committee of six members (*la députation permanente*), which acts as a governor's administrative council. The provincial governor corresponds to the French prefect, being appointed by the king, and having executive authority in the name of the general government. But the Belgian province has a larger measure of autonomy than the French "department." For certain judicial and electoral purposes the provinces are divided into cantons and arrondissements; but these are merely territorial circumscriptions, and have no corporate character. The essential internal divisions of Belgium are the ancient provinces and communes. There are about 2400 communes, each with its municipal government. Some of them are densely filled with an urban population, and others are petty rural townships; but each has its elected council, its burgomaster, and its echevins. The size of these municipal councils varies with the population, from nine or ten members in the smallest to thirty or more in the large places. They

are elected by the voters of the commune on general tickets for terms of six years, half being elected every three years. As the Liberal voters are in a majority in all the large towns, the general-ticket plan gives the Catholics very little chance; and M. de Lavelaye, with other fair-minded Liberals, is now engaged in the advocacy of a system of minority representation by cumulative voting. The ward system does not seem to be advocated, the different parts of communes being recognized under the existing system in making up the lists. The communal lines are sometimes much more restricted than the area of a large town. Thus Brussels as a metropolis has about 400,000 people, while the commune of Brussels — the “municipal corporation,” as we should say — has only 160,000. The councilors in the larger communes are usually intelligent and active men, — barristers, engineers, manufacturers, and progressive citizens of various callings. The burgomaster, or mayor, is appointed by the king (that is, by the government of the day) from the members of the communal council, usually in concurrence with the known or supposed wishes of the majority, and he holds his place for an indefinite term. In all but the larger communes there are two *echevins*, selected from the membership of the council, and having executive duties to perform as associates and assistants of the mayor. They hold for six years. In Brussels and Antwerp there are five *echevins*, and in the other large towns there are four. These, with the burgomaster to preside over them, form a standing executive board, and control the ordinary police system, supervise municipal works, have charge of the sanitary administration as a board of health, and so on. The system is simple and efficient. The burgomaster presides at the sessions of the council as well as at those of the “*echevinal college*,” and is at once a servant of the commune and a representative in the

commune of the executive power of the state. The college of *echevins* has control of the civil registers of births, deaths, and marriages, and is charged with the duty of executing in the commune all the laws and mandates of the superior governments of the province and the realm, thus having general as well as merely local functions. As M. de Lavelaye remarks, the burgomastership becomes in some towns a sort of dynasty. In Antwerp, the burgomaster of forty years ago was succeeded by his son, who has now in turn been succeeded by his son-in-law, thus keeping the office in the family for three generations.

Those who regret the rapid disappearance of the quaint and old-fashioned in European cities must be shocked at the changes which a few years have made in the principal places of Belgium. Parts of these towns are now not unlike parts of Omaha, Minneapolis, or Kansas City, in their freshness and newness and in the general character of their architecture. There has been a great passion in Belgium for municipal renovation, and much has been done on lines similar to those by which New and Corporation streets were constructed in Birmingham. Some fifteen years ago, the Belgian law regarding ex-appropriation was altered to permit such improvements. The town of Liege, for example, bought up all the houses — old and poor, for the most part — lining a narrow but central and important street. The houses were demolished and the street was greatly widened. The building sites were then sold *in toto* to a company for an amount more than sufficient to cover the cost of original purchase and of demolition. The company built in part and sold lots in part, and the result is a magnificent modern street, now solidly built up. The beautiful broad boulevard, with double rows of splendid trees, that curves through Liege was once the course of the Meuse (or rather of one branch, the

original town being upon an island). But the river was diverted into a straighter channel some seventy years ago, and a grand street was made of the other and longer channel. About 1879, a smaller island, as then unbuilt upon, was acquired by the government, and sold to the municipality of Liege for 1,000,000 francs. The town authorities laid out fine streets and sold building sites. Within two years the new "addition" was splendidly built up with showy residence rows. The city's speculation was a very lucrative one. But these things are not always carried out so smoothly. All recent visitors to Brussels must have been impressed with the broad and exceedingly handsome new business thoroughfare in which the Grand Hotel stands. This boulevard was made by the city a few years ago, upon the plan already described. The old buildings were all purchased and demolished at great cost, and the formerly narrow street was made straight and broad. The reconstruction was accomplished by a French company, which could not meet its obligations to the city, and failed. A large amount of the property fell into the hands of the municipal corporation, which is now a landlord on an extensive scale, and which, as perhaps most of the American guests do not know, owns the Grand Hotel itself. Antwerp has employed this same plan to rebuild and improve its central streets; and so the old and picturesque is disappearing, and something like Parisian uniformity and universality is everywhere the new rule in municipal architecture.

Brussels, as a modern municipality and a growing commercial centre, has many points of interest. It is developing rapidly, and its ambition and courage are expanding in due proportion. It is one of the few large towns of Belgium or France that have gone into the business of gas supply on municipal account. Its gas-works are advantageously operated, prices have been reduced, and the

net revenues are considerable. The tram-lines in all the Belgian towns are operated by private companies under strict regulations, and they pay mileage rates to the municipal treasuries for use of the streets. They are, as a rule, admirably managed, with low fares, graduated according to distance. Marked improvements are everywhere making in such matters as paving, drainage, building regulations, and municipal amenities of various sorts; but in these undertakings the Belgian towns, like the French, are more conservative than the German and the British. Brussels has taken the notable example of Glasgow, and the still more recent example of Manchester, to heart, and is seriously agitating the question of a ship canal. This huge undertaking could not fail to enhance the importance of the Belgian capital, and as a financial project it seems entirely feasible. Every ambitious modern city has its future largely in its own hands, and Brussels is intent upon making itself great.

Although these Belgian cities are growing so handsome and Paris-like, one regrets to find the housing of the poor so inadequate. M. de Lavelaye assures me that while, in recent years, much new construction has added greatly to the average size and comfort of the houses occupied by the more fortunate classes, there has been little or no new building for the poor, and small improvement in the character of their habitations. As in the British cities, so in the Belgian towns, thousands of families live each in a single room. The condition of the *ouvriers* does not seem to M. de Lavelaye to be improving fast. He takes issue with Professor Leroy-Beaulieu, of Paris, and Mr. Robert Giffen, of London, upon this question, holding that the moneyed class is relatively growing in numbers and wealth as against the labor class. It is not that real wages have not increased, while interest on capital has decreased; but that the total volume of

capital has increased so enormously, and that the shares and evidences of this new wealth are in the hands of the rich, — the *bourgeoisie*. It was in this vein that the Belgian economist discoursed, as we inspected the handsome new rows in Liege, consisting of houses that cost about 100,000 francs to build, on lots valued at 20,000 francs, — such establishments renting for about 5000 francs. Incidentally, it may be said that many well-to-do people — perhaps nearly half of them — in Belgian towns own their houses.

So many things in the local administration of Belgium being like those of France, it is worth while to observe one great point of improvement. Belgium abolished the octroi taxes some twenty years ago, with the result of making some of the commonest articles much cheaper in Belgian than in French towns. One is impressed, indeed, with the cheapness of all small articles in Belgium. In France the smallest coin in common circulation is the *sou piece* (five centimes, equivalent to one American cent, or an English halfpenny); but in Belgium copper coins of one and two centimes are in ordinary use. A newspaper may be bought for two centimes. The tram-line fares are six or eight centimes per kilometre. School-children buy pencils and other small articles at prices which only the small coins make possible. The relation of minor coinage to customary prices is worthy of more study than it has received. The poor people of Belgium probably save in the total a large sum annually because of the fact that change can be made to the centime.

Although at present there is no party cleavage upon race lines, the two principal races of Belgium do not tend to merge their distinctions. The northern provinces remain Flemish and talk Flemish, while the middle and southern provinces remain Walloon and talk that dialect. The Flemish as spoken is a distinct dialect, but as written it is

identical with the Dutch. The Walloon is a Latinic speech, resembling the French, yet different enough to be understood with difficulty by a Parisian. It is a written dialect, and a few obscure newspapers are printed in it; but French is the language of the schools and of the educated classes in the Walloon half of Belgium. The Flemish people have long stood strongly for their own language, and have it in their schools, although French is the official language of Belgium, so far as it is necessary to give one language the preference over the other. The Walloons are now asserting themselves against the Flamards, and neither element proposes to be absorbed by the other. The race talk involves new universities, new newspapers, and all sorts of agencies for the propagation of the cherished dialects. There is much duplicate printing, and signs and public notices are commonly written in both languages. In their own corner, chiefly in Luxembourg, the Germans are tenacious of their tongue, use it in the schools and as the official language of local administration, and succeed in making it hold its own. As M. de Lavelaye says, this strong assertion of race feeling in Belgium is but part of a general tendency that is one of the most conspicuous of recent political and social phenomena in Europe. The sentiments of race, speech, and nationality show everywhere a remarkable impulse. They are working with a somewhat alarming aggressiveness in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, where Germans, Czechs, Slavs, Magyars, Poles, and Italians are asserting their respective race claims in a spirit that shows little regard for the permanence of the empire. Even in Great Britain, the Welsh, Irish, and Scotch elements are exhibiting in a wholly unwonted way the feelings of distinct nationality. With regard to Belgium, it is difficult to forecast the consequences of this persistence in race distinctions. At present,

there is no serious friction between the Walloons and the Flamards, but it is easily conceivable that there might arise some quarrel as serious as that between the Belgians and the Dutch, that caused the separation of 1830.

For centuries France has regarded the Belgian provinces as properly hers; and since the war with Germany, it is undoubtedly true that the French have looked towards Belgium with special longing, as compensation for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. If Belgium should ever be disintegrated on the lines of race and speech, the French provinces would gravitate naturally to France, while the Flemish provinces might be expected to fall to Holland, only to be absorbed with the whole of the Netherlands into the unsatisfied and ambitious German Empire. During the Franco-Prussian war, in spite of the guarantees of the treaty of 1839, Belgian soil was in imminent danger of violation. Neither Belgium nor Switzerland has an all-abiding faith in the international morality of the two great and turbulent powers between which it is their misfortune to lie; and while both regard their recognized position of neutrality as a great advantage and safeguard, yet each is also preparing with some nervousness to defend its territory and its lines of transit against military occupation in the great war which all Europe anticipates. Belgium has a standing army of more than fifty thousand men on the peace footing, which could be instantly increased to more than twice that size in war, besides having a *garde civique* of about fifty thousand men. So highly do the Belgians prize their independent position that they would fight desperately to maintain it. They want nothing but to be let alone; and they are so unanimous and determined upon that proposition, and so well prepared to enforce the modest claim, that their external position would seem to be tolerably secure. The treaty of 1839 lends at least great moral

weight to their situation. They could have almost nothing to gain, and very much that is substantial to lose, by the sacrifice of their status as a small neutral power; and it is their policy to be friendly to their neighbors, without giving any one of them an occasion to be jealous or suspicious. Thus the situation seems to be permanently tenable.

The national congress in 1831 made a signally wise choice when it offered the Belgian throne to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, whose high personal connections and prestige, great experience in war, diplomacy, and politics, and familiarity, from residence at the English court, with constitutional government in Great Britain, all combined to fit him for the delicate task of piloting the new ship of state into safe waters. Few modern sovereigns have been more efficient and influential within strictly constitutional lines than was Leopold I. during his long reign of thirty-four years. His son, Leopold II., whose reign will have completed a quarter of a century in December, 1890, has also enjoyed a most popular and successful career as an administrator at home, besides achieving a brilliant reputation abroad for his enterprise, spirit, and enlightenment.

The Belgian constitution requires that a vote of the two houses of the legislature shall precede the acceptance by their king of the sovereignty of any other state; but although such a vote was passed in April, 1885, in order to permit Leopold to assume the kingship of the Congo Free State, the African project is not at all in favor with either party. It is entirely a personal venture of the king's, and is proving a heavy drain upon his private resources. His efforts to persuade Belgium to take up the affair have met with no encouragement. The Belgians not only object to assuming the expense of supporting the government of the Congo Free State, but they also fear that entrance upon

what must be tantamount to a colonial policy would involve them in complications with foreign powers and oblige them to establish a navy. M. de Laveleye fully shares the objections of the Belgian political leaders to any identification of the country with the African movement. He regards the recent colonial projects of the European powers as a heavy burden upon the people, without having compensating advantages; and in our conversations he referred to Italy's expensive attempts to colonize and control desert wastes, and to the great sums spent by that power in building war-ships that are of little use when built, as a conspicuous example of disastrous public policy. The king of Belgium is reduced to the necessity of floating loans in small shares with drawings and premiums (somewhat on the Lesseps plan, with the later emissions of Panama stock), in order to pay the current expenses of his huge realm in the heart of Africa. The central government of the Congo State, meanwhile, is domiciled in Brussels, and the executive work is apportioned among three ministers, who hold respectively the portfolios

of foreign affairs and justice, finance, and the interior.

The section of the constitution which vests the sovereignty of Belgium in the house of Saxe-Coburg limits the succession to the direct male line. A great sorrow to the present king and a disappointment to the nation was the death of Prince Leopold, the only son, in 1869, at the age of ten years. The successor to the throne must therefore be chosen outside the king's immediate family. The tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria was also a heavy blow to the royal family of Belgium, his widow, the Princess Stephanie, being the daughter of Leopold. Thus the house of Saxe-Coburg has its full share in the list of calamities that have made the royal families of Europe so heavy-hearted in this generation. Leopold's brother Philippe, the Count of Flanders, who is at the head of the Belgian army, has two sons; the succession is likely, therefore, to remain with the male descendants of Leopold I. so long as royalty continues to serve a useful purpose, adapting itself to the conditions and demands of the modern state.

Albert Shaw.

AT SEA.

SHALL we, the storm-tossed sailors, weep
 For those who may not sail again;
 Or wisely envy them, and keep
 Our pity for the living men?

Beyond the weary waste of sea,
 Beyond the wider waste of death,
 I strain my gaze and cry to thee
 Whose still heart never answereth.

O brother, is thy coral bed
 So sweet thou wilt not hear my speech?
 This hand, methinks, if I were dead,
 To thy dear hand would strive to reach.

I would not, if God gave us choice
 For each to bear the other's part,
 That mine should be the silent voice,
 And thine the silent, aching heart.

Ah, well for any voyage done,
 Whate'er its end, or port, or reef;
 Better the voyage ne'er begun,
 For all ships sail the sea of Grief.

James Jeffrey Roche.

SIDNEY.

X.

WHEN Robert saw Miss Sally next, the mists of wonder about his motives had been cleared away by a sharp reality.

He found, when he reached home, that Alan had been very ill the night before. That plunge into the river had been a great strain upon a heart already weak, and during the long midnight, alone, the doctor had wondered, solemnly, whether he might not die before morning. The next day he was weak and still suffering a little, but, as he expressed it, "all right;" yet there was a dusky pallor in his face which terrified Robert, and made him forget his own perplexities, though to him perplexities were really distresses. True, this illness had been because Alan had done what he had refused to do, but his passionate tenderness for his friend forbade even so much self-consciousness as that. He watched the doctor, with a comprehension of his smallest wish which was like a woman's; it was so intent, so absorbing, that he almost forgot Miss Sally and his anticipated happiness. He was, however, reminded of both. They had been talking again of that conflict on the bridge. "Steele," Alan said, "I thought it all out last night. You were right, from your point of view; and it

has taught me a lesson, it has revealed the smallness of my imagination to me. After this, I shall approve of everything you do, on principle. If you murder your grandmother," — Robert winced, and Alan swore at himself under his breath, — "I shall know it was from a lofty motive." The doctor felt so keenly that his simile had been unfortunate that he made haste to talk of something else. "See here, what made you so fierce to me yesterday, when I spoke of Miss Sally? I don't think I deserved it."

Robert had been sitting at the foot of Alan's sofa, but at that he rose and began to walk about the room, steering his way among chairs and tables littered with books and papers. "What a room!" he said. There were two stands which held chemicals and retorts; and there was a music-rack, and an easel with mahl-sticks crossed in front of an unfinished canvas. "You are a disorderly beggar, Alan!" he declared.

The doctor looked at him keenly. "She's good, but not what you'd call brilliant, and you know perfectly well that I did not mean any disrespect. She's been a first-rate nurse for you, Bob, but scarcely a companion, I fancy?" Alan was very serious. "Is it possible?" he was asking himself.

Robert stood still. "I have never known," he said slowly, "a wiser or a

kinder companion. I am a better man, Alan, for this visit to Major Lee's." Had he had the right, with the rush of memory which came at Alan's mention of her name, how much more he might have said, how he would have gloried in saying it! With a backward shake of his head he tossed the soft hair away from his forehead, and his eyes brightened; the happiness in them was unmistakable.

"Good heavens!" Alan said to himself, when, a little later, he was alone. In his amazement he sat up, letting his bearskin cover fall on the floor; he leaned his elbows on his knees, and whistled; then, involuntarily, laughed. "Jove! what will Mrs. Paul say?"

The next day, Robert went hopefully for his answer. Miss Sally, trembling and blushing, was awaiting him in the parlor. In one word she told him she would marry him, and then left him to the grave and puzzled greetings of her brother.

The major's view of the sadness of love might have found words had Robert aspired to any one save Mortimer Lee's own sister; but for once instinct was stronger than reason, and he only said, "You are probably not aware that the marriage of a friend is always a matter of regret to me. I cannot therefore contemplate my sister's marriage with satisfaction. Nevertheless, you and she must make your own judgments. I hope you will not be unhappy."

What congratulations! Robert stumbled over his awkward thanks, and was grateful that the major, with a courteous excuse, withdrew to the study, and left him to find his way back to the parlor and Miss Sally; but there he forgot all but his thankfulness.

They had a long and happy talk together. How Miss Sally beamed and brightened! The flattery of her joy intoxicated him with confidence in himself. He was full of plans; she should tell him how she wished the money —

"her money," he called it — to be spent, and what would make her happiest to do. Should they travel? Would she like to build? Such deference took Miss Sally's breath away, and frightened her a little, too.

"I thought we could live here?" she faltered; "the house is so big, and, you see, I must always take care of Mortimer and Sidney."

Robert was too happy to be startled by this suggestion. He laughed and shook his head, and said she would have enough to do to take care of him, and talked with eager haste of his gratitude and joy. Miss Sally did not know how to speak; she looked at him with overflowing eyes, but he made her silences eloquent by saying to himself that her sympathy and understanding were perfect. The possibilities of silence are the materials from which Love builds her most stately palaces!

The light in Robert's eyes flickered for an instant, as though a cold wind had blown across this new fire in his heart, when, answering his passionate declaration that she had saved him from that old horror of weakness (he felt himself saved now; the future struggle was nothing, if her hand were in his), Miss Sally said, with quick, uncomprehending pity, "Oh, never mind that; you were sick, — that was all. I never think of it."

Never think of it! All the bitter months rose before him, all the wasted opportunities, all the self-contempt which she had turned to aspiration. Robert seemed to find a violent silence opposing his impetuous words. He did not stay much longer. "I want," he declared, "to tell Alan, and to proclaim my happiness upon the housetops, Miss Sally!" He suddenly realized that it was impossible to say anything but "Miss Sally," and to ask himself painfully, "Why?"

For her part, she said, "Good-by, Mr. Steele," with a little blush and a half-courtesy which went to his heart.

There was a solemn moment in Robert's soul, when, with intense consciousness of what he was doing, he kissed her. "Just the way Mortimer did!" she thought, as she stood that night, with a candle in her hand, peering into the looking-glass, almost as though she expected to see some mark upon her forehead. Kisses were rare things in Miss Sally's life; she, to be sure, kissed Sidney night and morning, but that any one should deliberately kiss her! As she stared at her small, old face in the depths of the mirror, with the candle's shifting light gleaming on a silver thread in her hair, she felt that she could never be quite the same again. Happier? Oh, yes, happier,—but how strange it all seemed, how exciting! and she sighed.

As for Robert Steele, when he left her, it was with a little uncertainty as to his destination. It was strange, but he had no desire to go at once to Alan. Instead, in an aimless way, he wandered out into the country, stopping for a shuddering instant at that spot upon the bridge where he had suffered.

It must have been two hours later that he went, towards dusk, to Katherine Townsend's, and told her that he was the happiest man in the world. Her start of surprise, almost of consternation, as he named Miss Sally Lee, he could not at once forget, although she made haste to congratulate him in that cordial manner which means consideration rather than sincerity.

"I've heard Mr. Paul speak of her, and I've seen her at church; she's a saint, cousin Robert, and I am so glad for you."

He brightened under her interest, and realized how thankful he was for the blessing of Miss Sally's love. "I don't deserve it," he said, "but, Kate, I'm going to try to."

"I know you will!" she cried, putting her hands in his, and looking at him with such understanding in her

face that he said quickly, "God bless you, Kitty!"

When he went away, there was a mist of tears in Katherine Townsend's frank eyes. "Poor cousin Robert!" she said, but she did not ask herself why she pitied him. She was in that mood where one sympathizes with one's self, under the pretense of sympathizing with some one else. She had been less happy since that walk with John Paul to the birch woods. "I told him only the truth," she assured herself, "and of course he did n't like it, but I can't help that; I am glad I did it." But she was not glad. "I was too severe," she began to say; and after a while, "It is all over. At least, there never was anything, but now I know there never will be. Well, I'm glad I did it." It was at this time that Ted observed, one evening at tea, that Kitty looked just as if — she'd been crying!

These reflections of hers were not caused by any diminution of friendship on the part of John Paul, although he came to Red Lane less often than formerly. He still brought jackknives and carpenter outfits with him. In fact, he paid Ted far more attention than he did Ted's sister. He had told Miss Townsend, with the gladdest anticipation, that he had gone to the great city of the State to examine into the business of a newspaper — a free-trade journal, of course — with which he hoped to connect himself. It would mean leaving Mercer, but he did not seem to be unhappy at that.

These were bright days to John Paul. That bitter talk on the Perryville Road had told him much; he dared to hope now with all his heart. Only he must try to grow more worthy of her before he should ask Katherine to make his hope a reality. He began to "answer back," as Davids expressed it, at the tea-table or at the checker-board. Not very often, to be sure, and not very successfully; the attempt to break a habit

of years is necessarily experimental. At this time, he was cordial to everybody, even to Mr. Steele, whom he overtook coming home from his call upon Katherine. Alan had been right in saying that John Paul was incapable of appreciating Robert. Still, one's own happiness goes far in blotting out the mistakes of others; so on this occasion he was willing to slacken his pace, and the two men walked on together. Mr. Steele was too tired to talk much, which made his companion think that the fellow was really pleasanter than usual; but when they reached the dreadful place on the bridge, Robert could not pass it without saying how Alan had risked his life there. He told the story heartily, but he did not speak of himself. He could not have displayed the confusion of his soul to John Paul, whose brief and downright expressions of opinion always repelled the man whose mind moved in subtle and inverted lines.

John was enthusiastic. "The boy has something to him! It was splendidly brave in him. Don't you think so?"

"It was human," Robert said, after a moment's pause.

"How do you mean? It was superb! Ice in the river, and such a current as these thaws make!"

"I mean that it was instinct," Robert answered reluctantly; he knew it must appear to Paul that he was cheapening his friend's action. "Alan is superb, but an act like that, instantaneous, without reason, can scarcely be called brave, it seems to me. Alan does brave things always; he is the truest man I know."

"Well," John said coldly, "I suppose we look at it differently. For my part, I'm proud of him."

"Oh, so am I," Robert Steele protested; but his companion did not pursue the subject.

It was not an opportune moment, but they had nearly reached the stone steps that led up the terraces to Mrs. Paul's house, and Robert would not lose this

chance. "Mr. Paul," he began, "you may care to know I—I am to be congratulated. I have become engaged to be married."

John stared at him. "Well, you are the most dejected-looking subject for congratulations, but it's a good thing, I'm sure." He sighed enviously, and then laughed in a short, good-natured way. "So living in the major's household has not demoralized you? I suppose Miss Sally's ministrations have made you feel you had better get a wife; she is the kindest-hearted little creature in the world when anybody is under the weather, even if she has n't much sense."

After that remark, Robert Steele thanked Heaven that some one stopped to speak to John, and prevented the inevitable question, "Who is she?"

John Paul, however, was so much interested in this curious news—he always thought of Robert as "that queer fellow"—that he actually became communicative, and mentioned it, of course in the briefest way, to his mother; but that he should talk of his own accord surprised her into momentary amiability.

"You say he's engaged? Now why in the world don't you tell me such things oftener? You know how I like a piece of news."

"Does n't happen every day," John observed.

"Well, to whom,—to whom? Sidney?" They were sitting at the tea-table, and Mrs. Paul rapped the bare mahogany with her stick, to hasten his reply. But he only shook his head. "Don't know? Why, you must know! Do you mean to say you did n't ask?"

John was really abashed. "Somebody interrupted us just then," he explained, wrinkling his forehead.

"Well," Mrs. Paul said, "*really!*" Sometimes stupidity is too great for comment. "Whom do you think it is? Or perhaps you don't think? That is one thing you've never been accused

of, Johnny. Lord! have n't you any idea? It must be Sidney. I'll wager it is. How stupid in you, Johnny, not to have thought of her! Yet I never should have guessed it from her manner to-day."

John Paul looked startled; he had not thought of Sidney, — that was true. But perhaps it was she; yes, very likely. He hoped so, he said to himself; it would be a good thing for the girl; she would be saved from her unnatural life. "But I wish he were a bigger fellow," he thought.

Mrs. Paul was radiant. "Scarlett," she said, when she took the woman's arm to go into the drawing-room, "I do believe it has turned out as I wished about Miss Lee!" The hope began to be a certainty before long, and when she called for the checker-board she nodded to herself once or twice, her lips pressed exultingly together, and her mind so full of plans that she forgot to criticise her son's moves.

"If it's true," she declared, "I'll give her a check on her wedding morning that will make Mortimer Lee open his eyes!"

"She'll need it more if it is n't true," John observed. The clock was almost on the stroke of nine, and it was his habit to say good-night then, so he knew he could escape any railing such a remark might provoke. But Mrs. Paul was too amiable to rail.

"Well, she won't get it! I don't propose to give my money to any silly person; just remember that, Johnny." She was so intent upon her pleasant thoughts that she almost forgot it was her son to whom she spoke, and smiled at him with that arch look which still flashed sometimes from her faded eyes. "If Sidney marries well, I'll make it my business to see that she does n't go to her husband empty-handed. I shall tell Mortimer Lee so. I want to see Mortimer Lee. I want to find out whether I'm right. I know I am!

Johnny, just fetch the writing-table here."

John made no comment; if his mother chose to let her curiosity hurry her into such a thing, it was her affair. From this it will be seen that Miss Katherine Townsend had yet something to achieve. He lifted the table to Mrs. Paul's side, and although the brass handles of the drawers rattled upon their square plates, she did not reprove him. She was flushed with interest.

"Fetch a lamp," she cried, "and open that little box for the wax and taper! I shall ask him to come here at once, — to-morrow. And I don't want you about, Johnny; this is not a thing to be discussed before you. I shall ask him to take tea with the others Thursday night. I've decided to ask the people for Thursday night."

She took the feathered pen in her impatient hand, trying the nib upon her thumb-nail, and moving the lamp a little, for a better light upon her paper. Then in her delicate, old-fashioned hand she wrote, "Mrs. Edward Paul presents her compliments to Major Lee, and begs that he will call upon her, on a matter of mutual interest and importance, on the afternoon of Sunday, January the 20th, at any hour after four." She sealed the note, apparently forgetful that she had asked her son to be her messenger; and then John left her, sitting by the fire, with interest and pleasure sparkling in her keen old face.

But when he reached the major's he almost forgot the letter in his pleasure at seeing Alan Crossan. The doctor had had no business to go out, Robert had assured him; but there he was, rather white, and with a new look in his eyes whenever they rested upon Sidney.

"Crossan," John began, hardly waiting to bid Sidney good-evening, and looking with a beaming face at Alan, "why did the young woman choose such vicious weather for suicide?"

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, laughing

and frowning, "how do you know anything about it? But it was the weather that made her do it."

John was too much interested to drop the subject, and was full of praises for the doctor's courage.

But Alan only laughed. "Talk about bravery! Steele displayed a bravery beyond me. He did n't jump in."

"I did n't know he was present," said John Paul stiffly, looking at Sidney.

"How do you mean, Alan?" Sidney asked; her aunt and Mr. Steele were, as usual, in the parlor across the hall.

"Why, he has a theory," the doctor answered, "that no one has a right to interfere with a moral act."

"Does he call suicide moral?" John inquired.

Alan was eager to explain. "And, Paul," he ended, "surely you see how much finer such hesitation was than mere brute instinct? A dog could have jumped into the river as well as I, but only a human soul would long to save the woman, and yet deny itself, lest it meddled with infinite issues."

John Paul looked bored. "I don't understand that sort of thing. If I were such a fool as to throw myself into a river, I'd dispense with a human soul upon the bank, if there were any brute instinct on hand to pull me out."

"It was noble!" Sidney exclaimed. And for a moment John thought that his mother had been right in her surmise; but as he went on speaking of Robert, he was relieved by the indifference in her face.

"I tell you what it is," he said doggedly, "cold water is not agreeable in any form, and your Steele" —

Alan was almost angry. "You have no idea of the struggle! Steele was wretched! The conflict of the higher duty and the lower duty is anguish to a man like my friend."

"Oh, he regretted it afterwards, did he?" (John was sure now that it was

not Sidney.) "Pity a man can't foresee his regrets."

"He was in despair," Alan said.

"But," Sidney interposed, "if he did not try to save the woman because he thought he had no right to, he should not have despaired."

"Where is he?" John asked suddenly, looking about as though he expected to see Mr. Steele.

"He's with aunt Sally," Sidney answered.

John Paul's eyes widened. "Ah!" he said involuntarily; and later, as he lounged home through the garden, he said to himself, "I'll let the major break it to her!"

XI.

Sidney was the last one to know of her aunt's engagement. Miss Sally had longed to tell her, but was incapable of speaking of it to the girl, and so had gone about the house with a confused and absent air, which at last attracted the attention of her niece. But Sidney would not ask what the matter might be, lest she should have to hear some tale of distress about Miss Sally's poor. Nevertheless, the next morning, it was a relief to have her father say, "Sidney, you are probably unaware that your aunt" — He paused; the major was at a loss for words which would properly express this extraordinary event.

"Yes," she answered, "what is it? I know there is something."

They were alone in the major's little study; Miss Sally and her lover had gone to church. "I want to give thanks," Robert had said, with that quiet happiness which always shone in his eyes when he was alone with her. But Miss Sally felt the awkwardness of the unaccustomed in taking possession of this new thing called happiness, and for once in her life would rather have stayed at home. She almost envied her brother and Sidney, reading together in

the quiet study, with the pale sunshine streaming into the room, and a green log singing and whispering on the andirons. Sidney was sitting on the broad bench in the window, and had looked up in surprise because her father did not come to her side for the word or two about her book, or the silent resting of his hand upon her head, with which, as though to satisfy himself of the presence of his treasure, he always began the day; instead, he stood by the table, frowning slightly and hesitating. She smiled and waited, and then the astonishing news was told.

"Oh, father!" she said, under her breath. But the incredulity in her face was not like Alan's, or John Paul's, or even the major's. That would be felt later, when she stopped to think that it was Miss Sally to whom love had come; but for a moment it was the thought of love itself which astounded her. Love! "Oh, poor aunt Sally!"

Major Lee sat down at his writing-table, with the air of a man who has done his duty. He began to mend his pen, and appeared to forget Miss Sally's small concerns. "We shall lose part of our afternoon to-day," he observed; "Mrs. Paul has requested me to call upon her."

"But, father," Sidney said, "why is it? Does n't aunt Sally know what she is doing? Oh, father!"

He smiled as she came and knelt down beside him, her face full of confusion and wonder. "You know what she thinks," he explained; "with her peculiar beliefs she is not unreasonable."

"But," Sidney protested, all her young heart in her eyes, "we know her belief cannot really help her; have n't we done wrong not to show her? Oh, he does not love her as — as I should think a person might love, or else he would not try to teach her to love him! Why did n't we save her, father?"

The major hesitated. "Sarah has so

few pleasures; her hope of immortality, and all that, was so much to her, I had not the heart to take it from her; but I never thought, it did not seem to me probable, that she would wish to marry. Yet I fear I have not given the subject the attention that I should have done. I rather took it for granted that she might absorb her knowledge unconsciously, so it did not occur to me to instruct her. I should have remembered that Sarah is not a thoughtful person. Poor Sally!" The major had not thought so tenderly of his sister for years.

Pity for her aunt made Sidney for a moment almost remorseful that she had had a love to make her wise to escape suffering, and Miss Sally had not; but she would not let her father reproach himself. "No, you were right, — you are always right;" she lifted his hand, that scholarly and delicate right hand, to her lips; "but — poor aunt Sally."

As she went back to her seat in the window, the major followed her with adoring eyes, and then began to write; absently at first, though not because his mind was upon his sister, only that this announcement had turned his thoughts from the columns of figures to his daughter's safe and not unhappy future. Sidney, too, dropped the subject, and opened her book. Miss Sally, with her little hopes and fears, or sorrows and joys, had not enough personality to hold her attention. Yet while she read, the mystery which this step of her aunt's suggested burned in her heart; and an hour afterwards, when the major had banished it all and was absorbed in his writing, she looked up and said, "It is the certainty of living after death that makes it possible for her to love him."

"Yes," Major Lee answered; "immortality is the ignis fatuus which Love creates to excuse its own existence. People like your aunt reason, if I may be allowed the word, that because they desire immortality, because life would be

unpleasant without such a hope, therefore they are immortal."

"How strange it is," she said, "how strange, that people can blind themselves with such a belief, when every day they see that it cannot separate grief from death! But God? I suppose they fall back upon their God, when they find that their hope of heaven does not comfort them." She laughed lightly, and would have picked up her book again, but the major, with a sort of contemptuous anger, repeated her word.

"God! My darling, they cannot have immortality unless they have some one to confer it; hence they invest the laws of life with personality; but you would find such persons very quickly dropping their belief in a God if they gave up the desire for eternal life."

"Would they?" she asked slowly. "And yet, do you know, that idea of a God seems to me so much greater than just the hope of prolonged existence. To have Some One who *is*, who *knows*, — that would be enough, it seems to me, without making such a thought minister to little human wishes for immortality. If one were sure of — an Intelligence, then, indeed, one might bear death. But of course it is foolish to talk about it."

"Yes," her father answered. "To limit Force by that word 'personality' is indeed foolish."

"There might be something higher than personality," she began doubtfully.

"What?"

She shook her head, and her father smiled.

"Who has been talking to you, Sidney, that you amuse yourself with such reflections? I don't believe you go to church enough; you are idealizing Christianity when you speculate upon personality. Go to church, my dear." Sidney's face burned. "Or else, do not divert yourself by imagining what a difference it would make if light, heat, and electricity should arrange a heavenly mansion for you."

"But I did not mean a heavenly mansion," she said, with quiet persistence, though her cheeks were hot. "Only that if there were any understanding of life, anywhere, one might be content."

The major shrugged his shoulders. "If?" And she said no more.

His reproof banished Miss Sally's romance from Sidney's mind, and when she saw her aunt for a moment before dinner she had forgotten what the flushed embarrassment of the little face meant. When she recalled it, she kissed Miss Sally, with a hurried look, and said she hoped — and then she kissed her again, for she really did not know what she hoped. "What is the use of wishing people happiness when you know they will find only sorrow?" she thought.

Miss Sally, however, did not attach much meaning to hesitation, and beamed as she told Robert, who fell into sudden silence at her words, that Sidney had congratulated her in such a pretty way. She was wondering if she ought not to announce her engagement to Mrs. Paul, and trembling at the prospect, when the major said, as he opened the door for her after dinner, —

"Sarah, will you be so good as to see that my blue coat is laid out for me?"

And with sudden inspiration she said, "Oh, Mortimer, are you going to?"

"Going to?" he repeated vaguely.

"I thought," faltered Miss Sally, "that perhaps you were going to see Mrs. Paul?"

Her brother looked surprised. "Yes, she has sent for me. I do not know why; possibly to consult me upon some business matter."

Even Miss Sally might have smiled at that had she been less agitated, but she only said, "Oh — yes — of course. I only thought — you were going to tell her."

"To tell her?" inquired the major, puzzled.

"Yes, about me. You see she sent over a note this morning, inviting us all

to take tea with her on Thursday. Perhaps she has guessed, because she said something about 'special occasion,' but I don't know, and I thought she ought to be told."

"Oh — certainly, yes," said the major. "I beg your pardon, Sarah."

Of course he could not know that Miss Sally was full of tremulous haste for him to be off. As soon as he went into the library she brought him his blue coat and even his stick, which she unconsciously dusted. Then she went up-stairs and waited in the upper hall to hear him start. Since Robert Steele's departure the yellow parlor had gone back to its holland covers and closed shutters, and Miss Sally, as in the days before she knew what love was, sat alone in her bedroom, or in this open square of the hall; she could hear the murmur of voices from the library as, between their pleasant silences, Sidney and her father talked; she began to fear that the major had forgotten his appointment, — that he might have forgotten her was of so little importance that she did not think of it. But at last she went down-stairs, hovering near the library door with a fluttering excuse about books before she dared to remind her brother that the clock in the hall had struck four, with that rattling sigh with which old clocks let the hours slip away.

The major thanked her, but it was with an evident effort that he roused himself from his deep chair and his book, and started out.

Miss Sally did not realize that some one else was as impatient as she. Mrs. Paul had been watching the green door in the garden wall with keen eyes. It did not occur to her, in her excited expectation, that Major Lee would not come in so unconventional a fashion; the lane, and the terraced steps, and the formal waiting at her white front door finally brought him while she was frowning at his delay. She had spent the greater part of the afternoon at her toilet-table,

and she was still sitting there, in front of the mirror, when Davids at last announced the major.

It was a matter of indifference to Mrs. Paul that her serving-woman should have seen her excitement or understood her anxiety about her dress. Scarlett was useful to her; Mrs. Paul declared that she could not live without Scarlett; but to her mind a servant had no personality, and so she made no more effort to conceal her emotion from the little, silent, shriveled woman than from a chair or table. She was quite aware that Scarlett knew why she was made to puff her mistress's soft white hair with such precision, and why she should have been consulted so sharply upon the black lace scarf which Mrs. Paul pinned about her head to frame her face in softened shadow. The servant heard her sigh as she looked down at her black satin dress. "If I had known a week ago, Scarlett, you could have done another gown?"

"Yes, madam," the woman replied, "but nothing could have become you better."

Mrs. Paul, resting her elbow on the table, looked at herself in the glass; her lip curled, and she struck the floor with her stick. "What difference does it make!" she said, under her breath. Then she leaned back in her chair, absently plucking at the lace about her wrists, and waited.

Major Lee was very long in coming, Scarlett thought. She sat outside the bedroom, in the somewhat chilly upper hall, where she could be within reach of Mrs. Paul's voice and could see her face in the mirror. Perhaps Scarlett had her thoughts, too, in that half-hour while she waited in the cold; her thin, stiff fingers were hidden in her sleeves for warmth, and her little dim eyes stared at the faded engraving, on the wall beside her, of some long-dead Paul, who, in a silken gown, pointed with the pallid forefinger of his right hand at the roll of manu-

scripts in his left, and who had a simper of consciousness at the inscription below the portrait of "The Honorable," etc. Scarlett never dreamed of making herself comfortable, but sat upright on the broad, hard seat which ran across the window and was covered with glazed calico. She reflected that Mrs. Paul was annoyed at Major Lee's delay, but she neither rejoiced nor grieved with her, although it seemed to her only right that her mistress should suffer sometimes. In her passionless way, the woman contemplated Life with interest as it was revealed to her under this roof; but it never touched Scarlett herself. When at last Davids came to say that the expected guest was in the drawing-room, Scarlett could see in the mirror the sudden quiver of her mistress's face at the major's name. "*That* 'll never grow old, nor her pride," she thought calmly.

Mrs. Paul rose, carrying her head with a certain lofty grace that hinted at lines of her neck and shoulders which must once have been beautiful. She took Davids' arm to the parlor, but discarded it there, and then, handing her stick to Scarlett, with an imperious gesture she motioned them both back. The man and woman looked at each other a moment, as she entered the room without support, and Davids said, under his breath, "Law!" but Scarlett was silent.

The green baize door closed, and the two servants did not see her sweep backwards in a superb courtesy as the major bowed over her hand. "It is a very long time," she said, "since this roof has had the honor of sheltering Mortimer Lee." Her momentary strength was failing, and she needed his arm to reach her chair, into which she sank, trembling beneath the folds of her black satin.

"A recluse, Mrs. Paul," returned the major, regarding her with grave and courteous attention, "does not often permit himself the luxury of pleasure."

"I have not seen you here for nearly four years," she said, with sudden weakness in her voice.

"That must mean," he answered, "that there has been no opportunity for me to be of service to Mrs. Paul for nearly four years. Let me hope to be more fortunate in the future."

She looked up at him, standing at her side, absolutely remote and indifferent, and her face sharpened, but her voice was as even as his own. "I took the liberty, my dear Major Lee, of sending for you, because I wished to say a word to you of Sidney's future."

With a charming gesture and a smile, she begged him to be seated. The major, in his well-brushed blue coat, with his soft felt hat upon his knees and his worn gloves in his left hand, waited in silent patience until this echo of his past, in her mist of lace and hazy sparkle of jewels, should choose to explain why he had been summoned. It was not business, evidently. Sidney's future? That belonged to him, but no doubt she meant well.

"To tell the truth," continued Mrs. Paul, "such a pleasing hint was given me yesterday of Mr. Steele that I felt I must take the liberty of an old friend of Sidney's, — she has, I think, no friend who has loved her so long? — and ask you directly about it. Pray, Major Lee, do you like young Steele?"

The major had looked puzzled, but his face cleared, and there was even a smile for a moment behind the enduring sadness of his eyes. "I scarcely know him well enough to have a personal regard for him," he said, "but his father was my friend."

"Oh, yes, true," returned Mrs. Paul; "and that I know Sidney's father is an excuse, you must admit, for my questions and interest. You think, I am sure, that he is an admirable young man; one who must be successful some time, even though some youthful theory of honor, which he has doubtless outgrown,

made him rather foolish. He will certainly be a successful man?"

"Successful?" The major lifted his eyebrows. "In his particular line he will no doubt be successful. I should think he might achieve a trifle brilliantly."

"Are you not severe?" she said gayly. "But I feared you might have some such impression, and I wished to say—I begged you to come this afternoon that I might say—that if, as I have surmised, he desires the honor of connecting himself with the family of Major Lee?"—the major bowed—"I should like to express my confidence in his ability, and to add, if you will permit me, one word of my intentions concerning Sidney."

"You do my daughter much honor by your kind interest," he answered, still with a slight smile. "I shall be rejoiced to listen to all that you may say of her; but for Mr. Steele my sister must thank you for your very cordial expression of approval."

"*Sally!*" cried Mrs. Paul, sitting upright, grasping the arms of her chair with white jeweled fingers.

"My sister begged me," proceeded the major calmly, "to ask for your congratulations, and I shall be glad to be the bearer of them to Mr. Steele."

"*Sally!*" said Mrs. Paul again, faintly; and then falling back into her chair, she looked at her guest's grave face. "I—I beg your pardon, I am—surprised; I had imagined—hoped—that the young man had thought of Sidney."

The putting it into words banished any glimmer of amusement from the major's eyes; he frowned slightly. "My sister is extremely happy."

That he should ignore her allusion to Sidney stung Mrs. Paul into momentary forgetfulness of her disappointment. "I am distressed that it is not Sidney. The child's future,—what is it? Surely—surely—you have not thought of that?"

There was no tenderness in her voice,

but the major reproached himself for that. Perhaps he had not been courteous to refuse to speak of Sidney. "You are most kind," he said, with an effort, "but I have no fear for my daughter's future; she will not be unhappy."

"She will not be happy," returned Mrs. Paul quickly, "if you mean that she is never to care for any one, never to marry. Oh, spare Sidney your theories; let her have some happiness in life!"

"If there were such a thing," the major answered simply; "but the best I have been able to do has been to teach her how to escape misery."

"You make it appear," she said, "that there is nothing positive but pain. Is not life worth having?"

"I have not found it so," the major replied, "have you?"

"No!" she cried, with a sharp gesture, "I have not, but—I might."

Mortimer Lee sighed. "Yes? Well, Sidney shall at least not learn through grief its worthlessness, as you and I have learned it."

"Ah!" she said, with a quick indrawn breath; and then, with an inconsequence which made him look at her with sudden attention, "I—I had the greatest respect for Mr. Paul."

"My very slight acquaintance with him," Major Lee replied, relieved to change the subject, "I remember with pleasure. He was a person of most amiable manners."

Mrs. Paul bent her head. "He had not a redeeming vice." The major made no answer, and she, looking steadily into the fire, was silent; they could hear the clock ticking in the hall. "If you do not give her the only thing which makes life endurable," Mrs. Paul began,—"it may not last, or it may not be very great, but it is the best we know,—if you will not let her have the happiness of love, think how empty her life will be! Oh, when she is as old as we are, what will she have?"

"No hopeless pain," he answered briefly, "no bitter memories."

"But what will she have?" insisted the other, leaning forward in her earnestness. "If she has once had love, nothing can take it from her. She need not be afraid of memory, if she has *had* it. It is only when it has been denied that life is bitter."

"Ah, well," said the major, and despite his politeness there was a little weariness in his voice, for the hour was late, "we are old enough to see that it is misery either way. Only the pain remains."

"Oh, that is not true!" she cried with sudden passion. "No, I know it is not true. An instant's happiness, — one would pay for an instant by years of misery! I know it — now! My soul is not old, I am not old, Mortimer, — oh, this miserable body!" She struck her hand fiercely against her breast; anger at the fetters of the years, the extraordinary effort of her soul to break the ice of age, sent a wave of color into her cheeks, her eyes burned and glowed, her whole form dilated, — she was a beautiful woman. It was only for a moment; then she shrank down in her chair, and her lips had the tremulous weakness of age. "Let the child be happy, — let her love some one."

"You are very good," he answered, frowning and with averted eyes, "you are very kind to take such thought for my daughter, but I merely express her own judgment and inclination in this matter. And to return to the subject for which you were so good as to summon me, I rejoice that you approve of Mr. Steele."

"What I meant to say," she replied, with instant composure, "was connected with him only because I supposed him to be Sidney's lover. Otherwise, I confess, he does not interest me. I was glad to think that she was to marry a rich man." She stopped, wishing that she might fling out some cruel word to wound him. Then, in a flash, she had

an inspiration. "To tell the truth, I had been fearful that, with the perversity inherent in young women, she might fall in love with a poor man. Indeed, seeing Alan Crossan's infatuation, I was somewhat anxious; there is no money, and he has, I believe, heart disease. However, as her opinion agrees so entirely with yours, there is perhaps no danger of that?"

"None, I think," the major answered, hot and cold at once; "but I must not intrude my daughter further upon your kindness."

He rose, with a look which was unmistakable, and which acted upon Mrs. Paul as some sharp pain does on a half-stunned and suffering animal. She stood bracing herself by one shaking hand on the back of her chair, and smiling calmly from under the arch of her delicate brows. "You are so very kind to have come," she said, "although, to be sure, I am disappointed to find that it was unnecessary to trouble you, and I cannot be of service to Sidney, as I had hoped; but I must not detain you any longer! The little tea-party which I had proposed for Sidney must turn into one of congratulation for — dear Sally. And you are so much occupied, I fear we must not hope that you will join us?" Her eyes glittered as she spoke, and there was a sting in her voice which would have made acceptance impossible, even had the major wished to come. But nothing was further from his desires, and with an old-fashioned stateliness he "regretted" and "deplored," and then, bowing over her hand, yet soft and white under its rings, he left her, standing, smiling, in the firelight.

Later, when Scarlett came in to see if she should fetch the lamps, she found her mistress fallen in a heap back into her chair, her head resting in her hands and her bent shoulders shaken by feeble sobs. "Take me up-stairs," she said. "I want to go to bed, Scarlett, you fool! Don't you see I'm sick? Oh,

let me go to sleep! I'm so old — so old — so old."

XII.

The Sunday desolation of the streets pressed upon Mortimer Lee, as he went home, like a tangible misery. The working-folk in their best clothes, staring out of the windows in forlorn and unaccustomed leisure, or walking about in the gray, cold dusk as though restless from too much rest, were part of the hopeless dreariness of life to him, and he would have felt that bitter pity for humanity, which is often only intense self-pity, — for each man is to himself the type of humanity, — had not that hint of Mrs. Paul's concerning Alan been burning in his heart; although it was, he said to himself, absurd, nay, improper, to give it any thought. But he wished Mrs. Paul had not suggested such a thing. It was only in this connection that the sobbing, angry old woman was in his mind.

When, the next morning, he told his sister that the tea-party was to be one of congratulation for her, she turned white with pleasure. "Dear Mrs. Paul, how good and kind she is! If it were Sidney, now, but just me!"

The major frowned. "Sarah, I wish you would be so good as never to refer to Sidney in such a connection."

Miss Sally was very much abashed. "Of course I won't, Mortimer. I only meant" —

"Just so, I understand," said the major hastily. "Pardon me for interrupting you, but we need not discuss it."

Miss Sally had a moment of blankness, but her new interest filled her with such unwonted exhilaration that she forgot the snub in reflecting that she must decide upon what she was to wear, or rather she must ask Sidney, — in so important a matter she could not trust her own judgment; so, humming a little song in unaccustomed joyousness, she

went to consult her niece in the lumber-room of the east wing, where of late Sidney worked at her carving. It was one of those mild days which sometimes come in winter, when the skies are as blue as June. Little clouds, like foam or flocks of snowy birds, drifted up and across from the west; here and there brown patches of grass, wet from the melting snow, caught the sunshine in a sudden gleam; like a fringe of light, the icicles along the eaves sparkled and glittered, and, as they melted in the sun, the flashing instant of each falling drop ended in a bell-like chime upon the wet flagstones below.

This room in the east wing was full of sunshine. Sidney's pots of jonquils on the window-ledge bloomed in white and gold, and filled the air with fine and subtle sweetness. The dusk of the room seemed laced with the sparkle of the sun and the golden burst of blossoms in the window. Sidney had pushed a round rosewood table, which was supported by a single rotund leg ending in vicious-looking brass claws, into the stream of sunshine by the window; her tools were on it, and a design Alan had drawn for her, and she was intent upon her carving, the sun powdering the soft hair about her forehead, and glittering along the blade of her small, keen knife. Miss Sally, twisting her feather duster nervously between her loosely gloved fingers, slipped into the lumber-room from the hall, closing the door behind her with an elaborate quiet which sent a muffled echo along the lofty ceiling. Sidney looked up, and blushed deeper than did her aunt. It was all so strange! Somehow, instead of the old affectionate indifference, she felt a frightened interest, which was at the same time half repulsion. Her hand shook, and the mid-rib of a curling leaf was notched and bent.

"Sidney," said Miss Sally, going over to the jonquils, and examining their brave green spears. "what do you think I had better wear on Thursday? The

major says the party is for me, — just think of that, Sidney! So of course it's only proper that I should pay Mrs. Paul the compliment of looking well, — at least as well as I can."

Sidney listened absently. When her aunt paused, after enumerating her dresses, she made this or that comment upon the modest wardrobe, scarcely knowing what she said.

"After all," continued Miss Sally, with a contented sigh, "a good black silk is the very best thing, don't you think so, love? And you know my bit of thread lace? I washed it out only yesterday, and put it around a bottle to dry, and then pulled it a little, so it does look really very well. That in the neck and sleeves, and with my mosaic pin, will be nice and neat and in good taste, and Mrs. Paul will like it, I'm sure." She hesitated, wrinkling her forehead anxiously. "I wish I had a little train; but I remember that when I bought that silk a train did seem too extravagant. I might piece it and let it down in the back, but it has been turned twice, you know, and is so very old I'm afraid it would n't stand that." Sidney nodded. "It is really a very important occasion," proceeded the other. "I can't get used to being so important. Dear Mrs. Paul, I hope she knows that I appreciate her kindness!" Then it struck her that she had forgotten Sidney, and she added with remorseful haste, "Now, my dear, about you? Of course you'll wear the gown which Scarlett altered for you, and I am sure Mortimer will let you use something of dear Gertrude's about your neck."

"Aunt Sally," said her niece, leaning back in her chair, but still playing with her little sharp knife, "I suppose you don't have to think of what Mr. Steele would like, because he will be pleased with anything you wear?"

"It's very good in you to think so," responded Miss Sally brightly.

"I meant," Sidney said — "I won-

dered" — But she could not put her wonder into words. Love? Was this love? She shook her head silently, and began with a steady hand to curve the petal of a rose. But Miss Sally did not stop to speculate upon the nature of love; nor did she know that this new thing in her life had brought a brightness into her timid eyes and a little color into her face which was as though youth had looked back upon her for a moment. Sidney watched her, mystified by it, and by the apparent contradiction of her aunt's thought for small things.

Major Lee also observed Miss Sally closely in those days, but he did not misunderstand her frame of mind. "It is the newness of feeling important," he explained to himself, "and the interest in something quite her own, and the pleasure of being cared for. She does not even trouble herself by the endeavor to suppose that it is love."

And indeed Miss Sally was so happy that she had almost forgotten that she was in love, although she never for a moment forgot that Mr. Steele "cared for her." It was thus she thought of his affection. "She is so happy," Sidney said to her father once, her eyes clouding with a puzzled look, "she never seems afraid?"

"True," the major answered, with half a sigh, "but there are three reasons for that, Sidney. In the first place, she never thinks of his death, — your aunt has no imagination, as you very well know; in the second place, her heaven would console her if she did think of it; but thirdly, she has a regard for Mr. Steele!"

In fact, Miss Sally had never in the whole course of her devoted and self-effacing life created half so much interest in her own household, and she had never before given so little thought to her brother and Sidney. Afterwards, when the newness of it all had worn off, and she was even wearying a little for the old accustomed round of emotions,

she reproached herself for this. But for the present it was all a fluttering and growing joy.

Thursday evening was a climax. Miss Sally scarcely slept the night before for thinking what she should do and say at a tea-party given in her honor.

Nor did Mrs. Paul sleep well that night; she was enraged at herself for not having given the thing up. "Why in the world," she had cried to her son, sweeping the checkers off the board when she saw defeat approaching, "am I to be bored by these people to-morrow evening? I have n't seen Sally this week; I would n't. I sent word by Sidney that I did n't want her to read to me, and what does the fool do but write me a note to thank me for my consideration? And that young Steele! Lord! I can forgive him about the money; vice can be overlooked, but not stupidity!"

She had changed her mind about the tea-party twenty times before Thursday morning dawned. "I could say I had a headache, and put it off, even at the last moment, Scarlett, only"—Mrs. Paul closed her lips suddenly. Perhaps Scarlett guessed the rest. Mortimer Lee should not think that his affairs or his daughter's changed her plans. So the tea-party was not postponed, and Thursday evening arrived. At precisely half past six, Miss Sally, breathing quickly with excitement, took Robert Steele's arm, and went with little tripping steps through the garden and up to Mrs. Paul's door.

The path was too narrow for Sidney to walk beside her aunt, and Robert, aware that she was following him, found it strangely difficult to listen to Miss Sally's chatter. Again, as he met the two ladies at the foot of the stairs, he knew with painful consciousness that Sidney's wondering eyes were upon him; her aunt was fumbling over a glove button, and looking up at him with an hysterical little laugh.

Except Alan and the Browns no one

had yet arrived, so Miss Sally breathed more freely as they entered the drawing-room. Mrs. Paul was sitting, as usual, in state beside the fire, and in answer to Miss Sally's bow and outstretched hand she motioned her aside, and cried, "Sidney, you look like Madame la Marquise in that gown and with your hair pompadour! Let me kiss you, child!"

Sidney's fleeting color deepened into a smile as she caught Alan's eye, and then, while Miss Sally blushed and trembled against her lover, Mrs. Paul adjusted her glasses, and extended two fingers to the guest of the evening. "Well, Sally, so you're to be congratulated at last!"

"I claim your greatest congratulations, Mrs. Paul," said Robert, in a voice which made Miss Sally's heart come up in her throat, but delighted the older woman. She did not much care upon whom she vented the anger which still stung her as she thought of that interview with the major, but her disappointment about Sidney had turned into contempt for Mr. Steele, so she was glad to make him uncomfortable. As for the major's sister, she could scarcely think of her with calmness.

"You may kiss me," she said, turning her cheek towards Miss Sally, with that peculiar look of endurance with which some people accept a kiss.

"I was afraid we were late, dear Mrs. Paul!" cried Miss Sally, her eyes filling with pleasure at this favor.

"I should never complain at your lateness, Sally," returned the other grimly.

"You are so good to say so!" said Miss Sally.

Robert's face had darkened, but it did not repel Mrs. Paul; she motioned him to draw a chair to her side. "I knew your father so well, I—I had an opportunity of observing his devotion when he was in love, so I can imagine how very happy his son is now. A young man just engaged, and to so estimable a person as our dear Sally, is, of course, in heaven?"

Robert bowed; he could see, without looking at her, that Miss Sally was still guarding her shyness with nervous laughter. His heart glowed with pity. Mrs. Paul was interrupted here by fresh arrivals, and he had a moment in which to reflect how he might seem to be unconscious of the sneer in her words. As soon as she could she turned to him again. "And you are very, very much in love? How charming it is to be young and have enthusiasm! Sally must think so whenever she looks at you."

"We are neither of us very young," said Robert, "but perhaps we are the better able to appreciate happiness, now we have it."

"Oh, of course," returned Mrs. Paul, looking away with scarcely concealed weariness. She lifted her glasses to stare at each guest, but stopped for a longer glance at Alan Crossan and Sidney.

Alan had not looked well since that struggle in the river; he was pale, and there was a luminous intensity in his eyes that was new. Mrs. Paul saw it, and a curious look came into her face.

This was as it should be. It was better that Mortimer Lee had not come; he must not see it too soon; when it had gone so far that opposition would only increase it, then, perhaps, she might be able to forget her humiliation in pointing out to him his own. Mrs. Paul was able to think these thoughts, and yet say pleasant things to her guests. The gleam of many lights, the voices and laughter of her company, the courtly badinage of an old admirer, and, more than all, the chance to fling a truth, tipped and sharpened by a lie, into Robert Steele's quivering soul braced her into positive enjoyment of the dreaded tea-party. She would have been glad if Colonel Drayton had seen fit to ignore his cousin, Mr. Steele, even though it would have been a rudeness to their hostess; anything to wound the young fool!

There were moments during that evening when she almost forgot her rage at the designing Sally in her contempt for Sally's lover. "One can't blame Sally, at her time of life," she said to Mrs. Brown, "but the young man — Lord!"

When, at half past seven, Davids flung open the doors into the dining-room, Mrs. Paul, leaning on Colonel Drayton's arm, marshaled her guests with charming grace. To be sure, by some oversight, as Miss Sally explained, there was no one to offer her his arm, until Alan, with a word to Sidney, who had been assigned to him, came to her side.

"Dear Miss Sally," he said, "won't you walk into the dining-room with me?"

Miss Sally hesitated to deprive Sidney of an escort. "And yet, you know, Alan, Mrs. Paul would feel so badly to think she had forgotten me, when the party is for me — perhaps I'd better?"

So Alan placed her at the table, by John's side, and saw her flash one happy look at Robert Steele, who was upon Mrs. Paul's right. Robert's stern expression delighted his hostess and brought a finer cordiality into her face; it also inspired her to make her other guests uncomfortable. She introduced a theological discussion between Mr. Brown and Alan by asking the clergyman if he knew that he had another heathen in his parish. "Fancy," she cried, "how shocked I was (anything irreverent is very shocking to me, Mr. Steele) to hear him say that the church which taught that the Almighty required the blood of Christ as an atonement made Judas Iscariot its chief saint!"

"I merely quoted, Mrs. Paul," the doctor began to say, embarrassed and annoyed, seeing the distress in Miss Sally's eyes, and aware that Colonel Drayton adjusted his glasses for a disapproving look.

Then she turned upon Sidney to regret that Major Lee was not present, ending, with a careless gesture, "But

he is so odd, your father. Genius is always taken out of common sense."

These thrusts made, she could devote herself to Miss Sally. Mrs. Paul was smiling now and very handsome. "You have taken care of Mr. Steele to advantage," she said, bending forward to catch Miss Sally's eye; "to his advantage, I mean, of course."

"He is better," answered Miss Sally proudly, and Robert's face burned.

"I suppose the little pills have done it?" she said, turning to Robert. "Sally's little pills give her so much pleasure, and I suppose they never do any harm,—do they, Alan Crossan? She wanted me to take some once when I was ill," she went on, with a shrug. "I told her I preferred death to idiocy. Seriously, I am at a loss to understand how persons who believe in the virtues of little pills can be anything but knaves or fools,—I mean the medical men, of course. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Steele?"

"Alan agrees with you, no doubt, Mrs. Paul," he said carelessly; "but I have a great respect for them."

His face was dark with anger. Mrs. Paul was witty at the expense of the woman he loved; yet how ridiculous were the manual and the little pills!

"We must drink to Sally's future," she began again, later; "you young people can stand, but Sally and I may surely think of comfort. Alan Crossan, come, you've been talking to Sidney long enough; propose the toast, and congratulate Sally on the opportunities of life. All things come to one who waits! You might congratulate yourself, too, upon having carried dear Mr. Steele to the house where he was to find his happiness."

By this time, every one at the table, except perhaps Sidney, who was more absent-minded than usual, and Miss Sally, who was incapable of thinking an unkindness intentional, was thoroughly indignant. Alan was tingling with anger.

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But he rose, and by a happy turn of words said so many true and pretty things of poor scarlet Miss Sally that she sniffed audibly, and very honestly and frankly wiped her eyes. Even Sidney was touched by the gentleness in Alan's cordial young voice, and she looked at the little shrinking figure in the black silk with a smile which made Miss Sally feel that her cup overflowed with blessings.

"Now," said Mrs. Paul, striking Robert lightly with her fan, "what have you to say? Surely you and Alan have been rivals. Sally, I did n't know you had so many lovers."

"We are all Miss Sally's lovers," observed John Paul; it was his first remark that evening.

Robert was on his feet in an instant, with one quick look of gratitude at Alan, and then a burst of self-congratulation, which in Mrs. Paul's ears told of something beside happiness and hope. She smiled as he proceeded. "He distrusts himself," she thought; and when he sat down, flushed and glad, and with a look at Miss Sally, who was in tears, she smiled again.

"You took no wine," she said, with the solicitude of the hostess; adding, "Not even to drink dear Sally's health?"

"No," he answered, "I do not use wine."

"Mr. Steele does not approve of wine," Miss Sally explained proudly.

The doctor frowned. Was Robert about to assert a temperance which he had not practiced?

"What!" cried Mrs. Paul, holding up her wineglass so that the light sparkling through the claret flashed red upon the starlike cutting about the bowl, "you do not approve of the moderate use of wine? Surely that is one of Sally's theories to which you have submitted? Ah, the head is always the slave of the heart!"

"No," Robert answered miserably,—the discrepancy between his protest and

his life was so appalling that he could not stop to think of the impression he was making, — "I do not approve of it. I think Miss Lee agrees with me, but I felt that it was wrong, for me, before I knew her views. I have always felt that it was wrong," he added, nervously anxious to say without words that, though he fell short of his principles, he never doubted them. There was no self-consciousness in the distress in his face; only the dismay which every sensitive soul feels in claiming a nobility of thought which his past has contradicted. Indeed, it is strange how, long after a sin is atoned for, forgotten, even, by all except the sinner, it will thrust a high impulse out of the soul, with the cry of "Unclean, unclean!" Robert's pain was so great that he did not feel Mrs. Paul's significant look, or care for Alan's annoyance. He was quite silent for the rest of the uncomfortable occasion, which, however, was not prolonged. Mrs. Paul was tired; she was glad to motion Davids to throw open the folding doors again, and once more settle herself in her great chair by the drawing-room fire.

Every one was relieved when the dreary evening came to an end. Miss Sally, to be sure, talked cheerfully all the way home of Mrs. Paul's kindness, looking over her shoulder at Sidney and Alan to say that Mrs. Paul did not really mean it when she spoke sharply. But there were tears in her eyes, which the darkness hid even from her lover.

XIII.

For weeks afterwards the tea-party was a nightmare to Robert Steele. It was not that Mrs. Paul's cruelty to Miss Sally hurt him, for it made him all the tenderer to her, and so, in a certain way, he could almost exult in it; but with terror he found himself examining the quality of his love, while at the same

time he realized that until that night he had seen Miss Sally only in her relation to himself, and not in relation to life. He could never again be deaf to her foolish laughter or her little fluttering talk, which skirted great subjects without any understanding, though with the same reverence which she gave to all things, both small and great, in a humility that was only humiliation. He saw it all, and despaired at his own perception. "How is it possible," he asked himself, "loving her as I do, honoring her, saved by her, that I can have an instant's thought of what is so small!" He was shamed by his own meanness, and so aware of it that he depended more and more upon Miss Sally's courage and affection. With the consciousness of weakness came greater love. Perhaps this frame of mind was induced by a sharp return of the old pain, and the consequent necessity of morphine with its resulting struggle against that habit, which had become almost dormant. So, thrown more for help upon the woman he loved, the weeks passed not unhappily, although sometimes, when his mind was not filled with her, he was vaguely miserable, because ever since his engagement he had been aware of a subtle estrangement from Alan, too intangible to question, more a mood than an emotion, and yet enough to make this soul, which marked with quivering exactness every changing expression of its own or of another, fall back into depression. Feeling himself rebuffed, he kept his moods and wonders and vague terrors to himself, or forgot them in Miss Sally's presence and affection. After all, what is redemption but to be healed of self-despisings? Little by little, led by her hand, Robert emerged again from weakness, and looked about him; then, gradually, returned that terror of perception which had followed Mrs. Paul's tea-party. It must have been in March that, one day, depressed beyond the point where words could cheer him, he

went drearily out into the country for a long walk.

It was snowing with steady persistency, and there was no wind; only the white cheerfulness of a storm that shut out the world. Robert would have been glad to lose himself at once in its vague comfort, but, with that painstaking kindness which was part of his nature, he stopped in Red Lane to learn how Ted was, for the child had been ill. The inquiry made, he turned, with a sigh of relief, down the lane, crossed an unbroken field, and entered the soft gloom of the woods. The silence closed about him like down. He drew a breath of thankfulness; it was good to be alone. He sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree, whose twisted and fantastic roots had been plucked long ago from the earth, and spread now in the air like the fretwork of a great rose-window which, on all its curves and ledges, had caught the white outlines of the snow. He could hear, back in the woods, the faint sound of flakes falling on the curled and brittle leaves, which still hung thick upon the branches of the oaks. The vague trouble which he had refused to face was soothed for the moment into forgetfulness and peace. These sounds of nature have a wonderful claim upon consciousness, — both joy and sorrow melt into them: the noise of rain trampling at midnight through a garden, the wind whispering in the dry grass along a hill-top, the rustling haste of hail on frozen snow, — all have a power over the mind, and seem to draw it back into the complete whole from which it has been for the moment separated.

With the weight of snow the underbrush about Robert's feet had bent into wonderful curves, which made a network of low, glittering corridors, vaulted and arched, and so far reaching that when some furry creatures a rod away moved, or nestled softly against each other, a pad of snow from the fretted roof fell with a powdery thud into the white

depths at his side. A rabbit bounded past him, turning for one bright, frank glance at the motionless figure upon the log, and leaving small intaglios of his steps upon the surface of the snow. The rustle of the flakes upon the dead leaves, the muffled wood noises about him, his own breathing, were the only sounds which broke the white silence of the woods.

Robert sat with his head resting in his hands; his eyes had but the range of a pile of fresh nut-shells dropped at the foot of the big hickory opposite him, and a wild blackberry bush powdered on every thorn and spray with a puff of feathery white. Little by little, after that first relief of forgetfulness, he began to come back to his unrecognized pain. There was nothing to distract his mind from Miss Sally, and yet he found himself refusing to think of the treasure of his love, and wondering instead how long it would be before the snow would cover the shells, and gazing with bated breath at two keen black eyes which watched him with friendly suspicion from a mossy hole between the wrinkled roots of the hickory. He remembered, and then sighed helplessly because he remembered, that Miss Sally had once said she should think it would be dreadful to be alone in the woods. There was something which frightened her about the bare heart of nature. Not that Miss Sally had ever said the bare heart of nature, but that was her meaning.

After a while, as he sat there on the fallen tree trunk, a tense stillness seemed to take possession of him, which made even the squirrel alert and anxious. The snow settled on his shoulders, and covered the pile of shells at the foot of the hickory. The storm was thickening, and the bending branches of the blackberry bushes were almost hidden by the piling flakes. A whirl of white shut him in upon himself, and in the furious silence of the storm the consternation

in his soul clamored to be heard. Beneath the prayer of gratitude for Miss Sally's love, with which he tried to stifle this tumult, one fact asserted itself and insisted upon a hearing.

Robert Steele's heart grew sick. How gray and dark it was here in the woods, under the snow-laden boughs; what an unhuman silence! He looked up through the branches and the driving mist of flakes at the leaden sky. "God!" he said in a whisper. It was the cry of the convict soul which would escape from itself.

The face of Truth had at last confronted him and compelled his horrified eyes; he knew now that his self-reproach for perception was an effort to protect what had never existed. He saw that he had called gratitude love, and that he had mistaken pity for passion. No wonder that the hopeless cry trembled on his lips; reproach, and despair, and anguish, all at once. God! why had he been born, why had he been thrust into the misery of consciousness? His self-deception was the juggle of Fate, and the very horror of it was his irresponsibility. If he could have blamed himself for having mistaken his emotions, there might have been some comfort for him; but can a man blame

himself for the curve of his skull, which decides his character before he is born? Fate? What is it but temperament! Helpless and without hope, he contemplated his own nature. He dropped his head upon his hands without a sound, and his very soul was dumb with dismay.

It must have been an hour before Robert emerged from the deeper and more selfish terror of self-knowledge, to cry out, with the thought of the wrong to Miss Sally, "What have I done?"

A long while after that, he rose, the snow falling from his knees and shoulders; the squirrel darted back into his nest, and far down in the woods there was the skurry and flutter of frightened things.

Robert had a fit of sickness as a result of that morning in the woods; but there was no return to morphine, — the hour was too great for that. Miss Sally did not see him for a fortnight, and when she did she said it was no wonder he had been ill, sitting there in the snow, for Alan had explained that Robert was fond of the woods, especially in a snowstorm, and had taken cold there; for her part, she wondered that he escaped with nothing worse than a sore throat.

Margaret Deland.

ROAD HORSES.

AMONG the irregular acquaintances of my boyhood, I remember a certain "Ed" Hulbert, who was wont to express his notion of felicity in the following concise and oft-repeated phrase: "A smooth road and a sharp trot!" There may be nobler ideals; pursuits may perhaps be thought of which combine pleasure with intellectual improvement to a greater degree; and certainly it must be admitted that a young or even a middle-

aged man should always be provided with an excuse for driving instead of riding, such as that he is lame, or has already taken an equivalent amount of exercise in some other form, or desires to be accompanied by his wife. But, these difficulties surmounted (or shall we say disregarded?), the combination of "a smooth road and a sharp trot" will supply no small amusement. Only the horse-lover, indeed, can enjoy it to

the full, — subtly communicating through rein and bit with his steed, appreciating the significant play of his ears, and rightly interpreting that lively, measured ring of his feet upon the road which indicates a sound and active stepper. But there are some incidental delights, such as the quick conveyance through fresh air and a passing glimpse of the scenery, which everybody enjoys. Ed Hulbert, to be sure, would have thought but meanly of the man who gave a wish to view the country as his reason for driving; but then the Ed Hulbert standard cannot always be maintained, and something must be pardoned to the weakness of human nature.

In a sense, every horse driven by the owner for pleasure is a road horse. The fast trotter who speeds up and down the Brighton or the Harlem road, drawing a single man in a gossamer wagon; the round, short-legged cob; the big, respectable, phlegmatic Goddard-buggy animal, who may be seen in Boston any fine afternoon hauling a master very much like himself out over Beacon Street; the pretty, high-stepping pair in front of a mail phaeton, — all these are road horses, but none of them, excepting sometimes the trotter, is a roadster in the strict sense. The road horse *par excellence* is a beast of medium size, who can draw a light carriage at the rate of seven miles an hour all day without tiring himself or his driver. He should be able to travel at least ten miles in an hour, twenty miles in two hours, sixty miles in a day; and by this is meant that he should do it comfortably and “handily,” as the term is, and feel none the worse for the exertion. Such roadsters are rare, — much more so now, in proportion to the total number of our horses, than they were twenty-five years ago or before the war; the reason being that the craze for fast trotters has thrown the roadster into the shade. Of course, almost any sound horse can be urged and whipped over the ground, “driven off

his feed,” perhaps, and so travel these distances in the time mentioned. Nothing is more common than for some broken-down animal to be pointed out by his cruel and mendacious master as one for whom ten or twelve miles an hour is only a sort of exercising gait; the poor beast having very likely been ruined in the effort to accomplish some such feat which was beyond his capacity. The mere fact that a horse has gone a long way in a short time tells little about his powers; the more important inquiry is, What was his condition afterward? A liveryman in Vermont declared not long ago that, at one time and another, he had lost twelve hundred dollars’ worth of horseflesh through the ignorant and murderous driving of customers who had endeavored to keep up with a certain gray mare, of extraordinary endurance, that was owned in his vicinity for some years. A horse that will step off cheerfully and readily eight miles an hour, a pace so moderate that one never sees it mentioned in an advertisement, is much better than the average; one that will do ten miles in that time and in the same way is an exceptionally good roadster; and the horse that goes twelve miles an hour with ease is extremely rare. A stable-keeper in Boston, of long experience, tells me that he has known but two horses that would travel at this last-mentioned rate with comfort to themselves and the driver, though he has seen many others, pulling, crazy creatures, that would keep up a pace as fast, or even faster, till they dropped. Of these two pleasant roadsters that were capable of covering twelve miles in sixty minutes, one trotted all the way, up and down hill, whereas the other walked up the steep ascents, and went so much the faster where the grade was favorable. The latter method is easier and better for most horses.

The capabilities of a roadster having now been indicated in a general way, the first and most obvious inquiry is,

What will be the conformation and appearance of a horse who is likely to possess them?' This is a subject upon which it is dangerous to dogmatize. For example, a flat-sided, thin-waisted animal is apt to be wanting in endurance, and yet there have been some notable exceptions to this rule. A leading quality of the road horse is shortness; that is, his back should be short and, it may be added, straight. The same is true of his legs, especially as regards the cannon-bone. A short cannon-bone is perhaps the most nearly indispensable characteristic of a roadster. The knees should be large, the hocks well let down, the belly round, and the hind quarters closely coupled to the back. He should have great depth of lung, but not a very broad chest, for that usually indicates want of speed. Good, sound feet of moderate size, and pastern-joints neither straight nor oblique, are essential. It is no harm if his neck be thick, but it is absolutely necessary that he should have a fine head and clear, intelligent eyes, with a good space between and above them. The ears also are an important point; they should be set neither close together nor wide apart, and it is of the utmost consequence how they are carried. A lively, sensible horse, one who has the true roadster disposition, will continually move his ears, pointing them forward and backward, and even sideways, thus showing that he is attentive and curious as to what takes place about him, and interested to observe what may be coming. A beast with a coarse head, narrow forehead, dull, timorous eyes, and ears that tend to incline either away from or toward each other when held upright, and which are apt to be pointed backward,—such a horse is one to avoid as certainly deficient in mind, and probably in courage and in good temper as well. Many lazy, sluggish animals of this sort are considered eminently safe for women to drive; and so they are until the harness

breaks or something else frightens them, when they become panic-stricken and tear everything to pieces. On the other hand, a high-strung but intelligent horse will quickly recover from a sudden alarm, when he finds that after all he has not been hurt. The manner rather than the fact of shying is the thing to be considered.

When we come to inquire how good roadsters are bred, the answer can be given with more confidence, for the source of their endurance and courage is always found either in Arabian or in thoroughbred blood. These two terms were at one time more nearly synonymous than they are now. A thoroughbred is one whose pedigree is registered in the English Stud Book, the first volume of which was published in 1808; and the English race horse is founded upon the courser of the desert. Arabs were imported to England at a very early period, but not in such numbers as to effect any decided improvement in the native breed until the reign of James I. This monarch established a racing-stable, and installed therein some fine Arabian stallions. Charles I. continued the same policy, and the royal stud which he left at Tutbury consisted chiefly of Arab-bred horses. Soon after his execution, it was seized by order of Parliament; but, happily, the change in dynasty did not interfere with the conduct of the stud. Cromwell, as is well known, had a sharp eye for a horse, and the best of the king's lot were soon "chosen" for the Lord Protector. Charles II., again, had no less a passion for horses, and almost the first order that he issued, after landing in England, was one to the effect that the Tutbury nags should be returned to the royal stables. He and many private breeders beside added to the Arabian stock in England; but it was not until the first half of the eighteenth century that the three horses were imported who have exercised the greatest influence upon the race of English

thoroughbreds. These were the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and more especially the Godolphin Arabian. The last named was a dark bay horse about 15 hands high (Arab horses seldom exceed $14\frac{3}{4}$ hands), with a white off-heel behind. He is said to have been stolen from his owner in Paris, and his pedigree was never ascertained. It is the fashion of English writers to decry the Arabian blood; and it is true that the present thoroughbred, owing to many years of good food and severe training, is a bigger, stronger, swifter animal than the Arab;¹ but the latest and perhaps the highest authority on this subject, William Day, makes the significant admission that all the best thoroughbreds now on the English turf trace back to one or more of the three Arab horses whose names have just been mentioned.

The chief reason why a good roadster must have thoroughbred or Arab blood in his veins is that from no other source can he derive the necessary nervous energy. This is even more important than the superior bony structure of the thoroughbred or Arabian. Exactly what nervous energy is, nobody, I presume, can tell; but it is something that, in horses at least, develops the physical system early, makes it capable of great exertion, and enables it to recover quickly from fatigue. The same, or, more correctly, a similar capacity is continually remarked in mankind. Readers of Arctic travels, for example, must often have been struck by the fact that it is invariably the men, and never the officers, who succumb to the labor and exposure of

a sledge journey. Loosely speaking, it may be that in the educated man, especially in the man whose ancestors also have been educated, the mind has acquired a degree of control over the body which cannot otherwise be attained. So also with horses. A thoroughbred is one whose progenitors for many generations have been called upon to exert themselves to the utmost; they have run hard and long, and struggled to beat their competitors. Moreover, they have had an abundance of the food best adapted to develop bone and muscle. Then, again, the care, the grooming, the warm housing and blanketing, which they have received tend to make the skin delicate, the hair fine, the mane silky, the whole organization more sensitive to impressions, and consequently the nervous system more active and controlling.

This same nervous energy usually prevents the roadster from being what is known as a family horse, for he lacks the repose, the placidity and phlegm, of that useful but commonplace animal; he is apt to jump like a cat, and to dance or run a little now and then, in exuberance of spirits and superfluity of strength. Occasionally, to be sure, a horse is found who has great courage and endurance, and at the same time a perfectly temperate disposition. Such was Justin Morgan, head of the greatest roadster family that we have ever had in this country. His origin has not been ascertained beyond a doubt, but in all probability he was sired by a horse called the True Briton or Beautiful Bay. True Briton was bred and owned by General De Lancy,

¹ Some years ago, Haleem Pacha, of Egypt, who had inherited from his father, Abbass Pacha, a stud of Arabs estimated to have cost about \$5,000,000, made a match with some merchants at Cairo to run an eight-mile race for £400 a side. The Cairo merchants sent to England and bought Fair Nell, an Irish mare, thoroughbred, or nearly so, that had been used by one of the Tattersalls as a park and covert hack. She was a beautiful bright bay mare, with black legs, standing about

15 hands $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, "with such perfect shoulders, with so much before you, and with such an elastic stride that it was easy, even delightful, to sit on her, although her temper was hot, and at times she plunged violently." The match took place within two weeks after Fair Nell landed in Egypt, and she won with ridiculous ease, beating the Pacha's best Arab by a full mile. She did the eight miles in $18\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and pulled up fresh.

who rode him during the Revolutionary War, and from whom he was stolen by some miscreant about the year 1788. The thief ran the horse across King's Bridge, Long Island, where the general was stationed, and disposed of him to a rich merchant in Connecticut. True Briton was sired by an imported English horse called Traveller, and Traveller was nearly pure Arabian. Less is known about the dam of Justin Morgan, but it is thought by those who have studied the matter that she also was of thoroughbred Arabian stock. It is certain that there was a close resemblance between the old-time Morgans and Arab horses, although the latter were more finely turned and smoothly coated. Justin Morgan himself was a better runner than trotter, and possibly a better draft-horse than runner. Pictures of him, as well as written descriptions, have been handed down, and we therefore have the privilege of knowing how he looked and acted. He was a stout, chunky little bay horse, with black legs, standing about 14 hands high, and weighing about 950 pounds. His chest was broad; he was deep through the lungs, with short legs, back, and neck, and a longish body, extremely muscular, and, for his size, large of bone. His head was rather big, but bony and well shaped; his ears were small and very fine. Like most of his descendants, he was broad between the eyes, with a noble and alert expression. The courage and spirit of this diminutive horse were superb, and his carriage was so proud that he was eagerly sought as a charger for musters and other military occasions, and yet his disposition was so gentle that women often rode him. In his day there were no race-tracks, but it was a favorite sport to run horses for a short distance, such impromptu matches usually coming off in front of the tavern, the horses starting from a standstill. In these contests Jus-

tin Morgan often took part, and invariably with success, winning many a gallon of rum for his rider. He was equally good at pulling. Farmers and teamsters would sometimes come together at the tavern or other convenient spot, and test the relative strength of their horses in hauling logs. When the others had done their best, it was the custom of Justin Morgan's owner to attach him to the heaviest log that had yet been pulled, and then jump on himself. The little horse never failed to move the load. He lived to a great age, and left behind him many sons, chiefly Sherman, Bulrush, and Woodbury, who have perpetuated his good qualities. Justin Morgan had in a remarkable degree the rare and valuable power of transmitting his own excellence and peculiarities. In this respect, but two other horses in this country have rivaled him, namely, General Knox, one of his own descendants, and the famous trotting stallion Rysdyck's Hambletonian.

General Knox founded a subsidiary family of roadsters, who have also been distinguished in many cases as trotters. The Knox horses, very numerous in Maine, are commonly black in color and almost always intelligent; they are apt to be plain in style, but full of courage and endurance. General Knox's breeding was of the best, being Morgan on the sire's and Morgan and thoroughbred on the dam's side. Messenger, a greater race horse, was a thoroughbred, imported to this country in the year 1788, and from him most of our trotters are descended. "When the old gray came charging down the gang-plank of the ship which brought him over," Hiram Woodruff declares, "the value of not less than one hundred millions of dollars struck our soil." Rysdyck's Hambletonian was of Messenger descent on one side; but his dam was by Bellfounder, a "Norfolk trotter."¹ Rysdyck's Ham-

¹ The Norfolk trotters, a family now extinct, or nearly so, were good roadsters, and Bell-

founder, imported in 1822, was one of the best of them. He was a stout, low-standing bay

bletonian was a trotting stallion of wonderful excellence, but I shall pass lightly over his descendants, as they commonly make poor and unattractive roadsters, being long-backed, rather leggy, sluggish, and very coarse about the head and ears. The typical roadster is a compact, easy-going, short-stepping horse. Such was the famous trotter Hopeful, a chunky, spirited little gray nag, whose record to a skeleton wagon, one mile in 2.16 $\frac{3}{4}$, still stands at the head of the list.

Given a roadster of this description, and a light, open wagon fitted with a stout spring, with lamps, and possibly with a small break; given also a sympathetic companion and a mackintosh, — and, if you like, we will throw in a dog: thus provided, and with all New England stretching out before you, what more delightful than to take the road at any time between April and November! It is pleasant to start in the freshness of a summer morning, with the prospect of seeing a new country, and with the comfortable assurance that it is a matter of no consequence if you become lost in traversing unknown paths. Your horse, I assume, has rested well, there is a cheerful air of anticipation about his ears, and the wheels turn smoothly and lightly on the newly oiled axles. It is pleasant to stop at noon in a patch of woods, beside some mountain stream or at the edge of a lake, where better quarters can be had than any tavern or summer hotel affords. The roadster is taken out, the dog lies down at the foot of a tree, stretching himself with a sigh of content, and a sort of gypsy camp springs up on the instant. After a half-hour's rest comes luncheon for man and beast; the steed taking his oats out of a horse, with a white star in his forehead. Bell-founder had a round body, a thick, arched neck, and a spirited but gentle eye; in short, he was a noble cob and a very fast one. Seven hundred pounds sterling were paid for him, and before leaving England, according to a contemporary account, he had trotted two miles in six min-

pail or nose-bag, the dog sharing lamb sandwiches with the two other carnivorous members of the party. This meal concluded, — and there is no law against lighting a small fire in order to have a cup of hot tea or cocoa, — time remains for a nap, or for reading a novel, or, better yet, for reclining at ease and absorbing impressions from nature. A fresh start is made about two o'clock, or later if the weather be very hot, the hounhnhnm having first been made to look spick and span and able for his task. It is pleasant then to drive past green fields and groves of pine in the pensive light of late afternoon, and to watch the shadows lengthening on the mountains; it is pleasant, as the cows are coming home, as the sun is setting, and as the frogs begin their nightly chorus, to approach your destination, looking forward to supper and a bed, and leaving behind a day long to be remembered. Even the mishaps that befall the adventurous traveler, such as losing the road on a dark night when a thunderstorm is raging, and finding himself on a disused path through the woods instead of the highway, — even experiences of this kind are delightful in the retrospect.

The evening may be less enjoyable. New England taverns have a bad name, and they deserve it. Still, there is occasionally a good one, and there are others that possess some collateral attraction. The best, perhaps, are usually found in county towns where tradition lingers. I remember one such, well situated on a New Hampshire hill. The village was very small, containing three or four shops, a court-house, a miniature jail, and the tavern, a rambling structure with low ceilings. The rooms were utes, nine miles in thirty minutes. He was of the Fireway strain, of great repute in those days. The origin of the Fireways and other Norfolk trotters is obscure, but probably they were descended on one side from some thoroughbred or Arabian horse, possibly from Sampson.

but tolerable, the cooking was scarcely that, and yet the place had an air, a flavor, an attraction, which at first I was unable to resolve. At last I discovered that it consisted chiefly in this, — the proprietor, a full-bearded, high-colored man of the old school, invariably and constantly wore a tall silk hat; the only one, in all probability, for ten miles around. Unthinking persons may perceive no significance in this; but, rightly considered, the high hat indicated a certain sense of self-respect, as well as a certain feeling for form and ceremony. If the hat had been assumed only when the wearer went outside, then it would have been simply a protection from the elements, or at best a matter of display for the villagers; but being worn constantly in-doors, without regard to times or seasons, it ceased to be a hat and became a badge. There was another good feature of this hotel: the office, a long, low room, had a big open fireplace, where logs of wood burned cheerfully on a frosty night in autumn. The hostler, moreover, was an excellent one. True, he fairly reeked of chloroform (New Hampshire is a prohibition State), and his memory was not of the best, being unable to carry "four quarts of oats" more than fifteen minutes, or to distinguish it at the distance of half an hour from a bran mash; but he was gentle with his horses and groomed them well.

If the roadster is to be kept in good condition and to come out fresh every morning, his master must be liberal with fees and vigilant in his oversight. Hostlers, — I say it with reluctance, — especially in large stables, are, generally speaking, worthless, drunken creatures; and here and there a tavern-keeper is found base enough to cheat a horse out of his oats. "But," some self-indulgent reader may exclaim, "one might as well stay at home as to go off on a journey and be bothered with a horse." This would be distinctly the argument of a Yahoo, and if any one is in danger of

being deceived by it I would refer him to what the famous Captain Dugald Dalgetty said upon the subject: "It is my custom, my friends, to see Gustavus (for so I have called him, after my invincible master) accommodated myself; we are old friends and fellow-travelers, and as I often need the use of his legs, I always lend him in my turn the service of my tongue to call for whatever he has occasion for;" and accordingly he strode into the stable after his steed without further apology."

Horses often fall ill or break down on a journey, and this usually happens not from overdriving, but from allowing them to get cold, from watering them when they are hot, from feeding them when they are tired, and from general neglect. A tired roadster seldom gets a bed as deep and soft as he ought to have. The famous Mr. Splan remarks upon this point as follows: "What horses want is plenty of fresh air, to be comfortably clothed, and to have a good bed at all times. No matter how well you feed or care for a man, if you put him in a bad bed at night he will be very apt to find fault in the morning, and I think it is the same with a horse." The feet of a road horse also need attention, and his shoes are all-important. Most country blacksmiths do their work like butchers, paring and burning the foot to fit the shoe, instead of adapting the iron to the hoof. Still, within a radius of five or ten miles it is usually possible to discover a single good workman in this regard, and the traveler can get upon his track by inquiring of horsey men in the vicinity. Every village in New England contains at least one enthusiastic person who is raising colts with the confident expectation of turning out a \$20,000 trotter. This man will know who is the good blacksmith of the neighborhood.

One great point in all-day driving is to make the noonday stop before the roadster begins to tire. Every horse has

his distance, which is easily ascertained by experience, though allowance must of course be made for the state of the weather and of the roads. To this extent he will go along cheerfully, with ears and tail in their normal position; but drive a little farther, and he begins to lag, his curiosity is gone, his ears lose their vivacity, his tail droops, and he wants to stop. It is well to make the noonday halt before this point is reached, even though half the journey be not completed.

When it comes to undertaking a really great distance, such as sixty or seventy miles in a day, or fifty miles for two or three days consecutively, then intelligent driving and the best of care are indispensable. Every foot of the road must be watched, advantage taken of all the good going and slight declivities, the bad spots avoided as much as possible, and the movement and condition of the roadster kept under vigilant observation from morning till night. Unless the driver can sympathize with his horse, so as to know exactly what his frame of mind and bodily condition are all the way along, he is incompetent to handle him to anything like the best advantage. When a day's work of extraordinary length is attempted, the best plan is to stop for half an hour or so in the middle of the morning, and also in the middle of the afternoon, in order to give the roadster a short rest and a luncheon of oats, making a longer halt, of course, at noontime. The recent Badminton work on driving states the old English custom in this regard as follows:—

“Before the advent of railways, fifty miles in a day was not considered too much for a pair of horses to do, and that in a lumbering traveling carriage. The rules laid down for such a journey were, to go ten miles and bait for fifteen minutes, giving each horse an opportunity to wash out his mouth and a wisp of hay; then to travel another six miles and stop half an hour, taking off the

harness, rubbing the horses well down, and giving to each half a peck of corn. After traveling a farther ten miles, hay and water were given as at first, when another six miles might be traversed; and then a bait of at least two hours was considered necessary, and the horses were given hay and a feed of corn. After journeying another ten miles, hay and water, as before, were administered, and the rest of the journey might be accomplished without a further stop, when the horses were provided with a wash before their night meal, and if the weather were cold and wet some beans thrown in. This calculates a pace averaging six or seven miles an hour.”

I am acquainted with a Morgan filly, five years old, that, without any special preparation, traveled last fall from the White Mountains to Boston, one hundred and forty-seven miles, in exactly three days, with perfect ease. The first day she went but thirty-five miles, the second fifty-four, the third fifty-eight. Her owner furnishes me with the following account of the last day:—

“I started from Portsmouth at eight A. M., drove fifteen miles, and stopped for three quarters of an hour, taking the mare out, rubbing her legs well, and giving her two quarts of oats. I then drove twelve miles, and stopped again in a patch of woods for two hours. The mare had some hay, procured of a neighboring farmer, with three quarts of oats, and was well groomed. Starting again at about four o'clock, I drove to Salem, arriving there soon after six, the distance being about fifteen or sixteen miles. The horse seemed perfectly fresh, but as my three days would not be up till eleven P. M. (inasmuch as I started at eleven A. M. on the first day), I concluded to stop for dinner. The mare was put into a stable and rubbed down. Her legs were bandaged, and she was furnished with some hay and two or three quarts of oats, which she ate greedily. At seven thirty she was harnessed again, and came

up to Boston as readily as if she were out for the first time that day. Her eye was perfectly bright when I arrived, she exhibited no sign of fatigue, and would doubtless have been good for twenty miles more."

This was a creditable performance to have been done so easily, especially as the road from Portsmouth is flat and sandy. A moderately hilly road is much less fatiguing. The same filly, it may be added, when but three years old made seventy miles in a day of twelve hours, drawing a skeleton wagon. Such a journey would have ruined most young horses, but the next morning, when turned out to pasture, she threw up her heels, as sound and lively as any colt in the lot.

Another Morgan mare,¹ of similar appearance, being black, and "a compactly built, nervy, wiry animal of the steel and whalebone sort," is credited with going eight miles in thirty-seven minutes, returning over the same ground in thirty-six minutes. On another occasion she accomplished forty-three miles in three hours and twenty-five minutes. This was great roading.

Northern New England horses, of Morgan, of Messenger, or of Knox blood, are very tough and lasting. I can give the following example as authentic: "Abner Toothaker, a well-known horseman, late of Phillips, Maine, once drove a young roadster, called Wild Tiger, from Phillips to Augusta, fifty-two miles, in five and one half hours. It was in the winter, and, owing to the depth of the snowdrifts, it took him one hour to cover the first five miles, making the last forty-seven miles in four and one half hours." The horse pulled all the way, and came out fresh the next morning. This Wild Tiger was of Eaton stock on his sire's side, his dam being by Troublesome, both of these strains being of thoroughbred origin. Mr. Toothaker, on more than one occasion,

¹ The property of Mr. Farnum, of Waltham.

drove from his home to Bangor, a distance of ninety miles, in a single day.

Vermont Champion, a son of Sherman Morgan and grandson of Justin Morgan, was once driven by his owner, Mr. Knights, from Concord, Vermont, to Portland, Maine, with a load of pork. The trip down, presumably in a sleigh, took three or four days, the distance being very nearly, if not quite, one hundred and ten miles. On arriving at Portland, Mr. Knights found a letter, that had been sent by stage, informing him of illness in his family; and the next morning he started for home, which he reached about eight o'clock in the evening of the same day. "Old men are now alive," says my informant, "who saw Champion the next day, and who state that he looked fit to repeat the exploit."

The shortest time for one hundred miles is that made by Conqueror, harnessed to a sulky, at Centreville, Long Island, in 1853, which was eight hours, fifty-five minutes, and fifty-three seconds. Several other horses have done this distance in less than ten hours. Fifty miles were trotted at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1835, by a horse called Black Joker, in three hours and fifty-seven minutes. Several horses have trotted twenty miles within an hour, the first to do it being Trustee, a half-bred horse. One of the few defeats that Flora Temple ever suffered was in a match to trot twenty miles within an hour, harnessed to a skeleton wagon; "that kind of going on in a treadmill sort of way," as Hiram Woodruff remarks, "not being her strong point."

An American trotting horse, called Tom Thumb, owned by Mr. Osbaldestone, in England, covered one hundred miles in ten hours and seven minutes, the vehicle weighing nearly or quite one hundred pounds. An English-bred mare was afterward matched to accomplish the same task. "She was," according to Youatt, "one of those animals rare to

be met with, that could do almost anything as a hack, a hunter, or in harness. On one occasion, after having, in following the hounds and traveling to and from cover, gone through at least sixty miles of country, she fairly ran away with her rider over several ploughed fields. She accomplished the match in ten hours and fourteen minutes. . . . She was a little tired, and, being turned into a loose box, lost no time in taking her rest. On the following day she was as full of life and spirit as ever. This is a match," Mr. Youatt continues, "which it is pleasant to record; for the owner had given positive orders to the driver to stop at once on her showing decided symptoms of distress, as he

valued her more than anything he could gain by her enduring actual suffering."

No sensible person will care to drive fifteen miles in an hour or seventy in a day, except as a feat; but if you wish to travel forty or fifty miles, it is a great thing to have a roadster who is capable of going seventy or eighty. To ride behind a tired horse is fatiguing and depressing in the extreme, whereas there is a sense of exhilaration in covering a long distance which is yet well within the known powers of your steed. In fact, a good roadster is something like a satisfactory bank account,—your pleasure in his capacity is great almost in proportion as the drafts which you make upon it are small.

H. C. Merwin.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XXXV.

THE clouds which had so long shadowed the lives and fortunes of the commander's family at last showed signs of breaking. Like nature's clearings the change came gradually. A dim white disk of promise, glimmering at first vaguely through the vapor, brightened presently into a noontide blaze of fulfillment.

If, as has been argued, there is needed a sombre background of trial to bring out in their true values the common blessings of peace of mind and daily bread, *Vrouw Leisler* and her little flock by this time should have been brought to a due appreciation of these unprized gifts of Providence.

The atonement, so long in coming, seemed now as complete as it lay in the power of man to make. The taint had been taken from their blood; their dead had been reinterred with Christian burial and public honor; the order had gone

forth for the restoration of their estates; nay, even his Excellency, in the late election, had found their name one still potent enough to conjure with.

Furthermore, to signalize this heyday of returning prosperity and happiness, Mary announced that she had consented to become the wife of *Abram Gouveneur*. The young widow, in the full bloom of health and ripened beauty, had, this time of her own free will, yielded her hand to the importunity of the keen-eyed young Huguenot, who was as unlike in character as he was in person to her former spouse.

As if to emphasize in every way the contrast to her earlier nuptials, the sun rose cloudless on her wedding-day, the glory of June shone in garden and orchard, friends gathered from far and near about the now prosperous family, and even their beloved old dominie came tottering in on the arm of *Cobus* to perform the marriage service.

Although still hale, time and suffering

had left their script on good Dame Leisler's face and sapped the vigor of her frame. She stood resignedly aside, and left the brunt of the preparation to Hester, who, with her grave air of responsibility, might have been taken for the bride's elder sister. Mary, indeed, was almost foolish in her gayety, as long-frozen sources of sentiment, thawed by this new-found joy, bubbled up in her heart and flooded to her lips and eyes for expression.

When the feast was over and the guests were gone, the whole family escorted the bride to her new home, a cozy little house which the energetic groom had fitted to receive her.

It was on the way back that, with the natural rebound of feelings long overstrained in one direction, Vrouw Leisler gave vent to certain characteristic reflections.

"Oh, if Jacob — if your father could but have been here to-day to see how we lift up our heads, — to see Mary, too! She was ever his favorite. What need for wonder at it! She was an obedient child. She did ever what she was bid. See ye now the fruit of that! See, Hester, how she is rewarded! Ah, if he could but see her! But ei! ei! he cares nothing for all that now. He wears a crown of glory in paradise if ever yet a mortal did! Ay, he is looking down on us, — I cannot believe but he is. He knows all has been done. Think of that, now! I pray he may forgive us all we do amiss. If he but knew how we have striven day and night to carry out his will! But we are not as he was. He should think of that. His sight was made clear, he went not astray, he knew the right and what was best for us. I pray we may guide ourselves to please him. It must meet his liking, this, one would think. Abram has been from a child under his eye, like a son, as it might be, since the day when he himself befriended the mother — ye were too young, Hester, to remember the gibber-

ish she spoke — in her sorrow and trouble so long ago."

The good vrouw's maundering came to a natural end: they had reached home. With one accord all stopped at the foot of the steps, realizing perhaps for the first time that, despite its attendant smiles and congratulations, despite the songs of poets and the jests of all mankind, a wedding is as truly the first act of a tragedy as a funeral is the latest. The ring, the veil, the bridal wreath, have filled the opening epithalamium with sounding rhymes; let it fitly end with figures of a vacant chair, a vanished form, a silenced voice, the listening for a step that comes no more, of a familiar service rendered not again.

In the momentary silence, as Vrouw Leisler paused with her foot upon the bottom step, it might be to make the foregoing reflection, it might be to take breath, a tall figure rose from the bench on the stoop above and greeted them. It was Barent Rhynders awaiting their return. His appearance following so closely upon certain words just spoken by her mother may have seemed significant to Hester. Although her voice was wanting in the chorus of cordial greetings with which the visitor was welcomed, he must have gathered from her look that his presence was a pleasure and a relief; else surely would he not have stayed on until one by one the tired family withdrew and left them alone.

They sat on the porch in the soft summer air and watched the moon rise over Remsen's Hoodgts, while the discordant clamor of the day died away to a drowsy murmur, as the bustling little town slowly settled itself to repose.

At last Barent rose to go. He had already stayed beyond his hour, and it was late according to the simple notions of the time. Directly Hester, who had been sitting all the evening in silence, began to bristle with things to say. Unconsciously she followed the lingering visitor down the steps and called him

back for a forgotten word. Without plan or suggestion they presently found themselves sauntering up and down the deserted street. Despite Hester's protest, Barent would needs go back to the stoop for her cloak. Thereupon they wandered on to the dock.

Here they paused to look off upon the water, to taste the cool breeze blowing up through the Hoofden and note the moon's white track upon the river just where it turns with broad sweep to join its sister flood.

As they stood thus, it chanced that the ferryman came rowing slowly up to the landing from his last passage to Breuckelen.

"What say you?" whispered Barent. "Shall we take a turn upon the water? Here is Jan would catch at a chance guilder, and the river is smooth as a goose-pond."

Hester looked wistfully at the water, hesitated a moment, then followed her companion down to the landing.

As they stepped into the clumsy little craft the night-watch came stalking to the spot to demand their errand, but upon the representation of the ferryman winked at the irregularity and forbore to interfere.

With long, steady stroke the skillful Jan propelled them out into the noble river, not, as now, a turbid sewer hemmed in by masses of brick and mortar, noisy with screaming whistles, gay with flaring lights, crowded with a forest of foreign masts, but broad and peaceful and undefiled, inclosed by wooded banks abounding in mysterious shadows, where nothing broke the solemn hush save the rippling of the water on the rocky shore, the far-off chorus of the tree-toads, or the plaintive persistence of the whip-poor-will, sounds which seemed born of the night to accentuate the silence.

"'T is wondrous beautiful!" said the junker in a half-whisper, as if afraid to break the spell by a discordant note.

"Yes," was the murmured answer.

"Mary has had a rare day."

"Ye-es," as before.

"'T is a comfort to think of her coming to such happiness after all her pain."

"'T is no more than her desert."

"Nor so much; there's nothing good enough for Mary, when it comes to that. Yet there's not a finer junker in the province than Abram."

"'T is an old matter between them."

"So?"

"They had a thought of each other when children."

"In Milborne's time?"

"Yes, and long before, when Abram spoke in his outlandish French chatter we could never understand."

"And she broke off with him to take Milborne?"

"'T was a sore trial to her, but — 't was at *his* bidding."

"Your father?"

"Yes. 'T was not with a man's light he walked; he had surer guidance. 'T is now made clear how all he did and said was for the right. Well for Mary that she heeded him!"

Barent, perhaps conscientiously refraining from assent until he had arrived at conviction, perhaps with reservations which it would have been hard to define, made no answer. To Hester, luckily, his speech or silence upon the matter appeared to make no difference. She had merely paused for breath.

"I was ever rebellious and stubborn, and heeded not in my pride his blessed words. I was hardened in disobedience, and more times than one sorely angered him."

"Think no more on it! You cannot mend what is past. You must be excused, not knowing you were wrong."

"That did I; I was willful in my wrong-doing, and now henceforth must I abide the consequence."

"Take cheer! 'T is Mary's turn to-day; to-morrow 't will be yours!"

"Mine has passed and gone; 't will come not again."

"You are downcast now over Mary's leave-taking, — that is all. Next week 't will look another way."

"It cannot; there is no chance of it."

"In a few months Mynheer will be coming back from Holland."

"If it be Mynheer Van Cortlandt you have in mind, 't is all one to me whether he comes or stays."

Staggered by this unexpected speech, the junker made no answer. He was not of the nimble wits who can cover their dismay by tossing in a conversational stop-gap.

As before, his companion seemed unconscious of his silence and of the fact that he was staring at her with might and main.

"I was accursed," she went on bitterly, "to hold converse with a man who told me to my face that awful murder might be justified. 'T is right I should suffer for my sin," she continued, with added vehemence. "I shudder to think he was of the party that did it, their kith and kin. I feel that I have clasped the hand of a murderer. 'T is the penalty I must pay for my wrong-doing; 't is the yoke I must bear, and a grievous heavy yoke it is! Forgive me that I cry out under it! I am not yet grown callous to the smart."

Again Barent was mute. He may well have been dumfounded at the revelation he had heard. A silence fell between them; it was prolonged till clearly neither cared to break it. As if relieved by her outburst of feeling, Hester yielded to the soothing influences of time and place, and found a needed solace in the brooding quiet.

Thus they glided on. Far out of sight of the town or of any sign of man's presence, they were alone in the wilderness. Worn out by the fatigue and excitement of the day, lulled by the rhythm of the dipping oars, Hester's head began to droop.

The vigilant junker arranged a roll of sailcloth for a pillow; then covering

her from the dew with the warm cloak, he sat at hand as they fared homeward, guarding the unconscious sleeper with watch-dog fidelity.

Not until they rounded up to the dock did she open her eyes. Then staggering to her feet, she looked about in bewilderment. Barent spoke a reassuring word.

"'T is the dock, Hester, — see! Let me go first! — now give me your hand. Have a care where you step! So, here we are again!"

"Yes, come; 't is time we were going. Hark! What o'clock is that? It must be very late. Ugh-h! how cold it grows! Let us make haste!"

Barent strode in silence by her side as she hurried along the winding Strand. Upon the stoop he faced about to take leave.

"You would leave me, then?" she cried, in a dismayed tone.

"That will I not, now or ever, if you but bid me stay," he said stoutly.

"I bid you neither stay nor go," she answered wearily. "I bid you do what you will."

She stood with her face in shadow, leaning against the doorpost, while he pondered for a whole minute what she had said.

"I am a fool at guessing folks' meaning. I made a blunder once; I would not do the same again. You know my mind, Hester; 't is the same now it was then. If you would take back what you said yonder, let me know it in one plain word!"

She made a movement to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"If you say not *no*, I shall think you mean *yes*."

He waited a minute in trembling suspense lest she might speak.

"Hester — Hester!" he cried at last, in a voice deeply moved. "I am a happy man."

At the end of his transport she released herself from his embrace with a sigh.

XXXVI.

One theme held sway over Steenie's thoughts all the voyage long, nothing happening in the weary round of ship-life to break its hold upon him. Perforce he must sit and think, and think, and think. All nature, too, seemed in his confidence: the waves breaking upon the vessel's prow to his enkindled fancy sang of the selfsame subject, the winds whispered of it, the stars winked knowingly down that they were in the secret. An end or a welcome interruption came to all this when the Angel Gabriel cast anchor in the Zuyder Zee, and the junker found himself in the home of his ancestors. Before he well realized the fact, however, or had breathing-time to look about upon the odd sights and varied forms of life in this new-old world, there came a letter telling of his father's death and calling upon him to go home.

He received the news with calmness, perhaps because mere words blown thousands of miles across the sea lose something of their dramatic force, perhaps because he was getting shock-proof. Neither, as it proved, did the interruption of his travels cause him any great regret; for, setting sail on his return voyage without loss of time, he saw the land recede with a look of pure indifference.

On the long homeward way he had ample time to reflect upon the new responsibilities awaiting him. For the first time he became sensible that his mother's more pronounced character had blinded him to his father's unusual qualities, and that the family, one and all, had been unconsciously guided by the rare sagacity and great worldly experience of his dead parent.

This subject, having been ripely considered, gave way, like a variation in music, to the original theme. Again the scene in the graveyard arose before his cooled and sobered fancy. Like torment-

ing insects, certain questions with regard to it, questions necessarily unanswerable, kept buzzing in his ears: Had the change been in him or in Hester? If she had ever really loved him, could she have cast him off thus? Could he help his opinions? Ought she to expect all the world to share her delusion that her father was a saint and a martyr, or accept as sane the judgment of her morbid conscience that filial duty should overshadow every other, and that her old righteous revolt against her father's tyranny had become through mere lapse of time a heinous crime?

But a profounder riddle than any of these was his own changed attitude with regard to the matter, was the growing remoteness of his own point of view, was the lack of any poignant regret as to its outcome. Had this change in himself come about gradually? Had it been of volcanic action? In either case, what had caused it? He was bewildered to find himself unable to decide.

Tiring of these puzzles, others awaited him; the sea-life showed itself prolific of them. Unbidden, there uprose before him the scene of his last meeting with Catalina, her strange behavior and unaccountable swoon. Thereupon, as he hung musing for hours over the taffrail, came remembrances of other times when she had been odd and baffling, and he recalled with a passing smile his old delight in her irascibility. Thus idly reminiscent he made a discovery. For the first time, in his self-absorption, it occurred to him that a change had taken place in the little maid's demeanor, — the old attitude of bristling hostility was gone!

Directly this puzzle outvied all others in interest. Catalina's conduct under this narrowed scrutiny began to assume new lights and significances. At last, with the suddenness of an electric flash it all stood before him in perfect consistency.

He jumped up and paced the deck;

it seemed a very narrow and cramped little deck now, when he longed for a boundless course over which he could stretch his long legs with some chance of relieving the white heat of heart and brain during those first few hours after his discovery.

Whereupon he began to turn his eyes towards the western horizon with growing suspense, to question the captain and sailors about their progress and the probabilities of arrival, all his patient apathy gone.

At the end of a dreary gray day the long-expected cry was heard, "Land ho!" The next morning the ship entered the harbor. Greeting an outward-bound vessel just issuing from the Hoofden, they were met with the news that a fast had just been proclaimed in town on account of the death of Lord Bellomont.

This startling report speedily brought the dreamer back to real life, to thoughts of the cause of his home-coming and of the afflicted family he was so soon to meet. Moreover, these two deaths presaged, as he well knew, momentous changes in private and public, and so invested his return with a sense of strangeness and upheaval.

Notwithstanding the familiar look of everything as he sailed up the harbor, years seemed to have elapsed since he went away. His voyage already began to serve as a dividing point in his life, and all that lay beyond it belonged to a past even now of shadowy remoteness. The same sense of strangeness pursued him on land. Making his way along the well-known streets, he stared about with the dazed look of a stranger, so suddenly had everything grown shabby, dwarfed, or disappointing.

Reaching home, he was greeted by the announcement that the family had removed to their summer estate upon the Hudson. This news, coming as a culmination to the train of thoughts described, filled him with a sense of loneliness and desolation. He longed for a

welcoming face or voice. In this mood he hurried around to the *Staatses*'.

A slave at work in the garden saw him at the door plying the knocker, and came hurrying to say that the begum and the children had gone to the farm at New Utrecht, leaving only a couple of servants behind to care for the doctor, who was kept in town by business.

Amongst the political disturbances which followed upon the death of Lord Bellomont, and filled with stormful echoes the brief administration of Lieutenant-Governor Nanfan, two only came home to the returned traveler with immediate interest, — the trial and conviction of Colonel Bayard on the charge of high treason, and the persecution of his mother by Nanfan's officious auditing committee because of her refusal to give up the papers of her dead husband. Madam, it should be said, was as calmly defiant of their threats as she had been of Leisler's in the time of the revolution, and, as it turned out, with the like victorious result.

What with these political distractions and the imperative demands of important private duties in connection with his father's estate, Steenie had small leisure for ocean dreams. Though overlaid in his mind, however, it speedily appeared how little they were forgotten.

In his frequent comings and goings between the town and the new manor-house upon the river, he had thought many times of the Van Dorns as he passed the well-known *bouwerie*, but the urgency of present business had always prevented his stopping, until one morning, surprised by the littered stoop and general air of desolation, he rode up to the door and found the cottage empty. Conscience-stricken at his neglect, he at once set about a search, and soon succeeded in finding the family temporarily lodged with one of the neighbors.

Although plainly astonished to see him so soon returned from his voyage,

Tryntie greeted the junker with her usual air of grave respect.

"How goes it with you, vrouw?"

"All at the best, thank ye much, Mynheer!"

"And Rip, — he has still the rheumatics?"

"'Tis no great matter."

"You have then left the *bouwerie*?"

"Mm-m," answered the little woman, dryly affirmative.

"So!" exclaimed Steenie with instant apprehension, "they took it from you?"

"I came not out of it upon a wink," was the answer, pronounced with a certain grim significance.

"But they gave you its worth?"

"I see it not yet what they give."

"So! humph — umph! Say a good word for me to Rip. I will see you soon again."

Tryntie courtesied, and gazed after the galloping horseman with a look of much perplexity.

Steenie's non-committal air at parting covered, as it proved, a serious intent. Before a week went by, he came with the offer of a small *bouwerie* belonging to his father's estate.

Certainly his statement was explicit enough, but Tryntie stupidly stared at him as if she had not heard. He repeated his words.

"'T is for me — this?"

"Yes; the cottage is small, but so is the rent, and you may get help to till the land."

Turning away her head and looking fixedly in the other direction, Tryntie made one or two attempts to speak, but beyond a choking sound nothing was audible.

Steenie suddenly discovered that he was parching for a glass of buttermilk. It was a happy thought; the little vrouw darted away to get the draught, and came back in a measure composed and coherent.

Needless to say, the timely offer was accepted. Rip's few belongings were soon removed with the help of the neighbors,

and at the end of a week the family were fairly installed in their new cottage, not very far removed from the old, on the Sapokanican road.

Here, calling upon them not long afterwards to see if they were comfortably settled, Steenie found his new tenant loquacious in explaining the superior convenience of her new quarters: the tulip-bed was larger and better placed for the sun than the old; the brook, being running water, was better for the geese than their former muddy pond; and the bees were disposed in a more sheltered nook.

"You find everything, then, to your mind?" asked the pleased landlord.

"Beyond all I ever knew, Mynheer."

"You are in need of nothing?"

"Nothing, Mynheer, best thanks."

"You have wherewithal to buy food for the young ones till the crops ripen?"

"Never fear, Mynheer!"

Turning to go, Steenie was almost overturned by a slave who came riding up, carrying a large hamper before him on the saddle.

"'T is like her!" exclaimed Tryntie, receiving the hamper.

"Who is that?"

"Catalina!"

"She has been here?" with sudden eagerness.

"Ei, not this age; she bides yonder on the island."

"In New Utrecht?"

"Mm-m; but lets never a week go by that she sends me not something like this ye see."

"So!" muttered Steenie, in whom the incident seemed to have awakened a new train of thought.

"But 'tis not my old Catalina, that was here and away over the fields and filled the house with song!"

"No?"

"Not she; her face is as long as the dominie's, with no cause one can see, and never a smile for her best friend, they say."

"In New Utrecht? Humph! Good-day to you, vrouw. I must not stay longer lest I be late getting home. Let me know if anything goes amiss."

After his professed eagerness to get home, Tryntie naturally wondered to see her landlord, instead of continuing his homeward way, turn about and ride smartly back towards the town.

Tryntie's astonishment, however, was as nothing to that of cousin Lysbeth, on seeing her kinsman come galloping up to her door that same evening, as she sat after supper upon the stoop.

The visitor was not the less welcome for being unexpected; and having feasted him with cold meats from the pantry, the dame drew up her chair, as he settled himself with his pipe upon the stoop, in keen anticipation of a quiet gossip.

Family news, an account of his recent voyage, the state of the province, these topics of their desultory talk, although of absorbing interest to cousin Lysbeth, availed not to keep Steenie from dropping shamelessly to sleep in the midst of her eager comments and questions. Realizing then the cruelty of prolonging the interview, she straightway packed her drowsy cousin off to bed.

Having early business in the fields, the bustling huysvrouw was up and gone, next morning, long before her lazy kinsman came sauntering down to his breakfast.

Once up, however, his indolence gave place to a restless activity. He did small justice to the dainty breakfast set forth for him, but, dispatching the meal quite unconscious of its excellence, called for his horse and rode briskly away.

At a turn in the road, he came by chance upon the begum riding in her palanquin. With practiced skill, the lady blinked out of sight her look of surprised recognition, and greeted him with matter-of-course cordiality.

"'T is long since we saw you, Mynheer."

"I have been out of the province,

and am but just come back," he explained, returning the speaker's salute.

"Yes — pardon — it needs not to explain — you have my deep sympathy — pardon again — you visit here Vrouw Wickoff?"

"For the moment."

"I hope for the honor of seeing you."

"I was — er — am now on the point" — The junker paused, with a look of embarrassment. "You are most kind."

"I go to-day up to town; my husband sends word a box is come from India. With good fortune I am home again to-night, and if you find yourself here to-morrow" —

"I thank you much."

Thereupon with renewed compliments the lady went on her way to Breuckelen ferry, while Steenie took a speedier advantage of her invitation than she had dreamed of.

The servant, having bestowed him in the parlor, went in search of Catalina. Sunk in a luxurious Indian chair in the darkened room, the eyes of the waiting visitor idly followed the wake of an intruding beam of light out through the open hall door to an alluring little perspective of green fields and waving tree-tops. During the long absence of the servant, his thoughts, flocking along the lighted way into the outer air, visited in swift succession divers scenes rendered memorable to him in the neighborhood.

Roused from his reverie by the sound of approaching voices, he was presently aware of figures upon the stoop darkening his field of vision. Checking an impulse to rise and go forward, he consciously listened. A younger sister was urging upon Catalina some project to which she was disinclined.

"You have no excuse; you must go. All the junkers in Seawanacky, they say, will be there; and as for Vlacketbos and New Utrecht, there'll not be a soul left at home. You should have heard the talk at church last Lord's Day.

The Lefferts, Van de Bildts, Remsens, Martenses, Van Voorhuys, Cortelyous, Couwenhoovens, Lotts, Stryckers, and Hegemans will all be there."

"So?"

"There'll be every sport ever was heard of, 't is said, — reels, hipseysaw, shuffle-shuffle, cards, ninepins, plucking the goose, balls, and I know not what."

"You may go and bring me back a history of it all."

"Not I. You shall see it for yourself."

"I care not to go."

"And why, tell me?"

"I care not for it."

"'T was only last year you could not get enough of it. Poh! You must go, I say."

"Have done! I will not!"

"Suit yourself, then. I think too much of my breath to waste any more of it upon one so stubborn. But yonder is Johanna waiting for me to go gather cresses. Good-by. You'll be sorry when 't is too late."

A deep sigh from the solitary figure upon the stoop presently aroused Steenie to a realizing sense of the fact that he had been playing the eavesdropper. Rising quickly, he walked to the outer door, but was stayed upon the threshold by the unexpected dismay his sudden appearance produced.

Clutching the bench upon which she sat with convulsive grasp, Catalina rose slowly and stared at him without speaking. Her look and attitude were so expressive of a deep inward shock that the junker himself was at a loss what to say.

"I have affrighted you. Had you not heard of my return?"

Catalina shook her head.

"'T is some weeks now — when my father — surely you heard of our great loss?"

She muttered an assent under her breath.

"My mother sent for me. I had scarcely landed. I have been much pressed since getting back. There have

been troublous times yonder in town. My mother has been plagued by these busybodies. And Bayard, — you have heard how they try to hunt him to death?"

With resumed self-control Catalina sat quietly down upon the bench, and motioned him to a seat.

He remained standing, as if with some passing scruple about accepting the invitation.

"Tryntie — the Van Dorns — I stopped yesterday to see them in their new home."

The listener's face kindled with a faint interest.

"Whiles we talked came a messenger loaded with your bounty" —

The listener suddenly found her tongue.

"And Rip, — he is not worse for the moving?"

"None at all, as it seems. We had talk of you, the little vrouw and I. You should hear her upon that theme."

"You are come hither to — to visit Vrouw Wickoff?"

"No."

"So?"

The little monosyllable quivered upon her lip, and came fluttering forth with scarce breath enough to make known its birth.

"No, Catalina, I am come to see *you*," he said bluntly, sitting down as he spoke on the bench beside her, and looking close into her face with anxious eyes.

She made a vague movement as if to escape, but it was evident the effort was beyond her powers. She seemed well-nigh transfigured by an access of emotion; her eyes were filled with changing lights, her limbs were rigid, her organs of speech were paralyzed.

"And why should I not?" He paused as if for some sign of assent. "Are we not old friends?"

Still there was no answer; only in the startled eyes gleamed the same impotent purpose of flight.

"On the ship coming home I thought over my whole life as never before. I weighed my friends according to their worth. I examined well my heart as to which of them I prized and which I yearned to come back to."

She put out her hand with a gesture of protest.

"'T was then my eyes were opened. Then I saw my fatal mistake. Oh, Catalina, there came before me something, as it might be the finger of God, pointing to the precious flower blooming these many years in my pathway, which yet I had never reached to gather. From that moment all has been clear as the light; from that moment I have thought day and night of you, — of you, Catalina, as the one most dear to me in life."

"Stop!" she cried, a note of terror quivering in her breathless voice.

"All these years, I say, this spark has been smouldering in my heart, and I going blindfold on with no sense of it. I thought of your old childish spite as still living. I thought of it as a thing not to be shaken off, until, in the midst of the ocean yonder, something whispered me one day it was gone." He paused in vain for an assuring look. "Tell me, Catalina, is it so?"

He took her hand, but almost started at its icy touch.

"Speak, pray you, Catalina! Is it cured, that old spite? Pity my blindness that I did not know my own heart! 'T was duty blinded me, — duty, do you see? I thought myself bound by those old childish bonds. Catalina, do you hear me?" Stooping lower, he whispered tenderly in her ear, "Speak, little one. I am come hither to-day to tell you this, — to tell you that all my hope of happiness is now in you. Catalina, my treasure, I love you with all my heart!"

Receiving no word or look of answer, he bent down and kissed the cold little hand, when, as if awakened to life by an electric touch, she sprang quivering to her feet.

"You — you dare!"

He gazed at her in amazement.

"Nev-never speak to me again!"

"What! 't is not dead, then, — not dead yet! Heed it not, Catalina! Catalina, dearest, put it away from you! Mark me, 't is child's play; let it not follow us and blight us forever! We are man and woman now. 'T is a man's love I offer you."

"Go away — go — go!"

"Listen. I was a fool to speak thus without warning. You shall have time to think. I will wait till you know your mind."

"No — no!" she protested violently.

"I know it now — I know it well!"

"What then?"

"Go — go — go — go!"

"You do not love me?"

Stepping swiftly forward, she caught the doorpost and steadied her swaying figure upon the threshold. There was a pause. It seemed a whole minute passed. Then constraining herself by a measureless effort, she answered, in a tone firm, unhesitating, almost defiant, —

"No!"

XXXVII.

Speed being an impossible factor in the begum's traveling on account of her peculiar means of conveyance, the journey to New York and back in one day proved necessarily a tedious undertaking. Indeed, it was not until long after supper that she arrived home with her hamper of Indian goods.

Having been met and noisily welcomed by the younger children, and hearing from a trusted servant that all had gone well in her absence, she took no further thought of household matters, but gave herself up heart and soul to the delightful task of unpacking the rare fabrics and curious ornaments she had brought. Thus engrossed, it was not until she came upon something especially intended for Catalina that she noticed her ab-

sence. With the thought of giving her a pleasant surprise, she went directly to her daughter's chamber, where she found the recluse curled up in the window-seat.

"Alone!" cried the mother, going gayly forward, holding the candle in one hand and waving the flashing bauble in the other.

With her face turned towards the darkened window, the daughter seemed not to hear.

"Why are you in the dark?" asked the begum, with a growing presentiment. Still there was no answer.

"Catalina, you are in pain?"

"No."

The hollow dreariness of tone startled the anxious mother. Quickly putting down the things in her hands, she flung herself on her knees by the window and clasped the speaker in her arms.

"My daughter, what is it?"

"Nothing!"

"Catalina!"

"Oh, do not speak to me! Go — go, and leave me alone!"

She sprang to her feet, and almost shook herself free from her mother's embrace.

Shocked by the despairing cry, the begum rose, and stood gazing at her daughter in bewilderment. Making no further offer of sympathy, however, after a moment's thought she slowly withdrew, and, going down-stairs, walked up and down for an hour or two among the unheeded stuffs and trinkets. Later in the night, she stole with catlike tread to Catalina's door and listened. Hearing within a soft footstep coming and going in an aimless, wearying march, she crouched upon the floor, and waited in suspense until with the breaking of day it ceased.

As soon as the household was astir, the cautious mother, questioning the servants, learned of the visit received in her absence. Involuntarily she heaved a sigh of relief. A part, at least, of the mystery was solved; but directly, as if realizing that what remained had become more impenetrable than ever, she

yielded to her former agitation. Instinctively she resorted to her embroidery frame, and after a long time spent there in taking false stitches, snarling her silks, and tossing about her head-gear, she suddenly arose with a look of resolution, ordered her palanquin, and betook herself to Vlacktebos to wait upon Vrouw Wickoff.

Cousin Lysbeth, summoned from cabbage-planting in a neighboring field, clumsily dissembled her annoyance at the visit, as she wiped her perspiring face on the under side of her apron, and passed an investigating hand over her cap and kerchief.

"'T is a day without a fault," began the visitor in an indefinite manner, as she settled herself in a proffered seat: "it has no cruel wind to spoil the good sunshine; it brings back thoughts of my own country. You care not much to go about, Vrouw Wickoff; you love better, I think, to hug the chimney-nook."

"The chimney-nook gets little of my hugging," answered the dame dryly, mindful, perhaps, of her sweating forehead.

"Pardon!" Recalling herself from a moment's preoccupation, the visitor recognized her mistake. "Your affairs — I thought not of them — take you out. Yes, such a repute for thrift is not gained sitting in idleness."

Vrouw Wickoff received the tardy tribute with an embarrassed little cough.

"Work," continued the begum in a strain that had no obvious pertinence to anything suggested by the visit, "is called a blessing; the worker forgets — how great a thing is it to forget! — and is happy. Work brings too the deep sleep that shuts us up every night in a tomb and brings us forth every morning, like the resurrection the dominie tells of."

"So!" murmured the puzzled huysvrouw, vainly trying to find some profitable application of this platitude to her neglected cabbages.

"It helps to pass away the dull hours,"

went on the begum, too intent upon her own purpose to heed her hostess's perplexity; "you forget the solitude, and you are not sad."

"Work is a good thing enough," said the dame, sinking back in her chair with a timely sigh of fatigue, "so there be not too much of it."

"But when 't is over, and the night comes, and there's nobody to fill the chair yonder, then think you not of your children, your kinsfolk, and wish for some of them here?"

"I remember that I am an old woman, and count not upon their coming," said Vrouw Wickoff sturdily, but not without a touch of bitterness.

"There is one — your cousin, the junker that comes so often to visit you — seems not to mind you are not young."

"Who is that?"

"Mynheer Van Cortlandt."

"He is like the rest," answered the dame skeptically; "he comes to suit himself, with little thought of me."

"He has then something this way that draws him from the town?"

"Who knows? A junker must be doing something. 'T is to get a drink of my buttermilk or a day with the birds."

"I met him by chance yesterday on the highway, but he had not his gun."

"Then I know not his errand; some folly, no doubt, to waste his money on a dog or a colt. I concern myself not with his doings."

"So!" The visitor studied the speaker with a searching glance strikingly at variance with her indifferent tone. "I am glad at least you have him with you."

"That have I not; he is but a bird on the wing, — here to-day and away to-morrow."

"He is gone?"

"Long ago."

"He comes soon again?"

"Not he; 't is a doubt if I see him before the wild geese fly."

"That is many months."

"These are troublous times yonder in their bickering little town."

"'T is why he has grown so grave, perhaps."

"He is like me; he has much to do of late," said the dame, with a significance not to be mistaken.

"Pardon! I keep you from work." The begum instantly rose.

"You make a short stay," faltered her neighbor in feeble protest.

"I must needs go," subjecting her hostess's face to a final scrutiny. "'T will be a good year, they say, for the crops."

"That's as it turns out," commented Vrouw Wickoff, with professional reserve. "You will be going, then?"

"Yes, they look for me yonder; 't is nearly noon. I hope soon for the honor of a visit from you."

With a profound salam the visitor was gone, leaving the dame as bewildered as upon her former visit.

Returning home, the begum found Catalina upon the stoop in a state of unaccountable excitement. With the detective sensitiveness of a barometer, the mother knew directly that something had happened in her absence. Abstaining, however, from question or comment, she watched her daughter's every movement with anxious interest. The repression of yesterday had given place to a feverish thirst for action.

"You are come? Where have you been? I have wanted you! I have searched for you everywhere!"

"I am here," said the mother reassuringly.

"'T is well you are come, else I had gone without you."

"Gone!"

"Yes; I would go to town."

"So! and why so far?"

"Because — because — oh, I cannot tell why, but I must go, — I needs *must* go!" she concluded, with growing imperativeness, as if to forestall objection.

"You shall go, my daughter," was the calm reply.

"Dear mother!"

Surprised, as it seemed, by this prompt acquiescence, the petitioner clasped her indulgent parent in a fervent embrace.

"But when, — when? How long must we wait?"

"Not long."

"But how long?"

"We will go to-morrow."

"Father, — what will he say?"

"I will send him word to-day."

"I may go, then, and make ready my things?"

"Yes."

In her precipitation the overjoyed girl let fall upon the floor, as she hurried away, a folded paper. Immediately her watchful mother picked it up, and read without scruple the following letter from Hester: —

DEAREST CATALINA, — Here is grate news for you. I had thought of late to have ended my life a spinster but Providence has ordained it otherwise. How I wish for you here that I might tell you face to face I am to be married! Scarcely can I yet credit it myself so strangely it sounds in my ears. Barent it would seem has never given me up in his hart sence years ago in my blindnes I cast him off, — see what it is to have forbearance. He was my blissid father's own choyce as you well know, thanks be to my Heavenly Lord and Master who has cured my wicked pryde and opened my eyes to his trew meritt. Now at last I see my duty and find my best content in doing it.

As you have been ever my faithful frend I hope to have your prayers and good wishes in this grate change.

Your obed't and loving ser't,

HESTER LEISLER.

Although it does not appear that the begum had any well-defined theory as to her daughter's purpose, it may be taken as in a measure significant of her expected stay in town that she set forth next

morning with only a few changes of clothes and her inseparable Indian servant for escort. There were, to be sure, the bearers of the palanquin and the two slaves left to attend the doctor's wants in town to eke out the household.

As they approached the shore in the rolling and tossing old ferry-boat, Catalina grew more and more agitated. She longed yet dreaded to arrive. Her excitement indeed reached such a painful pitch that when at last they stepped ashore in the dock she clutched her mother's arm and dragged her at a breathless pace by the nearest way home, darting anxious, furtive looks down every intersecting street.

Doubtless Dr. Staats had long ago given up as futile all attempts to fathom his wife's motives. If on this occasion he felt any surprise upon seeing her reappear with Catalina, he gave no sign of it. By thus neglecting to concern himself with the lesser politics of the household, the good doctor gained much valuable time for the larger pursuits which held him tied to the town while his family were in the country.

Arrived at her journey's end, Catalina's mood suddenly changed. Her look of eager hope gave place to one of blank helplessness, which in turn yielded to an expression, harrowing to her anxious mother, of dumb, weary, hopeless waiting.

The begum made bad work of her embroidery in those days; she snarled and knotted, and cut and raveled, without advancing an inch on her design.

At last, one morning, having found Catalina in her room pacing back and forth from window to window, while her untasted breakfast grew cold on the table, and noting with alarm a distinct shrinkage of the rounded oval of her face and a growing hollowness about the eyes, the excited mother, coming back to her embroidery, threw down the frame with a violent gesture, and then and there took the case into her own hands.

Having inquired of her husband with particularity the way to the Van Cortlandt manor, she dressed herself with unusual splendor, and, attended by the largest escort the household afforded, set forth upon an errand the nature of which she chose not to divulge.

Midway upon the road the lady's attention was drawn by a distant sound. Looking up, she saw approaching an imposing equipage enveloped in a cloud of dust. As it came nearer she recognized the Van Cortlandt coach, drawn by four horses and escorted by outriders in mourning, the whole making a prodigious show and bustle as it rolled heavily along.

Ordering her bearers to climb a bank upon one side of the road, the begum made way for the ponderous vehicle to pass. Supported on sumptuous cushions, her dress glittering with jewels, the silk curtains of the palanquin draped effectively about her, she formed a striking picture on the lonely highway.

As the coach drew near, Madam Gertryd, accompanied by the widowed Lady Bellomont, was seen sitting within. To the profound and ingratiating obeisance of the begum the owner of the carriage returned a freezing nod, as she rolled slowly past. The dark cheeks of the Indian flushed at the studied discourtesy. She sat speechless with indignation, looking after the retreating carriage. After some minutes' reflection, however, her face slowly cleared. The reason of the affront was plain. Dr. Staats had been one of the obnoxious auditing committee which had called the haughty Dutch matron to account, and pursued her with threats and legal process. The remembrance of this fact, if it did not induce her wholly to forgive the offender, plainly appeased in large measure the begum's anger. Quietly giving the order to her servants, she turned about and followed back towards town in the wake of the lumbering chariot.

Traversing thus leisurely her home-

ward way, busied with the new turn given to her thoughts by the late incident, she came upon a small cottage by the roadside, from the door of which, as she passed, a familiar figure came forth and proceeded slowly down the garden path.

Calling upon her bearers to halt, the begum alighted and hastened after the little huysvrouw, who, unconscious of being observed, continued her way to the bottom of the garden, where, pausing before a row of beehives set against the wall, she threw her apron over her head with a loud wail.

Suspecting her purpose, the visitor stopped, with a look of deep concern, and listened.

After a little the vrouw uncovered her head, and, knocking upon the hives one after another, cried in a voice choked with grief, —

"Sh! sh! my bees! He is gone at last! Have done with your buzzing! He is dead, I say! Never opens he his eyes again! Never comes he to ye again! My Rip — he is dead — dead — dead!"

Familiar with this old custom, and shocked by the intelligence she had heard, the begum softly retreated, and stood by the stoop waiting for the mourner to return. Soon, however, unable to refrain from offering her sympathy, she approached again, saying, —

"Tryntie, my good Tryntie, I hear you. My heart is sad for you. Weep! weep! 't will ease the load. But be-think you, too, 't is best for him; 't is over at last, all his trouble; he sleeps, he is at rest, he has no more pangs!"

But, as if deaf to her words and unconscious of her presence, the little vrouw went on from hive to hive with her despairing lament.

"Zoo! He's gone — gone! Ye'll see him no more with his pipe on the stoop yonder! Never! He is dead, I say! Hush, little fools! Would ye break his sleep? Go sing round his

grave when I have it planted with turf, and bid flowers grow there, and fetch me honey thence! Will ye have done, noisy rogues, and let me think? Dead — dead! I'll not believe it! 'T was but this morning he opened his eyes and spoke to me!"

"Tryntie!" called the begum.

"Look ye, go not away from me, too, my bees, as my Rip is gone!"

"Tryntie, I say, remember your children! Remember they were Rip's children, too!"

"See ye not I am alone, pretty bees? See ye not Rip is gone — gone — gone not to come again? Look then ye leave me not, too!"

"Tryntie, vrouw, hear but a word. You are not alone. You have friends. I will send them that will help you. Catalina will come. We will not forget you. Take comfort, I say."

Finding her attempts at sympathy unheeded, the begum at last reluctantly withdrew. Arriving home, she did not forget her promise, but directly dispatched to the afflicted woman a store of necessaries, with a servant to help her prepare for the coming funeral.

Contrary to all her hopes and expectations, however, Catalina made no offer to go, nor took, as it seemed, more than a passing interest in the matter. Vainly the begum, in her dramatic manner, recounted every detail of her visit to the *bouwerie*; the listener only wearily interjected an occasional "So!" or "Poor Tryntie!" at pauses in the narrative, and directly the story was over thought no more about it.

Meantime there came about a long-expected crisis in public affairs, which threw the whole province into a ferment of excitement. The timely arrival of Lord Cornbury, the new governor, changed in a moment the whole course of public policy. The Leislerians were thrust out of power, and, so far as possible, amends made for their mischievous and unlicensed doings. In the long

list of these recited, it is only pertinent here to note that Colonel Bayard was saved from the scaffold, and that a stop was put to the persecution of Madam Van Cortlandt.

These acts of justice were consistently followed by the dismissal of Dr. Staats and his coadjutors from the council. Thus, it will be seen, the begum had divers grounds for personal concern in the crisis. So absorbing, indeed, was her interest in these public issues at the moment that she left Catalina to dream away the hours among the Copake rocks, and quite forgot the existence of the afflicted Tryntie.

Thus a fortnight slipped away, when, one day as she was setting forth upon some errand, in her palanquin, a funeral bell began to toll from the church tower in the fort. The doleful sound reminded her of Tryntie, and directly, with a touch of remorse for her long neglect, she gave orders to be taken to the *bouwerie*.

She found the bereaved widow upon the stoop, in warm discussion with a man whom, upon nearer approach, she recognized as the town sexton. Tryntie was criticising, with looks of indignation and dismay, a paper which he seemed to be reading.

Thus engrossed, she failed to notice the presence of her old mistress, who stood patiently awaiting the result of the discussion.

"'T is a true and honest account, and the money due, every stuyver of it," said the sexton, as if in reply to a protest.

"Huh!" was the scornful rejoinder.

"Hark ye! I will read it again."

"Oft reading makes it none the better."

"Three dry boards for the coffin, seven guilders ten stuyvers."

"Three! — *three* boards! Heard ever any one before of so much timber to one coffin?"

"Think of the size of him. He was a big man."

"Mm-m! the very size of an angel," assented the mollified vrouw, with a sudden choking, "that he was; there's none like him left."

"Three quarters of a pound of nails, one guilder ten stuyvers," pursued the sexton.

"Where went all the nails? Nigh upon a whole pound of nails to one coffin! 'Tis past belief!"

"Making coffin, four and twenty guilders. Cartage, ten stuyvers."

"'Tis robbery!"

"A half-vat and an anker of good beer, twenty-seven guilders," pursued the imperturbable sexton.

"There was never the half of it drunk in the house!"

"One gallon of brandewyn, thirty-two guilders."

"Lieve hemel!" shrieked the little vrouw. "Where went it, then? It came not here."

"They drank it in his honor. 'Twas what he liked best, mark ye."

"That did he, — that did he; nothing so much. Oh, Rip, if ye could but come back, man, ye'd hear no more hard words about the brandewyn!"

"Six gallons madeira for the women, eighty-four guilders."

"Zoo! zoo! They were thirsty that day!"

"'Twas for grief, mind ye; nothing so much dries the throat."

"'Tis true."

"And they mourn not every day one so close to the liking of all."

"Zoo! One and all!" with a fresh outburst of tears. "Who could help but to love him?"

"Sugar and spice, five guilders. One hundred and fifty sugar cakes, fifteen guilders. Tobacco and pipes, four guilders and ten stuyvers. Digging grave, thirty guilders," continued the sexton in some precipitation, taking advantage of the listener's emotion to hurry over several objectionable items.

"Om God's wil!" burst forth the

little dame wrathfully, the tears still shining in her eyes. "Thirty guilders, — thirty, say ye, for one grave?"

"Remember his size, will ye?"

"'Tis out of all reason!"

"He looked down upon the most of men."

"Mm-m! that did he; 'tis true."

"Would ye have him stinted for room in his last bed?"

"No — no — no-o-o!" sobbed the widow.

"Or put in bent or twisted?" continued the crafty sexton.

"Ye know I would not."

"Inviting to the funeral, twelve guilders. Marritje Lieverse, for assistance, six guilders. The whole, two hundred and forty-nine guilders. A true account, and small as can be made," concluded the sexton, thinking to finish under cover of the vrouw's sobs.

But the keen ears were on the alert.

"Two hundred, say ye, — two hundred and more? 'Tis beyond all sense and reason! Two hundred and fifty guilders! I have not the half of it in the world! Not the half of it, I say, with the clothes on my back! Two hundred, ye say, and forty-nine guilders for burying one poor Christian?"

"And a modest sum, too," protested the sexton stoutly.

"God forgive the poor for being born, then, and spare us, good Lord, from death! We cannot afford to die."

"I'll make the payment suit your convenience, vrouw."

"That will ye or get nothing! Two hundred and forty-nine guilders! I saw not so much money since buying the bouwerie yonder they have cheated me out of!"

"I'll be easy with ye, I say. Give me what ye have in hand."

"'Tis not much."

"'Tis a beginning, and I'll not let ye forget the rest."

"That will ye not. Go along with ye, and come back to-morrow. Ye shall

have what there is, but I'll not take the bread from the children's mouths for ye!"

The satisfied look upon the sexton's face, as he rode away on his gaunt black horse, was significant of confidence in his debtor.

The begum now announced her presence. Tryntie greeted her with warmest gratitude.

"I heard what was not meant for my ears," began the visitor apologetically.

"That one? He thought to rob me. He grows rich grinding the poor. He comes now, when my heart is heavy with grief for — for" —

She broke out into loud sobs, and for several minutes wept unrestrainedly.

"Never heed him. He shall not plague you. I will help you to the money."

"No."

"You may bring it back if you will."

"I shall not, — I shall not."

"'Tis better to owe me than him."

The vrouw still continued to shake her head violently.

"But your children, — they must be cared for. What have you left for them?"

"These!" cried the plucky vrouw, holding up her bony, hard-worked little hands.

"Poor Tryntie!"

"They gained money once; there is strength left in them yet, so they rob me not again."

"Tryntie!" The begum's face lighted up with a sudden thought.

"Ei?"

"Wait, good vrouw, — wait, my Tryntie. I may do something for you yet."

"So?"

But without waiting to explain herself further, the lady gave the order to her slaves, and rode hastily away.

Arriving home filled with her new project, she was surprised, upon entering the house, to hear the sound of voices in Catalina's room.

Going thither in some anxiety, she pushed open the door, and beheld Hester, in the middle of the floor, cowering, with looks of amazement, before Catalina, who, with flaming eyes and withering emphasis, poured forth upon her a flood of denunciation.

"You — you — who are you to cast off *him*, a high-born junker with a noble heart, who has followed you with years and years of faithful service? Your father, say you! Who was your father? All the fathers ever born should not make me break my word! Your father! What is he but a handful of dust! He has done harm enough. Let the grave hold him! I am tired of his name, and for you — go — go! Get back to your blacksmith! He is good enough for you! I want never — never — never to lay eyes on you again!"

Dumfounded and dismayed, Hester turned about, went down-stairs and out of the house. Unconsciously making way for her to pass, the begum said not a word, but stood rooted to the spot, with her eyes fixed in wonder upon her daughter, who, the next moment rushing forward, fell into her arms, crying in pitiable, despairing tones, —

"Oh, my mother, help me!"

XXXVIII.

Scarcely had Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury arrived in New York to take upon him the government of the province under a commission from William III., when he was called upon to mourn the death of that able monarch, and proclaim the accession of his own royal kinswoman, Anne Stuart.

In fact, his Lordship was not only cousin-german to her new Majesty, but, as is well known, so closely resembled her in face and figure that he plumed himself much upon the likeness, and was led to favor it in unusual ways.

As has been hinted, the coming of

the new governor was most opportune for the Van Cortlandts and their friends. It so chanced that Steenie, in behalf of his mother and in furtherance of certain family interests, had occasion to wait upon his Lordship soon after his arrival, when he was received with so much favor that he naturally formed a high opinion of his Excellency's character and abilities.

On his part, the governor, in those early days while he was yet uncertain of his foothold, may have had reasons of his own for his kindly reception of a member of one of the most influential families in the province, a young man belonging to his own party, whose speech and air, moreover, were so marked by the settled gravity of middle age. It will be remembered that the begum had already remarked the junker's growing seriousness of manner.

"And what wonder he is become an old man?" cried Cornelis De Peyster, in consultation with Madam Van Cortlandt upon the subject. "He turns the cold shoulder upon all his old fellows; he 'll have nothing to do with any of us, these days. And see how he lives! He is never seen at a rout, he has forgotten how to handle a gun, he sees no point to a joke, he must be ever at work."

"Yes," put in madam with a motherly extenuation, "he works too hard, — 't is that is the matter."

"'Works'!" went on the irreverent Cornelis; "but at what, pray you, madam? If 't were in the way of ambition to make a figure in the world, all well and good. But 't is nothing of the sort. 'T is poor cheap drudgery, and he works at it like a horse in a treadmill."

Steenie, meantime, unconscious of his friend's concern about him, kept on in his treadmill, until one morning he was brought to a standstill by a circumstance which would be quite too simple to mention if it had not resulted in his liberation.

This was nothing more nor less than

a letter, — a curious letter, written in a graceful but illegible hand, which cost Steenie an hour's close labor to decipher. Its contents were as follows: —

MYNHEER, — Suffer that I commend myself to you in all honor and respect, and pray that this may find you and your worshipful family in well-being!

I come to beseech your aid and favor in a matter of moment. It is, be assured, no business of my own, else had I not ventured to call upon you. It is to favor the humble petition of one in suffering. This is the matter: —

There is one Vrouw Van Dorn, well known to you. She lives now upon your estate. She is lately plunged in great grief by her husband's death. It may not yet reach your ears that she is left in great want, that she has scarce food for her children, and nothing wherewithal to pay the heavy funeral charges of her husband that is dead.

For all this, and despite her great need, she will take no aid. 'T is a pride most strange in one of her condition. None the less is she fixed and stubborn in her resolution.

You know her history, and with what injustice she was treated by them lately in power. I have now a thought. It comes to me his new Excellency may look with more favor upon her suit. To this end it must be brought to his notice by one he is well inclined to. You know in what esteem my name is held by his Lordship, and for what cause. 'T is therefore I stand now like one with the hands tied.

In this strait I think of you. I pray you may be moved to lift your voice and to stir your hand in the matter. Forgive such boldness, and let me know freely your mind. If you refuse, 't is well, — you will have reasons. If your heart is rather moved to give help, I pray you to wait upon me at your convenience, when I will make known to you all that is needful, and have the

matter fairly set forth in a paper to lay before his Excellency.

Whatever be your choice, it will not change the thoughts I have of you. Do nothing to oblige me! Obey only your own heart! I am done. I thank you for your pains in reading this letter. I pray you may have health and peace.

From your most respectful and obedient humble servant,

* * *

The signature was adorned with a flourish so involved and elaborate that the junker could make nothing of it, yet he had no trouble in guessing the writer.

The call came to him like a voice out of the past, at once appealing and peremptory. Moved not by any impulse of benevolence, not by any love of justice, not even by any prompting of friendship for Tryntie, he obeyed, — obeyed as if in recognition of an obligation, but so mechanically that he went about the task required of him with the look and manner of a sleep-walker.

The begum received him with a gravity equal to his own. Perhaps because of her own profound preoccupation she seemed to find nothing unusual in his bearing.

"'T is good to see you again, Mynheer, — we grow strangers of late. I was sure of your coming; I knew well 't would touch your heart, — this noble charity. Sit, pray, and let us talk."

The visitor's eyes glanced furtively about the familiar room as he took the offered seat.

"Did I say 'eharity'? I take back the word; 't is rather justice. But you know it all, Mynheer, this story?"

Steenie bowed, with his sleep-walking look.

"It needs not, then, that I explain, but rather tell me your mind, Mynheer. Think you his Excellency will listen to our suit with favor?"

"Pardon!"

The lady saw instantly that she had been talking to deaf ears. Oddly enough,

something very like a gleam of gratification at the discourtesy showed for a moment in her face, but directly gave way to her former zealous look as she repeated with gentle emphasis, —

"Will his Lordship, think you, be inclined to see justice done the poor woman?"

"'T is like — I hope so — er — there is good ground to expect it."

"Lies it in his Lordship's power to amend the wrong?"

"'Wrong'!" repeated the junker, again at sea.

"May he of his own will give order that the money be paid back, or is it a matter for the council? Pity my ignorance!"

"The council, — humph! 'T is rather a question for the assembly!"

"Then the governor can do nothing in the matter?"

"Anything, everything; they will heed his slightest beck till the honeymoon is over," answered Steenie, with a touch of irony, as he straightened himself in his chair and gave his mind at last to the subject.

"And you, Mynheer, — will you then take the great trouble to lay the matter before his Excellency?"

"Most willingly; 't is for that I" —

The sound of voices and steps outside in the passage caused him to stop. He listened a moment; then rose, with a troubled look.

"Are you in haste, Mynheer?"

"I have — er — pressing matters needing my attention."

"Let me not hold you. I — but since you have business — I am most bounden for your pains. Will it suit your convenience to move soon in the matter, Mynheer?"

"To-morrow or the day following, at his Lordship's leisure I will wait upon him."

"'T is sooner than I had hoped. Let us pray you may persuade him; and if you do, oh, Mynheer" —

"Pardon?"

"What a joy for the poor woman!"

"I will do my best."

"'T were a pity — that" —

"Eh?"

— "she should not know it without loss of time."

"So!"

Blind to the subtle insinuation of this suggestion, the junker stood obtusely staring.

"A thought comes to my mind" — The lady struggled with a momentary embarrassment.

"What thought?"

"How much greater pleasure if she could hear it from your own lips!"

"You would have me tell her?"

"'T is on your homeward way."

"So 't is. Yes, I will do it. I will stop at the door. What more, then, is there?"

"Nothing, 't is all. Take my thanks, a thousand thanks, Mynheer, for this great aid. 'T is raising a poor creature from the dust. My heart goes with you on this business. I think of nothing till the good news comes."

Since Rip's death, the begum, for reasons not hard to understand, had talked much at home of Tryntie's bereavement and of the sad state of things at the bouwerie. It was with no surprise, then, that Catalina heard the hackneyed subject brought up again, one morning, at table. As usual, of late, she gave little heed to what was said beyond a general recognition of the topic. It was otherwise when, an hour later, her mother came suddenly upon her, cloaked and hooded, in the passage, as she was about stealing forth to her old haunt upon the rocks.

"So, Catalina? 'T is well I saw you. You are going out, you may do me a service. Here are some things I had made ready for Tryntie" —

"But I — 't was not that way I had in mind to go."

"What matters to you one way or

another? And she, poor woman, is in sore need. I have neglected her these last days."

"Kouba will do as well."

"No; she takes it to heart you go not to see her."

"'T is a great distance."

"Take your time. What need for haste? You may eat your dinner at the bouwerie."

Catalina hesitated, reflected; perhaps the long-stifed voice of conscience seconded the motion. The begum saw her advantage, and failed not to pursue it.

"Tell her — say to poor Tryntie to take heart. There is good news in store for her, — mark you what I say, my daughter?"

"I hear you."

"Say that one has undertaken the matter who has great weight with the new governor."

"One who has weight with the governor," repeated Catalina absently.

"He will go himself to plead her cause, and something must come of it."

"I will tell her."

"His Excellency cannot refuse to hearken to Mynheer Van Cortlandt."

The listener started, and turned in great agitation, as if to withdraw from the errand.

"Here are the things for Tryntie," went on the watchful begum. "You had best set forth at once; 't is a good stretch. You may take your time coming back. I will send Kouba with your horse. Look you wait there till he comes."

The same morning, mindful of his promise, Steenie presented himself at the governor's house. There having made known his wish for an interview, he was shown into the audience room and left, with the announcement that his Lordship was engaged at his toilet, but would presently appear.

Busied with his own thoughts, he scarcely heeded what the man said. He sat down, and for a long time waited

patiently. Gradually it began to dawn upon him that he was being neglected. Perhaps he had been forgotten! The thought made him uneasy. He stalked up and down the floor, he looked out at the windows, he moved about the furniture, to no purpose. At last, when his patience was quite exhausted and he was about leaving the house in dudgeon, there was heard a movement in the ante-room, — the sound of footsteps and the rustle of garments. Remembering his errand, he controlled his irritation, and composed his face and manner to outward deference.

Directly the door was thrown open with a flourish, and two servants in livery appeared backing slowly into the room. There followed a moment of strained expectancy, not void of effect upon the junker. Then an imposing figure filled the doorway. Steenie rose from his chair. A large woman, with an assumption of great state, came forward and seated herself upon a dais at the upper end of the room. She was followed by a train-bearer and several attendants, who solemnly ranged themselves behind her chair.

Steenie noted in some amazement the person and dress of this majestic gentlewoman. She seemed not remarkable for either grace or beauty, being of unusual stature, with a clumsy figure, a heavy face, big staring eyes, and a double chin.

Her dress, however, was ordered with an approach to magnificence. She wore a velvet robe, opened in front to show a bare neck, and a stomacher wrought in seed pearls, while at the waist the heavy folds of her gown were gathered into a girdle set in precious stones. Perched grotesquely upon her large wig shone a tiny head-gear in the form of a tiara.

Adjusting her draperies somewhat awkwardly, the lady directed her eyes with a look of extreme complacency upon Steenie, as if awaiting some explanation of his presence.

"May it please you, madam, I am come to see his Excellency Lord Cornbury."

"Mynheer Van Cortlandt is a frequent visitor at our court," answered the lady, in a powerful baritone voice which made Steenie start and lose countenance.

The speaker's complacent look broadened into a smile at the junker's discomfiture, and she exchanged meaning glances with her attendants.

"Madam," continued Steenie with dignity, "I am not come this time in my own behalf, but in the interest of one who suffered great injustice at the hands of those lately in power. I am persuaded that if I can but get speech with his Excellency, and make known to him the merits of the case, he will take it into consideration."

"Go on and tell your tale, Mynheer," said the lady in a condescending tone, as she adjusted a bracelet.

"Pardon, your ladyship, I would lay the matter before his Excellency in person."

Turning with a frown to repress a sudden tittering among her attendants, the lady repeated, —

"Go on, I say! If there be anything in the matter, it shall come to his ears, never fear!"

Impressed by the speaker's air of authority, Steenie judged it better not to prejudice his case by further hesitation, and so proceeded to tell Tryntie's story in the fewest possible words, darting an occasional glance of indignation at the giggling attendants, whom no awe of their mistress seemed to keep in check.

"These, then, are the facts, your ladyship," said Steenie in conclusion. "It is, as you will see, a plain case of robbery. If you have any influence with his Excellency" —

"Be assured I have, the very greatest," interrupted the lady, cooling her florid face with a large feather fan. "Indeed, I may say he is always ruled

by me in such cases; but I am free to confess," she went on, with an air of irritation, "that I can give you no great hope in this matter. His Excellency is tired of these complaints; he hears of nothing else from morning till night. He is sorry for these people, he feels great pity for them, but there is a limit to his power, there is a limit to the funds in the treasury. 'T is the people's money you ask for; his Excellency has no power over it, and there are needs more crying in other directions."

Somewhat taken aback by this emphatic rebuff, Steenie stood casting about in his mind for some pretext by which he could get speech with his Excellency in person, when the door opened, and the lackey appeared ushering in another petitioner.

Directly the lady's face lighted up; she stretched forth her hand with a gracious smile.

The new-comer advanced. It was Cornelis De Peyster. Hardly had the two friends exchanged looks of recognition, when, to Steenie's amazement, Cornelis stalked up to the dais, knelt upon one knee, and kissing the lady's fat hand said in an undertone, which yet was audible in every part of the room, —

"I hope I find your Majesty in better health this morning."

"Hush!" said the lady, tapping his lips with her fan; "those are dangerous words, Mynheer, if maliciously reported."

"'T is impossible to help it, your Maj—er—I would say—never was anything so like, I swear—'t is stronger this morning than ever," glancing back and forth from the lady's face to a large portrait of Queen Anne hanging above her on the wall. "The look, the attitude,—everything is complete; 't is as if your Maj—er—had walked bodily down out of the frame."

"You would flatter me."

"Not I."

"There may be a look, a passing

likeness, I grant you,—it has indeed been remarked; but nothing so strong as you would have it," rejoined the lady, in a tone which invited contradiction.

"Two peas are not more like, I swear; 't is past all belief. But I intrude upon some graver business," looking around upon Steenie.

"No, Mynheer De Peyster is always welcome," said the lady reassuringly; adding directly, with marked emphasis, "I wish I might say as much for others of his family whom"—

"Ah, poor Abraham! Forgive him. He was led astray by those Leislerians," interposed Cornelis hastily in defense of his brother, lately dismissed from the council.

The lady replied only with a skeptical look, and abruptly changed the subject.

"If I mistake not, Mynheer, I read a petitioning look in your eyes this morning."

"Well read, your Majesty."

"Have done with that before harm comes of it," said the lady, with a passing frown.

"You must tie my tongue first."

"What is your petition?"

"To remind your"—

"Hush, I say."

—"of a certain promise."

"What is that?"

"You cannot forget. I shall not let you forget. What a pity I have not the artist here this morning, all is so perfect!"

A flush of extreme gratification overspread the lady's broad face. She was just gathering herself to answer, when the bell in the church close by began to ring with such a deafening clamor that for some minutes nothing else could be heard.

"Mark that," said the lady, rising; "'t is striking twelve. You shall stay and dine with us, and we will talk further of this matter of a portrait. Meantime, as Colonel Heathcote is waiting with some business of the council, I

must leave you for the moment. Come to me presently in my closet."

So saying, and graciously including the dumfounded Steenie in her farewell nod, the lady and her attendants disappeared from the room.

Left together, the two junkers gazed at each other for a moment in silence.

"Who — what means all this?" asked Steenie, with a look of hopeless perplexity.

"You do not know?"

"'Tis Lady Cornbury, that?"

"*'Lady Cornbury!'*" repeated Cornelis, laughing in his friend's face. "Are you blind or a dunce, Steen?"

"Who, then?"

"Sh-h!" whispered Cornelis, discreetly lowering his voice. "Can you not see?"

"Eh?"

"'Tis his Excellency himself."

"Lord Cornbury?"

"The same."

"In petticoats?"

"To favor the likeness, see you? Oh, 'tis well known, this weakness of his Lordship. Look now what comes of living out of the world. I'm in high favor because I humor the whim, and with no violence to my conscience, either. Did you note the resemblance? Come here," dragging Steenie before the portrait. "See you there, now? They are like as twins."

Steenie stood gazing in silence, quite unable to believe the evidence of his own senses.

"What, then, are you doing here, since you knew not 'twas his Excellency?" asked Cornelis.

"I came with a petition, and demanded to see his Lordship."

"And it was granted, — your suit?"

"No."

"So!" Cornelis laughed satirically, and added presently, in a good-humored tone, "Come, come, Steen, your wits are gone wool-gathering. It needed no prophet to say you would fail if you

stood by staring, and never made the mistake of supposing that you were speaking with her Majesty in person. What is your business? Tell it to me. If it be anything short of restoring brother Abraham to the council, I may bring it about for you."

"Do, do. Try, at least, dear Corny. 'Tis a case crying for relief. See, here in this paper are the facts. You may have the little woman up herself to be questioned, and as many witnesses as you want."

"So! It sounds well," said Cornelis, glancing over the paper as he talked. "It seems just and right. 'Tis no great matter, either. Good!" he concluded, folding the paper and putting it in his pocket. "I am called to his closet, as you heard, and am kept to dinner. I will bring it before him, and 'twill be granted, too, or I'm no courtier."

"Thanks, thanks, Corny. 'Tis like you. And you will bring me word?"

"The moment I am let free, never fear. Sh!"

A lackey appeared to summon Cornelis to his Excellency, and thereupon Steenie took leave.

Several hours later, true to his promise, Cornelis came to Steenie's door with the welcome news that his Excellency had pledged his word Tryntie's loss should be made good if, upon inquiry, the case proved as deserving as represented. Thereto he summoned the dame to an examination next morning.

Thanking Cornelis cordially for his timely aid, Steenie set forth on his long ride home by way of the Sapokanican road.

The sun was fast sinking behind the distant palisades; his level rays, entangled in the roadside shrubbery, hung like a golden fleece from the thick-leaved branches. His quickening influence withdrawn, nature called a halt. The glare and tumult of the day were gone. Night came on apace. The air resounded with the evening song of all

created things, a rest-inspiring chorus. Lambs bleated for entrance to the fold; cattle lowed for the loitering cow-boy; birds twittered drowsily as they sank to rest; the gossiping poultry clucked their good-night greetings as they sought vantage points in the apple-trees; tree-toads in their viewless haunts and frogs from the distant marsh heralded with joyous clamor the night's approach. It was nature's crooning-time, and Steenie listened unconsciously to the lullaby as he strode along busied with deeper matters, soothed in his own despite.

Arriving at Tryntie's bouwerie, he dismounted at the gate, and, leaving his horse with a servant on the highway, sauntered up the grass-grown path.

Door and windows stood open, but nobody appeared. Steenie looked around with the critical eye of a landlord. The stoop was well swept; the yard was tidy. Upon a bench beside the door there lay some unfinished knitting; a busy kitten rolled about the ball of yarn upon the floor.

With the freedom of a neighbor, the visitor walked into the house. The supper-table was spread in the small living-room, the kettle was singing over the open fire, but the huysvrouw was nowhere to be seen. The junker called out once or twice to announce his presence. There was no answer. He searched the bedroom, peeped into the pantry, and bawled down the cellar stairs, and came at last to the back door. Clearly Tryntie had gone neighboring.

Pausing a moment, as if in doubt what to do, Steenie turned back towards

the front of the house. As he passed through the living-room he heard a voice. He stopped. It was somebody on the stoop talking to the kitten. Tryntie had been milking and come in from the barn. He strode forward and presented himself at the door.

Dropping kitten and knitting, the new-comer sprang to her feet in dismay. Steenie's face fell. The joyous expectation faded from his eyes. He stood a moment with a troubled look; then, gravely stepping forth, said in tones carefully guarded, —

"I was looking for Tryntie. Say to her, please, that I will come again tomorrow."

He turned and walked towards the highway. A despairing cry rang in his ears. He stopped.

"Mynheer — Mynheer!"

The words sounded like a wail. He hurried back, and lifted the prostrate figure from the bench. Slipping from his hold, she sank to her knees, with face buried in her hands.

"Forgive — oh, forgive me, Mynheer!"

"Catalina!"

"I did not know" —

"What say you?"

"I thought — I thought you bound to her."

"To Hester?"

"Yes."

"But," he cried, tenderly gathering the little figure once more in his arms, and striving to look into the telltale face, — "but you told me" —

"A wicked lie!" she gasped, hiding her burning blushes upon his shoulder.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"The Southern Transept, hardly known by any other name but Poets' Corner." — DEAN STANLEY.

TREAD softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there!
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamant heart,
Or slyly wrapt in unsuspected sand —
The dross men toil for, often stain the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim cloistered air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!
This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden this —
The spark that once illumed it lingers still.
O ever-hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

V.

"*Dolce, ma non troppo dolce*," said the Professor to the Mistress, who was sweetening his tea. She always sweetens his and mine for us. He has been attending a series of concerts, and borrowed the form of the directions to the orchestra. "Sweet, but not too sweet,"

he said, translating the Italian for the benefit of any of the company who might not be linguists or musical experts.

"Do you go to those musical hullabalos?" called out Number Seven. There was something very much like rudeness in this question and the tone in which it was asked. But we are used to the

outbursts, and extravagances, and oddities of Number Seven, and do not take offence at his rough speeches as we should if any other of the company uttered them.

"If you mean the concerts that have been going on this season, yes, I do," said the Professor, in a bland, good-humored way.

"And do you take real pleasure in the din of all those screeching and banging and growling instruments?"

"Yes," he answered, modestly, "I enjoy the *brouhaha*, if you choose to consider it such, of all this quarrelsome menagerie of noise-making machines, brought into order and harmony by the presiding genius, the leader, who has made a happy family of these snarling stringed instruments and whining wind instruments, so that although

Lingue centum sunt, oraque centum,

notwithstanding there are a hundred vibrating tongues and a hundred bellowing mouths, their one grand blended and harmonized uproar sets all my fibres tingling with a not displeasing tremor."

"Do you understand it? Do you take any idea from it? Do you know what it all means?" said Number Seven.

The Professor was long-suffering under this series of somewhat peremptory questions. He replied very placidly, "I am afraid I have but a superficial outside acquaintance with the secrets, the unfathomable mysteries, of music. I can no more conceive of the working conditions of the great composer,

'Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,'

than a child of three years can follow the reasonings of Newton's *Principia*. I do not even pretend that I can appreciate the work of a great master as a born and trained musician does. Still, I do love a great crash of harmonies, and the oftener I listen to these musical tempests the higher my soul seems to ride upon them, as the wild fowl I see

through my window soar more freely and fearlessly the fiercer the storm with which they battle."

"That's all very well," said Number Seven, "but I wish we could get the old-time music back again. You ought to have heard — no, I won't mention her — dead, poor girl, — dead and singing with the saints in heaven, — but the S — girls. If you could have heard them as I did when I was a little boy, you would have cried, as we all used to. Do you cry at those great musical smashes? How *can* you cry when you don't know what it is all about? We used to think the words meant something, — we fancied that Burns and Moore said some things very prettily. I suppose you've outgrown all that."

No one can handle Number Seven in one of his tantrums half so well as Number Five can do it. She can pick out what threads of sense may be wound off from the tangle of his ideas when they are crowded and confused, as they are apt to be at times. She can soften the occasional expression of half-concealed ridicule with which the poor old fellow's sallies are liable to be welcomed — or unwelcomed. She knows that the edge of a broken teacup may be sharper, very possibly, than that of a philosopher's jackknife. A mind a little off its balance, one which has a slightly squinting brain as its organ, will often prove fertile in suggestions. Vulgar, cynical, contemptuous listeners fly at all its weaknesses, and please themselves with making light of its often futile ingenuities, when a wiser audience would gladly accept a hint which perhaps could be developed in some profitable direction, or so interpret an erratic thought that it should prove good sense in disguise. That is the way Number Five was in the habit of dealing with the explosions of Number Seven. Do you think she did not see the ridiculous element in a silly speech, or the absurdity of an outrageously extravagant assertion? Then you

never heard her laugh when she could give way to her sense of the ludicrous without wounding the feelings of any other person. But her kind heart never would forget itself, and so Number Seven had a champion who was always ready to see that his flashes of intelligence, fitful as they were, and liable to be streaked with half-crazy fancies, always found one willing recipient of what light there was in them.

Number Five, I have found, is a true lover of music, and has a right to claim a real knowledge of its higher and deeper mysteries. But she accepted very cordially what our light-headed companion said about the songs he used to listen to.

"There is no doubt," she remarked, "that the tears which used to be shed over 'Oft in the stilly night,' or 'Auld Robin Gray,' or 'A place in thy memory, dearest,' were honest tears, coming from the true sources of emotion. There was no affectation about them; those songs came home to the sensibilities of young people, — of all who had any sensibilities to be acted upon. And on the other hand, there is a great amount of affectation in the apparent enthusiasm of many persons in admiring and applauding music of which they have not the least real appreciation. They do not know whether it is good or bad, the work of a first-rate or a fifth-rate composer; whether there are coherent elements in it, or whether it is nothing more than 'a concourse of sweet sounds' with no organic connections. One must be educated, no doubt, to understand the more complex and difficult kinds of musical composition. Go to the great concerts where you know that the music is good, and that you ought to like it whether you do or not. Take a music-bath once or twice a week for a few seasons, and you will find that it is to the soul what the water-bath is to the body. I wouldn't trouble myself about the affectations of people who go to this or

that series of concerts chiefly because it is fashionable. Some of these people whom we think so silly and hold so cheap will perhaps find, sooner or later, that they have a dormant faculty which is at last waking up, and that they who came because others came, and began by staring at the audience, are listening with a newly found delight. Every one of us has a harp under bodice or waistcoat, and if it can only once get properly strung and tuned it will respond to all outside harmonies."

The Professor has some ideas about music, which I believe he has given to the world in one form or another; but the world is growing old and forgetful, and needs to be reminded now and then of what one has formerly told it.

"I have had glimpses," the Professor said, "of the conditions into which music is capable of bringing a sensitive nature. Glimpses, I say, because I cannot pretend that I am capable of sounding all the depths or reaching all the heights to which music may transport our mortal consciousness. Let me remind you of a curious fact with reference to the seat of the musical sense. Far down below the great masses of thinking marrow and its secondary agents, just as the brain is about to merge in the spinal cord, the roots of the nerve of hearing spread their white filaments out into the sentient matter, where they report what the external organs of hearing tell them. This sentient matter is in remote connection only with the mental organs, far more remote than the centres of the sense of vision and that of smell. In a word, the musical faculty might be said to have a little brain of its own. It has a special world and a private language all to itself. How can one explain its significance to those whose musical faculties are in a rudimentary state of development, or who have never had them trained? Can you describe in intelligible language the smell of a rose as compared with that of a violet? No, —

music can be translated only by music. Just so far as it suggests worded thought, it falls short of its highest office. Pure emotional movements of the spiritual nature, — that is what I ask of music. Music will be the universal language, — the *Volapük* of spiritual being."

"Angels sit down with their harps and play at each other, I suppose," said Number Seven. "Must have an atmosphere up there if they have harps, or they would n't get any music. Wonder if angels breathe like mortals? If they do, they must have lungs and air passages, of course. Think of an angel with the influenza, and nothing but a cloud for a handkerchief!"

— This is a good instance of the way in which Number Seven's squinting brain works. You will now and then meet just such brains in heads you know very well. Their owners are much given to asking unanswerable questions. A physicist may settle it for us whether there is an atmosphere about a planet or not, but it takes a brain with an extra fissure in it to ask these unexpected questions, — questions which the natural philosopher cannot answer and which the theologian never thinks of asking.

The company at our table do not keep always in the same places. The first thing I noticed, the other evening, was that the Tutor was sitting between the two Annexes, and the Counsellor was next to Number Five. Something ought to come of this arrangement. One of those two young ladies must certainly captivate and perhaps capture the Tutor. They are of just the age to be falling in love and to be fallen in love with. The Tutor is good looking, intellectual, suspected of writing poetry, but a little shy, it appears to me. I am glad to see him between the two girls. If there were only one, she might be shy too, and then there would be less chance for a romance such as I am on the lookout for; but these young per-

sons lend courage to each other, and between them, if he does not wake up like Cymon at the sight of Iphigenia, I shall be disappointed. As for the Counsellor and Number Five, they will soon find each other out. Yes, it is all pretty clear in my mind, — except that there is always an *x* in a problem where sentiments are involved. No, not so clear about the Tutor. Predestined, I venture my guess, to one or the other, but to *which*? I will suspend my opinion for the present.

I have found out that the Counsellor is a childless widower. I am told that the Tutor is unmarried, and so far as known not engaged. There is no use in denying it, — a company without the possibility of a love-match between two of its circle is like a champagne bottle with the cork out for some hours as compared to one with its pop yet in reserve. However, if there should be any love-making, it need not break up our conversations. Most of it will be carried on away from our tea-table.

Some of us have been attending certain lectures on Egypt and its antiquities. I have never been on the Nile. If in any future state there shall be vacations in which we may have liberty to revisit our old home, equipped with a complete brand-new set of mortal senses as our traveling outfit, I think one of the first places I should go to, after my birthplace, the old gambrel-roofed house, — the place where it stood, rather, — would be that mighty, awe-inspiring river. I do not suppose we shall ever know half of what we owe to the wise and wonderful people who confront us with the overpowering monuments of a past which flows out of the unfathomable darkness as the great river streams from sources even as yet but imperfectly explored.

I have thought a good deal about Egypt, lately, with reference to our historical monuments. How did the great

unknown masters who fixed the two leading forms of their monumental records arrive at those admirable and eternal types, the pyramid and the obelisk? How did they get their model of the pyramid?

Here is an hour-glass, not inappropriately filled with sand from the great Egyptian desert. I turn it, and watch the sand as it accumulates in the lower half of the glass. How symmetrically, how beautifully, how inevitably, the little particles pile up the cone, which is ever building and unbuilding itself, always aiming at the stability which is found only at a certain fixed angle! The Egyptian children playing in the sand must have noticed this as they let the grains fall from their hands, and the sloping sides of the miniature pyramid must have been among the familiar sights to the little boys and girls for whom the sand furnished their earliest playthings. Nature taught her children through the working of the laws of gravitation how to build so that her forces should act in harmony with art, to preserve the integrity of a structure meant to reach a far-off posterity. The pyramid is only the cone in which Nature arranges her heaped and sliding fragments; the cone with flattened surfaces, as it is prefigured in certain well-known crystalline forms. The obelisk is from another of Nature's patterns; it is only a gigantic acicular crystal.

The Egyptians knew what a monument should be, simple, noble, durable. It seems to me that we Americans might take a lesson from those early architects. Our cemeteries are crowded with monuments which are very far from simple, anything but noble, and stand a small chance of being permanent. The pyramid is rarely seen, perhaps because it takes up so much room, and when built on a small scale seems insignificant as we think of it, dwarfed by the vast structures of antiquity. The obelisk is very common, and when in just proportions

and of respectable dimensions is unobjectionable.

But the gigantic obelisks like that on Bunker Hill, and especially the Washington monument at the national capital, are open to critical animadversion. Let us contrast the last mentioned of these great piles with the obelisk as the Egyptian conceived and executed it. The new Pharaoh ordered a memorial of some important personage or event. In the first place, a mighty stone was dislodged from its connections, and lifted, unbroken, from the quarry. This was a feat from which our modern stone-workers shrink dismayed. The Egyptians appear to have handled these huge monoliths as our artisans handle hearthstones and doorsteps, for the land actually bristled with such giant columns. They were shaped and finished as nicely as if they were breastpins for the Titans to wear, and on their polished surfaces were engraved in imperishable characters the records they were erected to preserve.

Europe and America borrow these noble productions of African art and power, and find them hard enough to handle after they have succeeded in transporting them to Rome, or London, or New York. Their simplicity, grandeur, imperishability, speaking symbolism, shame all the pretentious and fragile works of human art around them. The obelisk has no joints for the destructive agencies of nature to attack; the pyramid has no masses hanging in unstable equilibrium, and threatening to fall by their own weight in the course of a thousand or two years.

America says the Father of his Country must have a monument worthy of his exalted place in history. What shall it be? A temple such as Athens might have been proud to rear upon her Acropolis? An obelisk such as Thebes might have pointed out with pride to the strangers who found admission through her hundred gates? After long meditation and the rejection of the hybrid

monstrosities with which the nation was menaced, an obelisk is at last decided upon. How can it be made grand and dignified enough to be equal to the office assigned it? We dare not attempt to carve a single stone from the living rock,—all our modern appliances fail to make the task as easy to us as it seems to have been to the early Egyptians. No artistic skill is required in giving a four-square tapering figure to a stone column. If we cannot shape a solid obelisk of the proper dimensions, we can build one of separate blocks. How can we give it the distinction we demand for it? The nation which can brag that it has “the biggest show on earth” cannot boast a great deal in the way of architecture, but it can do one thing,—it can build an obelisk that shall be taller than any structure now standing which the hand of man has raised. *Build* an obelisk! How different the idea of such a structure from that of the unbroken, unjointed prismatic shaft, one perfect whole, as complete in itself, as fitly shaped and consolidated to defy the elements, as the towering palm or the tapering pine! Well, we had the satisfaction for a time of claiming the tallest structure in the world; and now that the new Tower of Babel which has sprung up in Paris has killed that pretension, I think we shall feel and speak more modestly about our stone hyperbole, our materialization of the American love of the superlative. We have the higher civilization among us, and we must try to keep down the forthputting instincts of the lower. We do not want to see our national monument placarded as “the greatest show on earth,”—perhaps it is well that it is taken down from that bad eminence.

I do not think this speech of mine was very well received. It appeared to jar somewhat on the nerves of the American Annex. There was a smile on the lips of the other Annex,—the English

girl,—which she tried to keep quiet, but it was too plain that she enjoyed my diatribe.

It must be remembered that I and the other Teacups, in common with the rest of our fellow-citizens, have had our sensibilities greatly worked upon, our patriotism chilled, our local pride outraged, by the monstrosities which have been allowed to deform our beautiful public grounds. We have to be very careful in conducting a visitor, say from his marble-fronted hotel to the City Hall.—Keep pretty straight along after entering the Garden,—you will not care to inspect the little figure of the military gentleman to your right.—Yes, the Cochituate water is drinkable, but I think I would not turn aside to visit that small fabric which makes believe it is a temple, and is a weak-eyed fountain feebly weeping over its own insignificance. About that other stone misfortune, cruelly reminding us of the “Boston Massacre,” we will not discourse; it is not imposing, and is rarely spoken of.

What a mortification to the inhabitants of a city with some hereditary and contemporary claims to cultivation; which has noble edifices, grand libraries, educational institutions of the highest grade, an art-gallery filled with the finest models and rich in paintings and statuary,—a stately city that stretches both arms across the Charles to clasp the hands of Harvard, her twin-sister, each lending lustre to the other like double stars,—what a pity that she should be so disfigured by crude attempts to adorn her and commemorate her past that her most loving children blush for her artificial deformities amidst the wealth of her natural beauties! One hardly knows which to groan over most sadly,—the tearing down of old monuments, the shelling of the Parthenon, the overthrow of the pillared temples of Rome, and in a humbler way the destruction of the old Hancock house, or the erection of monuments which are to be a perpetual

eyesore to ourselves and our descendants.

We got talking on the subject of *realism*, of which so much has been said of late.

It seems to me, I said, that the great additions which have been made by realism to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin. It is perfectly easy to be original by violating the laws of decency and the canons of good taste. The general consent of civilized people was supposed to have banished certain subjects from the conversation of well-bred people and the pages of respectable literature. There is no subject, or hardly any, which may not be treated of at the proper time, in the proper place, by the fitting person, for the right kind of listener or reader. But when the poet or the story-teller invades the province of the man of science, he is on dangerous ground. I need say nothing of the blunders he is pretty sure to make. The imaginative writer is after effects. The scientific man is after truth. Science is decent, modest; does not try to startle, but to instruct. The same scenes and objects which outrage every sense of delicacy in the story-teller's highly colored paragraphs can be read without giving offence in the chaste language of the physiologist or the physician.

There is a very celebrated novel, *Madame Bovary*, the work of M. Flaubert, which is noted for having been the subject of prosecution as an immoral work. That it has a serious lesson there is no doubt, if one will drink down to the bottom of the cup. But the honey of sensuous description is spread so deeply over the surface of the goblet that a large proportion of its readers never think of its holding anything else. All the phases of unhallowed passion are described in full detail. That is what the

book is bought and read for, by the great majority of its purchasers, as all but simpletons very well know. That is what makes it sell and brought it into the courts of justice. This book is famous for its realism; in fact, it is recognized as one of the earliest and most brilliant examples of that modern style of novel which, beginning where Balzac left off, attempted to do for literature what the photograph has done for art. For those who take the trouble to drink out of the cup below the rim of honey, there is a scene where realism is carried to its extreme, — surpassed in horror by no writer, unless it be the one whose name must be looked for at the bottom of the alphabet, as if its natural place were as low down in the dregs of realism as it could find itself. This is the death-bed scene, where *Madame Bovary* expires in convulsions. The author must have visited the hospitals for the purpose of watching the terrible agonies he was to depict, tramping from one bed to another until he reached the one where the cries and contortions were the most frightful. Such a scene he has reproduced. No hospital physician would have pictured the struggle in such colors. In the same way, that other realist, M. Zola, has painted a patient suffering from delirium tremens, the disease known to common speech as "the horrors." In describing this case he does all that language can do to make it more horrible than the reality. He gives us, not realism, but super-realism, if such a term does not contradict itself.

In this matter of the literal reproduction of sights and scenes which our natural instinct and our better informed taste and judgment teach us to avoid, art has been far in advance of literature. It is three hundred years since Joseph Ribera, more commonly known as Spagnoletto, was born in the province Valencia, in Spain. We had the misfortune of seeing a painting of his in a collection belonging to one of the

French princes, and exhibited in a public gallery. It was that of a man performing upon himself the operation known to the Japanese as *hara-kiri*. Many persons who looked upon this revolting picture will never get rid of its remembrance, and will regret the day when their eyes fell upon it. I should share the offence of the painter if I ventured to describe it. Ribera was fond of depicting just such odious and frightful subjects. "Saint Lawrence writhing on his gridiron, Saint Sebastian full of arrows, were equally a source of delight to him. Even in subjects which had no such elements of horror he finds the materials for the delectation of his ferocious pencil; he makes up for the defect by rendering with a brutal realism deformity and ugliness."

The first great mistake made by the ultra-realists, like Flaubert and Zola, is, as I have said, their ignoring the line of distinction between imaginative art and science. We can find realism enough in books of anatomy, surgery, and medicine. In studying the human figure, we want to see it clothed with its natural integuments. It is well for the artist to study the *écorché* in the dissecting-room, but we do not want the Apollo or the Venus to leave their skins behind them when they go into the gallery for exhibition. Lancisi's figures show us how the great statues look when divested of their natural covering. It is instructive, but useful chiefly as a means to aid in the true artistic reproduction of nature. When the hospitals are invaded by the novelist, he should learn something from the physician as well as from the patients. Science delineates in monochrome. She never uses high tints and strontian lights to astonish lookers-on. Such scenes as Flaubert and Zola describe would be reproduced in their essential characters, but not dressed up in picturesque phrases. That is the first stumbling-block in the way of the reader of such realistic stories as

those to which I have referred. There are subjects which must be investigated by scientific men which most educated persons would be glad to know nothing about. When a realistic writer like Zola surprises his reader into a kind of knowledge he never thought of wishing for, he sometimes harms him more than he has any idea of doing. He wants to produce a sensation, and he leaves a permanent disgust not to be got rid of. Who does not remember odious images that can never be washed out from the consciousness which they have stained? A man's vocabulary is terribly retentive of evil words, and the images they present cling to his memory and will not loose their hold. One who has had the mischance to soil his mind by reading certain poems of Swift will never cleanse it to its original whiteness. Expressions and thoughts of a certain character stain the fibre of the thinking organ, and in some degree affect the hue of every idea that passes through the discolored tissues.

This is the gravest accusation to bring against realism, old or recent, whether in the brutal paintings of Spagnoletto or in the unclean revelations of Zola. Leave the description of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, the painful facts of disease to the physician, the details of the laundry to the washerwoman. If we are to have realism in its tedious descriptions of unimportant particulars, let it be of particulars which do not excite disgust. Such is the description of the vegetables in Zola's "*Ventre de Paris*," where, if one wishes to see the apotheosis of turnips, beets, and cabbages, he can find them glorified as supremely as if they had been symbols of so many deities; their forms, their colors, their expression, worked upon until they seem as if they were made to be looked at and worshipped rather than to be boiled and eaten.

I am pleased to find a French critic of M. Flaubert expressing ideas with

which many of my own entirely coincide. "The great mistake of the realists," he says, "is that they profess to tell the truth because they tell everything. This puerile hunting after details, this cold and cynical inventory of all the wretched conditions in the midst of which poor humanity vegetates, not only do not help us to understand it better, but, on the contrary, the effect on the spectators is a kind of dazzled confusion mingled with fatigue and disgust. The material truthfulness to which the school of M. Flaubert more especially pretends misses its aim in going beyond it. Truth is lost in its own excess."

I return to my thoughts on the relations of imaginative art in all its forms with science. The subject which in the hands of the scientific student is handled decorously — reverently, we might almost say — becomes repulsive, shameful, and debasing in the unscrupulous manipulations of the low-bred man of letters.

I confess that I am a little jealous of certain tendencies in our own American literature, which led one of the severest and most outspoken of our satirical fellow-countrymen, no longer living to be called to account for it, to say, in a moment of bitterness, that the mission of America was to vulgarize mankind. I myself have sometimes wondered at the pleasure some Old World critics have professed to find in the most lawless freaks of New World literature. I have questioned whether their delight was not like that of the Spartans in the drunken antics of their Helots. But I suppose I belong to another age, and must not attempt to judge the present by my old-fashioned standards.

The company listened very civilly to these remarks, whether they agreed with them or not. I am not sure that I want all the young people to think just as I do in matters of critical judgment. New wine does not go well into old bottles, but if an old cask has held good wine,

it may improve a crude juice to stand awhile upon the lees of what it was once filled with.

I thought the company had had about enough of this disquisition. They listened very decorously, and the Professor, who agrees very well with me, as I happen to know, in my views on this business of realism, thanked me for giving them the benefit of my opinion.

The silence that followed was broken by Number Seven's suddenly exclaiming, —

"I should like to boss creation for a week!"

This expression was an outbreak suggested by some train of thought which Number Seven had been following while I was discoursing. I do not think one of the company looked as if he or she were shocked by it as an irreligious or even profane speech. It is a better way always, in dealing with one of those squinting brains, to let it follow out its own thought. It will keep to it for a while; then it will quit the rail, so to speak, and run to any side-track which may present itself.

"What is the first thing you would do?" asked Number Five in a pleasant, easy way.

"The first thing? Pick out a few thousand of the best specimens of the best races, and drown the rest like so many blind puppies."

"Why," said she, "that was tried once, and does not seem to have worked very well."

"Very likely. You mean Noah's flood, I suppose. More people nowadays, and a better lot to pick from than Noah had."

"Do tell us whom you would take with you," said Number Five.

"You, if you would go," he answered, and I thought I saw a slight flush on his cheek. "But I didn't say that I should go aboard the new ark myself. I am not sure that I should. No, I am

pretty sure that I should n't. I don't believe, on the whole, it would pay me to save myself. I ain't of much account. But I could pick out some that were."

And just now he was saying that he should like to boss the universe! All this has nothing very wonderful about it. Every one of us is subject to alternations of overvaluation and undervaluation of ourselves. Do you not remember soliloquies something like this? "Was there ever such a senseless, stupid creature as I am? How have I managed to keep so long out of the idiot asylum? Undertook to write a poem, and stuck fast at the first verse. Had a call from a friend who had just been round the world. Did n't ask him one word about what he had seen or heard, but gave him full details of my private history; I having never been off my own hearth-rug for more than an hour or two at a time, while he was circumnavigating and circumrailroading the globe. Yes, if anybody can claim the title, I am certainly the prize idiot." I am afraid we all say such things as this to ourselves at times. Do we not use more emphatic words than these in our self-depreciation? I cannot say how it is with others, but my vocabulary of self-reproach and humiliation is so rich in energetic expressions that I should be sorry to have an interviewer present at an outburst of one of its raging geysers, its savage soliloquies. A man is a kind of inverted thermometer, the bulb uppermost, and the column of self-valuation is all the time going up and down. Number Seven is very much like other people in this respect, — very much like you and me.

This train of reflections must not carry me away from Number Seven.

"If I can't get a chance to boss this planet for a week or so," he began again, "I think I could write its history, — yes, the history of the world, in less compass than any one who has tried it so far."

"You know Sir Walter Raleigh's 'History of the World,' of course?" said the Professor.

"More or less, — more or less," said Number Seven prudently. "But I don't care who has written it before me. I will agree to write the story of *two* worlds, this and the next, in such a compact way that you can commit them both to memory in less time than you can learn the answer to the first question in the Catechism."

What he had got into his head we could not guess, but there was no little curiosity to get at the particular bee which was buzzing in his bonnet. He evidently enjoyed our curiosity, and meant to keep us waiting awhile before revealing the great secret.

"How many words do you think I shall want?"

It is a formula, I suppose, I said, and I will grant you a hundred words.

"Twenty," said the Professor. "That was more than the wise men of Greece wanted for their grand utterances."

The two Annexes whispered together, and the American Annex gave their joint result. One thousand was the number they had fixed on. They were used to hearing lectures, and could hardly conceive that any subject could be treated without taking up a good part of an hour.

"Less than ten," said Number Five. "If there are to be more than ten, I don't believe that Number Seven would think the surprise would be up to our expectations."

"Guess as much as you like," said Number Seven. "The answer will keep. I don't mean to say what it is until we are ready to leave the table." He took a blank card from his pocket-book, wrote something on it, or appeared, at any rate, to write, and handed it, face down, to the Mistress. What was on the card will be found near the end of this paper. I wonder if anybody will be curious enough to look further along to find out

what it was before she reads the next paragraph?

In the mean time there is a train of thought suggested by Number Seven and his whims. If you want to know how to account for yourself, study the characters of your relations. *All* of our brains squint more or less. There is not one in a hundred, certainly, that does not sometimes see things distorted by double refraction, out of plumb or out of focus, or with colors which do not belong to it, or in some way betraying that the two halves of the brain are not acting in harmony with each other. You wonder at the eccentricities of this or that connection of your own. Watch yourself, and you will find impulses which, but for the restraints you put upon them, would make you do the same foolish things which you laugh at in that cousin of yours. I once lived in the same house with the near relative of a very distinguished person, whose name is still honored and revered among us. His brain was an active one, like that of his famous relative, but it was full of random ideas, unconnected trains of thought, whims, crotchets, erratic suggestions. Knowing him, I could interpret the mental characteristics of the whole family connection in the light of its exaggerated peculiarities as exhibited in my odd fellow-boarder. Squinting brains are a great deal more common than we should at first sight believe. Here is a great book, a solid octavo of five hundred pages, full of the vagaries of this class of organizations. I hope to refer to this work hereafter, but just now I will only say that, after reading till one is tired the strange fancies of the squares of the circle, the inventors of perpetual motion and the rest of the moonstruck dreamers, most persons will confess to themselves that they have had notions as wild, conceptions as extravagant, theories as baseless, as the least rational of those which are here recorded.

Some day I want to talk about my library. It is such a curious collection of old and new books, such a mosaic of learning and fancies and follies, that a glance over it would interest the company. Perhaps I may hereafter give the company a talk about books, but while I am saying a few passing words upon the subject the greatest bibliographical event that ever happened in the book-market of the New World is taking place under our eyes. Here is Mr. Bernard Quaritch just come from his well-known habitat, No. 15 Piccadilly, with such a collection of rare, beautiful, and somewhat expensive volumes as the Western Continent never saw before on the shelves of a bibliopole.

We bookworms are all of us now and then betrayed into an extravagance. The keen tradesmen who tempt us are like the fishermen who dangle a minnow, a frog, or a worm before the perch or pickerel who may be on the lookout for his breakfast. But Mr. Quaritch comes among us like that formidable angler of whom it is said, —

His hook he baited with a giant's tail,

And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale.

The two catalogues which herald his coming are themselves interesting literary documents. One can go out with a few shillings in his pocket, and venture among the books of the first of these catalogues without being ashamed to show himself with no larger furnishing of the means for indulging his tastes, — he will find books enough at comparatively modest prices. But if one feels *very* rich, so rich that it requires a good deal to frighten him, let him take the other catalogue and see how many books he proposes to add to his library at the prices affixed. Here is a Latin Psalter with the Canticles, from the press of Fust and Schoeffer, the second book issued from their press, the second book printed with a date, that date being 1459. There are only eight copies of this work known to exist; you can have one of

them, if so disposed, and if you have change enough in your pocket. Twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars will make you the happy owner of this precious volume. If this is more than you want to pay, you can have the Gold Gospels of Henry VIII., on purple vellum, for about half the money. There are pages on pages of titles of works any one of which would be a snug little property if turned into money at its catalogue price.

Why will not our multimillionaires look over this catalogue of Mr. Quaritch, and detain some of its treasures on this side of the Atlantic for some of our public libraries? We decant the choicest wines of Europe into our cellars; we ought to be always decanting the precious treasures of her libraries and galleries into our own, as we have opportunity and means. As to the means, there are so many rich people who hardly know what to do with their money that it is well to suggest to them any new useful end to which their superfluity may contribute. I am not in alliance with Mr. Quaritch; in fact, I am afraid of him, for if I stayed a single hour in his library, where I never was but once, and then for fifteen minutes only, I should leave it so much poorer than I entered it that I should be reminded of the picture in the title-page of Fuller's "Historie of the Holy Warre:" "We went out full. We return empty."

— After the teacups were all emptied, the card containing Number Seven's abridged history of two worlds, this and the next, was handed round.

This was all it held:—

!

?

After all had looked at it, it was passed back to me. "Let The Dictator interpret it," they all said.

This is what I announced as my interpretation:—

Two worlds, the higher and the lower, separated by the thinnest of partitions. The lower world is that of questions; the upper world is that of answers. Endless doubt and unrest here below; wondering, admiring, adoring certainty above. — Am I not right?

"You are right," answered Number Seven solemnly. "That is my revelation."

The following poem was found in the sugar-bowl. I read it to the company.

There was much whispering and there were many conjectures as to its authorship, but every Teacup looked innocent, and we separated each with his or her private conviction. I had mine, but I will not mention it.

THE ROSE AND THE FERN.

Lady, life's sweetest lesson wouldst thou learn,
Come thou with me to Love's enchanted
bower:

High overhead the trellised roses burn,
Beneath thy feet behold the feathery fern, —
A leaf without a flower.

What though the rose leaves fall? They still
are sweet,

And have been lovely in their beauteous
prime,

While the bare frond seems ever to repeat,
"For us no bud, no blossom, wakes to greet
The joyous flowering time!"

Heed thou the lesson. Life has leaves to
tread

And flowers to cherish; summer round thee
glows;

Wait not till autumn's fading robes are shed,
But while its petals still are burning red

Gather life's full-blown rose!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE NORTH SHORE WATCH.¹

MR. WOODBERRY'S volume contains three comparatively long poems, a set of sonnets, and a group of lyrics. There is little that is immature in the collection, and nothing that is not admirable for its workmanship, always excepting a certain tendency to involved phrasing. Mr. Woodberry has been singularly fortunate or singularly wise in withholding his work in this kind until he had something definite to offer and had perfected his technique. The poem from which the book gets its suggestive title is the only one which bears the marks of youth. None but a youthful poet would have had the temerity to take for granted the public's interest in five hundred elegiac verses on the death of a classmate. That the reader quickly lends himself to the charm of these pensive and sympathetic stanzas justifies the venture, though it in no way detracts from the daring. It was part of the poet's good luck to select the Spenserian stanza for his threnody. The lingering, wailing music of which the Alexandrine is capable makes this form of verse an ideal kind of lyre for the purpose. The mournful cadence in question is well illustrated by the opening stanza:—

"First dead of all my dead that are to be,
 Who at life's flush with me wast wont to roam
 The pine-fringed borders of this surging sea,
 From far and lonely lands Love brings me home
 To this wide water's foam;
 Here thou art fallen in thy joyful days,
 Life quenched within thy breast, light in thy eyes;
 And darkly from thy ruined beauty rise
 These flowerless myrtle-sprays;
 The hills we trod enfold thee evermore,
 The gray and sleepless sea breaks round the orphaned shore."

It will be seen that *The North Shore Watch* is related to that class of poems of which the *Adonais* of Shelley and the *Thyrsis* of Matthew Arnold are the highest modern types. Mr. Woodberry has studied these masters not to his hurt. Here and there in his method is also traceable the influence of the elder English poets. He has learned from them the art of saying things in his own way. It is, however, in a poem wholly Greek in spirit that Mr. Woodberry is at his best, as he should be, since the little drama entitled *Agathon* is clearly his latest work. We call it a drama by courtesy, for it has no more plot or dramatic action than would please those novelists who are unable to invent such matters. The motive of *Agathon* is of the simplest, and is sufficiently stated in the initial speech of the shadowy Eros:—

"Between the gods who live and mortal men
 I am the Intercessor, Eros called,
 Fathered in heaven, but earth did mother me;
 Whence is my nature mixed of opposites,
 Unquenchable desire, want absolute,
 And is near neighbor unto human fate.
 The edict of Necessity besides
 Bids own that kinship; for I come not home
 Except my errand done, which ever is
 To break the mystery of love to men,
 Freeing themselves and me: not without me
 Find they the Immortals; without them my wings
 Blade not, nor from the gleaming shoulder break,
 But by the warmth of love those plumes unsheathe."

And oft my feet print blood what time I leave
 Inhospitable, hard, and kindless doors.
 But where some noble soul makes his abode,
 And bids me enter in and lodge with him,
 Beautiful am I as the gods in heaven;
 His thatch, though lowly, unto them is known,
 The rushes of his floor are loved of men,

¹ *The North Shore Watch and Other Poems.*
 By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Boston
 and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

And who live there behold me as I am.
 One such I seek for now, the flower of
 Greece,
 Young Agathon."

Eros finds the young Greek poet at the entrance to Diotima's cave, and makes himself known. The main stress and beauty of the poem lie in the dialogue and the lyrical interludes which follow, though there are very striking passages in the previous conversation between Agathon and Diotima, the prophetess. Eros delivers the message of the gods, and Agathon accepts his destiny. It is seldom that the spirituality of love has been so celebrated as in this full and well-balanced blank verse, which nowhere sinks below the height of the theme. It is the apotheosis of human love. The argument and the poetry are here so closely knitted as to make illustration impracticable, and we must turn to another part of the text for an example of Mr. Woodberry's manner:—

"The violet landscape through the columns
 glowed—

Ægina and the olive-coasted gulf
 Empurpling to the far Corinthian gleam;
 Illissus reed-beloved; Hymettus flowering;
 On white Pentelicus the cloud-hung pines!
 At every step more fair with lovelier change
 The scene passed by, in those white columns
 framed,

Porches of heaven; upon the other side
 Was I o'ershadowed by the eternal frieze,
 That only seemed to move, but ever stayed,
 Horsemen and maidens in the marble march,
 Athene's people, bearing evermore
 Praise to Athene; beautiful they stood
 Before her coming, mixed with forms di-
 vine—

Men worthy to be gods, gods to be men;
 And waking from my trance, I saw them
 shine,

Nor knew the change from the eternal
 world."

Blank verse with just this stately movement and rich severity is not too abundant outside of Landor's Hellenics. The entire poem has a distinction which it is easier to feel than to define.

In the ode *My Country*, which forms the third section of the book, the author

strikes a note that repeats itself later in the sonnets. *My Country* may succinctly be described as the incarnation of the Fourth of July superintending a flight of eagles. The airy optimism of this ode will not have been forgotten by Atlantic readers, certainly not that fine passage in it descriptive of the duties of the ideal citizen, nor the ringing exordium,—

"Who saith that song doth fail?

Or thinks to bound

Within a little plot of Grecian ground

The sole of mortal things that can avail?"

Very admirable, too, and not to be passed by, is this apostrophe:—

"O Land beloved!

My Country, dear, my own!

May the young heart that moved

For the weak words atone;

The mighty lyre not mine, nor the full breath
 of song!

To happier sons shall these belong.

Yet doth the first and lonely voice

Of the dark dawn the heart rejoice,

While still the loud choir sleeps upon the
 bough."

This brings us to the sonnets, in which the same joyous patriotism finds wing. To our thinking, the best of these are the second of the two entitled *At Gibraltar*, the one *On the Hundredth Anniversary of the French Revolution*, and *Our First Century*. We should add to the list the sonnet addressed *To Leo XIII.*, only that the sestet closes with a couplet, and the sonnet is thus turned into an epigram. In each of the six sonnets, in addition to other necessary excellence, are lines and half-lines which set an easy task to the memory. For example:—

"I know a nation's gold is not man's bread."

"Who founded us, and spread from sea to sea
 A thousand leagues the zone of liberty."

"Dost thou think to tame
 God's young plantation in the virgin West?"

"And millions came, used but to starve and
 bleed,

And built the great republic of the poor."

"Siberia, more rich in heroes' graves
 Than the most famous field of glorious war."

"Now westward, look, my country bids good-night—
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!"

You will not pick such things out of every poet's first book!

Of the lyrics clustered under the title *Italian Voluntaries* we are not so confident. Victor's *Bird*, which is not a lyric, but an exquisite poem in unrhymed pentameters, gains from its surroundings. The *Anecdotes of Siena* seem to us to fail in that lark-like unpremeditation which belongs to the lyric—the liquid flow that is here discoverable in only two instances: in *The False Dawn* and *Be God's the Hope*. The *False Dawn* is one of those fantastic conceptions into whose exact meaning it is not well too curiously to inquire, lest there be no crock of gold at the end of the rainbow. Our liking for the mystical rune is out of all proportion to our comprehension of it. The last piece in the group is not so amenable to the charge of obscurity, and it sings itself into quotation:—

"Be God's the Hope! He built the azure frame;
He sphered its borders with the walls of flame;
'Tis His, whose hands have made it, glory or shame.

Be God's the Hope!

"The Serpent girds the round of earth and sea;
The Serpent pastures on the precious tree;
The Serpent, Lord of Paradise is he.
Be God's the Hope!

"I thought to slay him. I am vanquished.
Heaven needed not my stroke, and I am sped.
Yea, God, thou livest, though thy poor friend be dead.

Be God's the Hope!"

We have endeavored to indicate the quality of Mr. Woodberry's verse rather than to insist on our personal impression of it. The reader is thus better enabled to form his own. Meanwhile, the reviewer, whose diversions in this sort are not many, counts it a fortunate month, indeed a fortunate year, when he can say, "Here is a new poet," and commend a volume which makes so rich promise as *The North Shore Watch*.

NEW YORK IN RECENT FICTION.

SINCE Mr. Howells makes a removal from Boston to New York a turning-point in the career of the married pair with whom he began to people his world of fiction, we may take the fact with equal seriousness, and accept his new novel¹ as an announcement that the business of reporting life as it is has been transferred from a provincial to a metropolitan centre. To be sure, so long as Basil and Isabel March remain in New York, even if they occupy fur-

nished apartments only, we may hope to have something of the New England point of view; but we notice signs in them of an increasing adjustment to their new environment, and we may yet have Boston as New York sees it.

We have our suspicion that if this writer had applied his present method and used his present power in the portraiture of life in New England, we should have had books of deeper truthfulness than those earlier novels, which we enjoyed not because they depicted life in Boston and its neighborhood, but because they were altogether delightful and did not disturb

¹ *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1890.

our sleep. For now Mr. Howells both charms us with his pictorial skill and banishes sleep from our eyelids. He began his career as a novelist with an indulgence in a humorous view of life, which contented itself with the lightest possible sketch of human nature in a few easily recognized varieties. Then his mind began to be stirred by problems which belong chiefly to the speculative period, and he essayed to carry his characters into a sort of no man's land, and, rather unluckily for his art, built a novel upon the false bottom of Spiritualism. Next he wearied of his light-headed and nimble people who graced the world of fiction, and sought to get hold of the men and women who were nearer the soil, and to busy himself with motives and problems which must interest such. In his work here he was more uncertain: at one time he would use his old playful and light manner, which gave a sort of masquerading effect to his real men and women; at another, in his eagerness to share the life of his uncouth folk, he would recklessly throw away his grace, and even send his dainty English after it. We must confess that while we respect the Howells of the transitional period, we have found it pretty hard to read his fiction of that time, and we have been watching with patience and interest for that emergence into the domain of sane art which we were confident would come some day.

We hope we are not hasty in our welcome, but in this new novel Mr. Howells certainly seems to have come near adjusting the ethical and the æsthetic glasses with which he views life, so that they have the same focus. Of late there has been a sort of strabismic effect about his novels which has made them uncomfortable reading. When we are uncomfortable now, as we are after reading *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, we find fault with things in general and feebly with ourselves, but we acquit Mr. Howells. It would be a somewhat indelicate task

to seek to trace the growth in this novelist's own mind of his thought of life, though it is one of the penalties which such a writer pays for his popularity that if he grows at all he registers his successive stages of development in his successive books; and we may content ourselves with the reflection that his latest book ought to be his ripest; but we cannot help thinking that New York has a great deal to do with the artistic freedom and breadth of *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, and it is only by reference to Mr. Howells as a philosopher that we can make this evident.

It needed, in other words, that this novelist, this painter of human life, should have a large canvas and an abundance of material to serve as a check both upon his settled habit of using minute touches and his somewhat unsystematized discontent with contemporaneous society. New York is so heterogeneous and so big, such a huddle of unrelated details, regarded superficially, and yet so fascinating in its unrecorded power, giving such frequent glimpses of an unsuspected solidarity of human life, that when Mr. Howells faced it, and, as hinted at in his character of Basil March, began to study it as a whole in a vagrant, desultory fashion, he shrank from that kind of reproduction which had satisfied him when he had smaller sections of life to report. To apply his detailed methods was palpably ridiculous; to select types and imagine he was giving a comprehensive artistic whole was equally vain; to arraign this vast hive of humanity, or to square it with dilettante views of a regenerated society, would strike any one with Mr. Howells's sense of humor as nonsense. Instead, Mr. Howells discovered, by an instinct which is more valuable than any theories of literary art, that out of this great heap of material before him he must select a few men and women; that they must have something to do with each other; that they must be a society within a larger

whole. Then, with the great roaring city encompassing this small company, he had life enough in volume, and he could afford to let its tremendous problems just touch the inner circle of life upon which his attention was more closely directed. His native interest in the characters he creates is an element always to be counted on in Mr. Howells's work; and in his desire to find a few persons who should give him an opportunity to illustrate some of the phases of the great problem which one encounters who sees the rich and the poor, and the Lord the Maker of them all, he gave a peculiar vividness to the whole group that form his novel.

It may be said further that, under these conditions, he had less need of a dramatic story. With so strong a sense of the great drama going on about his men and women, he could let them play their own trifling comedies without detaching them from actual contact with the real world in which they were living. Indeed, he is so much impressed with the mighty flow of human life in the world of New York that he is scarcely conscious, as so genuine a humorist would be, of the whimsical nature of the enterprise which forms the apparent cause of the story. Basil March moves to New York for the purpose of taking charge of a literary journal, which is to be conducted upon a rather vaguely described plan of coöperation. It looks a little as if Mr. Howells had at first a notion of showing how even literature might hope, in a new social order, to enjoy all the profit which publishers now get over and above the pittance they bestow on the authors who give them something to publish. But if he had any such notion, he lost sight of it; for the enterprise of *Every Other Week* is quite orthodox, so far as the reader can see, and without the aid of the financial backer would lose its *raison d'être* in this novel.

So little does the reader miss the story

element that he is willing, or ought to be, to follow the Marches up and down the streets of New York, as they look for a furnished apartment, to the extent of the entire first part, and to have Fulkerson's wooing of Miss Woodburn go on under his nose without his perceiving it. The treatment of these two elements in the story and of the love passages in general illustrates very well the attitude which Mr. Howells takes in his art, in this latest manifestation of it. At first sight, it is monstrous that the reader should be called upon to go in imagination with Mr. and Mrs. March as they exercise their wits upon the problem of settling themselves in New York. The clever method which Mr. Howells applied to the description of his travail in buying a horse he applies now to this very trivial matter of hiring apartments, but there is both a conscious and an unconscious use of the method. He wishes in the course of this first part to set several of his characters on their feet; he wishes also to hint at certain phases of poverty to which he means to return; and then he is enamored of his immediate subject, and forgets what he is going to do in the pure delight of describing the experience of his couple. Yet with all this there is a movement which we suspect the novelist himself scarcely recognized, though he may have been subconscious of it; we mean the slow approach to the heart of his subject, the retardation of one who is reluctant to attack a mighty theme. If this book were the first in a new *Comédie Humaine*, the introductory chapters would be a very good prelude. As it is, the orchestra never sweeps one away with a rush of harmonies, and when we have finished the book we are aware of a certain disproportionate space given to the introduction. After all, we cannot invest the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. March upon the scene of their future life with quite the importance which their creator would seem to intimate. Yet we like this portion for the very

reason that it hints at a willingness of the novelist to use his power humorously and with due regard to the complexity of life. He is to be serious in his general themes, — of that we are quite sure; there are to be no more merely entertaining *Chance Acquaintances* and *Wedding Journeys*; but we know also that he cannot help a genuine love of play.

Again, the love passages in the book are not climactic. His characters do not exist for the sake of getting married; and the freedom of will which Miss Alma Leighton achieves gives one a notion that in the domain where Mr. Howells has won some of his signal successes, the heart, namely, of a willful young woman, he is likely to score even greater victories. We do not trouble ourselves much about Mr. Howells's theories of fiction, and when he is in the full ardor of the chase after his own prey he forgets them himself; but we can conceive that in the widening range of his powers he will come to a more delicate perception of all the forces which move men and women; and this novel shows how indifferent he is to that one passion which has so largely occupied the thoughts of novel-writers.

It is interesting to note how large a number of the persons figuring in this story are still the kind of persons with whom we have already become familiar in Mr. Howells's writings. They are not repetitions, but they belong to the same general class. It is to be expected that a literary enterprise should bring to the front characters who are artists or allied with artists, but then Mr. Howells chose to make the story turn upon a literary enterprise. In other words, he is using the old figures of his imaginative world, but he is infusing them with new blood. It is on this score that we regard his book as a strong indication of growth in literary power. The character of Alma Leighton is firmly modeled, but the clay is the old clay. Beaton is a very deli-

cate study, almost over-refined, but the conception compels very delicate shading. It is noticeable that Mr. Howells here trusts more than is common with him to analysis; he finds himself obliged to make a report of Beaton's mind; the other minds give an account of themselves. Conrad is in very low relief as a figure, but how admirably the character is hinted at! We may regard this personage as an experiment, and we should not be surprised if Mr. Howells returned with pleasure to creations of this sort. It is, in truth, as his new thoughts on life are formulated in character that he may count on the interest of his readers. Fulkerson is a masterpiece. This gay fellow, with his narrow escape from vulgarity, his almost miraculous salvation from being taken at his own valuation, really provides the salt which saves *Every Other Week* from decay as a basis of the story; and we have not found so diverting an average American this many a day. We are not so sure about the Woodburns. The colonel seems studied from photographs rather than from life, and Miss Woodburn seems merely put in to keep for future convenience. Perhaps part of our indifference to these two persons arises from the great difficulty we have found with their vowels. There is a rigid conscience about Mr. Howells when he makes us acquainted with Miss Woodburn's speech which we try in vain to appreciate. He insists upon our taking her conversation raw; we would rather have it boiled, like that of other human beings.

He is much more successful in his conveyance of Lindau's German-silver English, and it is when we come to Lindau himself, and to Dryfoos, with his untamed daughters, his pathetically conceived wife, and his martyr son, that we find ourselves in the heart of the story and in the secret of Mr. Howells's great gain as a novelist. We cannot say that these figures are more deftly

handled than others which he has fashioned, but they mean more. They ally themselves distinctly with greater problems, with deeper insight of life, and our confidence in Mr. Howells is increased because of the wise reserve which he has used. They are not instruments in his hand for breaking the false gods of the Philistines; they are men and women into whom he has breathed the breath of life; but that breath comes from a profounder inspiration than he was wont to draw. And it is for this reason that, as we intimated at the outset, his book fills the reader with a divine discontent. What he did crudely in *A Modern Instance*, and thus irritatingly to most, he does here with firmness and delicacy, — in a word, as an artist who sees into his creations, and tells less than he knows to the reader. Because he does this, because his characters throb with a life which is in contact with great currents of thought and passion, the book is lifted to a higher level, and its power over the reader is greater. The uneasy hedonist may explain Lindau and Conrad away, but there they are, and somehow one cannot stop his ears to that torrent of New York humanity in which they were drowned. Nor can we fail to see in March and his attitude a generous charity on the part of the author for the perplexed lover of his kind, — the man who sees the injustice in which he bears an unwilling part, is opening his eyes gradually to the inconsistencies of modern civilization, yet is painfully aware of his own helplessness, and knows enough only to do the nearest duty. There are few finer things in this most interesting book than March's words to his family after he had told Dryfoos of Lindau's death, and again when commenting on the change that had taken place in Dryfoos. There is a sincerity about this honest gentleman which goes far to dissipate the notion of unreality attaching to his occupation. Somehow or other, journalism, when it gets

into literature, has a very unsubstantial air.

There are several particulars in which Mr. Howells's story and Mr. Warner's latest essay in fiction¹ have a common cause, but we content ourselves with referring only to that which induces us to couple them in the title of this paper. Mr. Warner also appears to have been struck by New York as a mirror of modern life, but his attention has been concentrated on a single phase, — the insidiousness with which wealth quickly acquired eats into the finer nature. His theme is a very simple one, but is played in many variations. The reader is introduced to a girl of noble qualities and sensitiveness to impressions, and is asked to witness how her nature is slowly undermined by the silent approaches of the enemy of all spiritual things, the unrighteous Mammon. He will observe no marked changes in the superficial nature of the woman. She remains throughout the book as gracious, as kind, as beautiful, as when she first appears to the little chorus of the story, the neighborly circle in a country town, that discusses from time to time the problems suggested by the tale. Her circumstances change: she passes from this seclusion and this little society of cultivated men and women into the very conspicuous circles of New York society; she exchanges a moderate living for one of steadily increasing munificence, and, step by step, rises in the scale of splendor, until she has what, in the eyes of the world, is a commanding position, the wife of one of the richest men in New York, the mistress of a superb establishment, in possession of all that refined taste can buy, and unstained by any breath of scandal. The task which Mr. Warner set himself was to indicate the slow but steady deterioration of the woman herself at the core,

¹ *A Little Journey in the World*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1889.

the gradual creeping in of the paralysis of her spiritual faculties, the dying out of that fire on the hearth which was kindled and kept alive in the sweet sobriety of her maidenhood.

It is an interesting intimation of the prevailing taste in fiction that Mr. Warner, with this subject before him, adopts the manner of the naturalist school instead of having recourse to that which is wearisome in its use of psychological analysis. He has made this analysis for himself, but when he comes to illustrate the downfall of Margaret Debreë he gives the steps by which its course proceeded, not the steps by which the process was interpreted in his own mind. He employs a few crucial incidents and a great deal of conversation. The incidents have little about them that is dramatic, and the conversation, though often epigrammatic, is more often playful, besides having that graceful badinage which charms without unduly exciting the reader. He employs also the action and interaction of characters, the main figures being Margaret; Mr. Lyon, the incipient earl whom she rejects; Henderson, the New York broker whom she marries; and Carmen Eschelle, the pretty, evil genius of the story, who marries Henderson on the last page of the book, when he had been a widower a year and eight months. None of the personages are invested with such highly accented virtues or vices as to take them out of the range of normal human beings. Indeed, the naturalness of the characters, the conversation, and the incidents gives not only lifelikeness to the book, but causes the moral to penetrate the reader's mind far more surely than if the author had given the narrative an exceptional character. To many the story will doubtless seem tame, but it will by reason of this very evenness find readers who would be indifferent to a more spicy novel; and the pervading humor and wise satire of the author will forbid any one who can be

interested in the theme itself to lay the book aside after it is once begun.

This naturalness, which is Mr. Warner's safeguard in the absence of any engrossing plot of circumstance, has been indeed something of a snare to him, for it has led him into a solecism of art which a story-teller more sure of his story-telling powers and more scrupulous in the use of means would have avoided. The story opens, as we have intimated, with a picture of a small society of cultivated men and women, of whom Margaret Debreë is one; and another is the teller of the tale, a Mr. Fairchild, for whose name, we may remark, we have had to hunt through the book, so rarely is it mentioned. The book begins with a "We," which stands for the little society, and the story slides easily into its natural waters. The reader commits himself to the care of Mr. Fairchild, who is the guide that is to lead him through the world in which Margaret's journey is made. There are certain advantages to be had in the use of the autobiographic form in a novel, and certain disadvantages. Scott used the form occasionally with great skill. Mr. James, we remember, has used it once, at least, with such pertinacious conscientiousness as to rob himself of all its advantages and entangle himself in all its fetters. Mr. Warner plainly resorts to the form on much the same principle as did Thackeray, — for the purpose of giving an air of naturalness to the story; but having done this, he appears to think his Mr. Fairchild is absolved from any further obligation. Once, as if aware of the indefensible position in which he has placed this apparently virtuous gentleman, he falls back on a sort of *sotto voce* announcement that since Margaret's death he has come into possession of her letters to her aunt, Miss Forsythe. Mr. Fairchild, moreover, is present on several occasions, and his testimony on the stand would be good so far as the knowledge of an eye and ear witness at such times would go.

But what can he know of all those private passages between Margaret and her husband, to say nothing of the scene when she rejects Mr. Lyon? Who furnished him with the details of that interview? Margaret? She was too good at the time, and too much a woman of the world in her later career, to be so *gauche*. Mr. Lyon? Rejected suitors may remember, but they don't usually tell. And merely by the way, has not Mr. Warner gone dangerously near the edge of propriety in the use of this character? Englishmen in training for the peerage are not so common in real life that lifelikeness must be gained in fiction at the expense of identification.

We shall be told that this use of the autobiographical form is a mere convention, and no more to be tried by ordinary rules of life than the deafness of persons on the stage when asides are thrown out. This lame answer may satisfy the ordinary novel-monger, but Mr. Warner's novel belongs to the new school, where probability makes the laws

and the usual reigns supreme; and we insist that a discreet workman will not make the staple from which his chain hangs the weakest part of the chain. If Mr. Warner means to use the novel-form in future for the setting forth of all that his observation and experience and reflection have furnished him, he will not lessen his power by attention to so primary a law as he has broken in this case. That he will give us more novels we sincerely trust; for as long as the great majority of people learn to think of the problems of life through fiction, we must be grateful to one who writes so humanely, with such shrewd insight of character, who has so much genuine humor, and who is able to use so skillfully the instrument of conversation. To read this book is to listen to the talk of well-bred persons who are interested in things, in men, and not merely in criticism of things and men,—who are prophets, in their way, using that word not so much in its derived sense of prediction as in its native sense of interpretation of things high to men low.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Some Old Sayings
Reëdged, etc.

WE hear much about the sagacity and condensed wisdom of popular sayings and proverbs; but to one unjuggled by the established theory on this point it may well occur that the most of these sayings and proverbs display a kind of fatuous surface sharpness rather than absolute truth. While having the color of use and experience, they are often so lamentably infirm on their logical legs as to wobble very noticeably when sent on a didactic mission of any sort. Moreover, some of them are so mean in their deductions as to human motives, and in their arguments for conduct, that any

person of average self-respect might be ashamed to utter them as original sentiment. It would seem as though peddlers and various petty disciples of Mercury had been the mint-masters of much of this dubious coinage. For example, take Honesty is the best policy. I am afraid the noble promoters of this aphorism were not quite disingenuous. On this line of policy, and in view of many commercial successes, there would have been more candor in announcing and defending Dishonesty in business is the best policy.

Some of these maxims are of a specious economical turn. Look out for the

pennies, and the pounds will look out for themselves, could be restated with quite as much truth and more comprehensively, Look out for the pounds, and the pennies will be looked out for. Others of these aphorisms ring like the currency of cowards and losel knights: Discretion is the better part of valor (why not Valor is the better part of discretion?); Look out for Number One; Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost; Grant graciously what you cannot safely refuse. I suspect that Never put off till to-morrow that which can be done to-day, was the fetich of some feverish and ineffective hustler of issues (perhaps merely a fidgety housewife on her endless round). Contrariwise, it is extremely probable that Haste makes waste, Make haste slowly, and All things come to him who waits, were originally the little conscience-plasters of Master Slow and Master Ne'er-do-Weel. Even the Apostle, with his The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, is not quite free from the disposition to shift responsibility unfairly; for who does not, in his secret heart, know that it is often the spirit that is weak, while the willing body awaits the commands of its enervated superior? It was a short-sighted but complacent soul, convinced of its own thriftiness, who gave currency to Do not count your chickens before they are hatched; and it was a grim and heavy-armed Philistine, supremely scornful of your John-a-dreams, who first rated the poor little bird in the hand as worth two of those airy chanters in the bush (Hope's and Fancy's very own). I dare say it was an envious rustic, or idle gossip at her window, who first announced that Fine feathers do not make fine birds. To which may be opposed the fact, neither does dingy plumage make fine birds. (Witness the squabbling English sparrow.) He was himself undoubtedly praised as a blunt but honest fellow who originally affirmed that Praise to the face is open disgrace.

Notwithstanding so much bluntness and honesty, a certain ambiguity rests upon this shining precept, since whose is the "open disgrace," the praiser's or that of the praised? A similar ambiguity, or rather a shakiness of syntax, characterizes three other pieces of proverbial wisdom; indeed, from my infant years I always interpreted them as pointing to unmitigated though deplorable fact, as follows: It's a poor rule, *and* it does not work both ways; It's a long lane, *and* it has no turning; It's an ill wind, *and* it blows nobody good.

It is commonly believed that children and fools speak the truth. In reality, what is easier than to obtain false testimony from such innocent and irresponsible lips? *In vino veritas* should be freely rendered, In wine are lies; for what is more usual with the wine-mastered than a condition of tumid mendacity?

When the easy optimist meets me with that pseudo-Scriptural, Sterneish aphorism, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, I own I am sometimes moved to reply, "Yes, the wind is tempered to the shorn black lamb;" for circumstances often have a way of suiting themselves comfortably to the youthful renegado, while the young saint makes what shift he can amid their rough currents.

Here are a few scattering examples of old saws reëdged:—

Where there is hope, there is life.

To be good, you must be happy.

Whom the gods love they first make mad. (Plato's poet will please take notice.)

Dishonor and sham from bad condition rise. (Motto for an athlete of the ring.)

Godliness is next to cleanliness.

Whatever is, is wrong.

Lies crushed to earth will rise again.

They never love at all who love but once.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of another.

(I am indebted for the last four in my list to a cynic of wide experience.)

In connection with the reëdging of old saws, I have had it in mind to attempt re-pointing the morals of certain time-honored fables. Two such ventures are subjoined:—

PARABLE OF THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH SHEPHERD.

I.

There was a waggish shepherd lad of old,
Who found it dull, no doubt, to watch a fold,
And practice on the pan-pipe innocent,
So sought and found a new divertisement,
To wit: whenever travelers passed him by,
"Wolf! wolf! Jove help me!" he would cry.
So many times this little game he tried,
At length 't was known to all the countryside;
And when, in autumn weather, keen and cool,
The gray contractor came and took his wool,
(And eke his mutton, and himself as well!)
They thought his "Wolf" cry still the same
old sell.

So runs our precious fable, but the truth
Is as I tell it now: That gamesome youth
Continued still to sell, and ne'er was sold,
But, full of honors and of love, grew old.
Whene'er he made a hue and cry, all ran,
Both gentlefolk and peasants, to a man.
'T is true the ferine foe they never saw,
But certain marks left by his savage paw,
Which tenderly they salved, whilst God they
praised
Their shepherd true had not been slain, though
badly grazed!

II.

Another shepherd wight there was, alas!
As silly as the sheep that nipped the grass;
For he, in days of safety and content,
Did practice well the pan-pipe innocent;
And other times, when danger he surmised,
Kept faithful watch, so not to be surprised.
The grizzly mountaineer oft prowled about;
The shepherd stood his ground, but raised no
shout,
Till on a day the wolf grew fell and fierce,
One cry the shepherd uttered, fit to pierce
Whatever ear to human anguish keen,
Whatever heart that pitiful had been.

The truth proceeds to say (no fable this),
No passer-by deemed aught had chanced amiss,
But one to other spake, "That shepherd boy
Thinks he befools us with his cheap decoy!"
'T is true, when half a twelvemonth had rolled
by,

And pan-pipe melody and bleating cry
Of sheep no more were heard, but blanching
bones

Were seen amid the upland turf and stones,
The question rose, "Was there not once, up
yonder,

A silly soul that used with flock and pipe to
wander?"

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

A worthy person in a carapace,
A sound, well-balanced, worthy Philistine,
Once in an evil hour proposed a race
With the young scion of a wind-fleet line.

The latter gave his friend a trifling start
Of some few weeks (or months it was, per-
chance),

And meanwhile dozed, or, eyelids half apart,
Watched lazily his rival's slow advance.

That patient plodder over plain and knoll
Had but some rods to creep, when thus it
fell,

The sleeper woke — and leaped — and won the
goal.

The umpire murmured, "Humph! — but blood
will tell."

A Yew-Tree
Clipped by
Piozzi.

— There is, in the south of
Ireland, a city — although
it has but a few hundred in-
habitants — chiefly famous as the resi-
dence of the Bishops of Cloyne, and
most chiefly of that bishop to whom
Pope attributed, or caused others to at-
tribute, "every virtue under heaven," —
the philosopher, George Berkeley. The
writer made a pilgrimage thither upon
a summer's day, and saw the ivy-grown
round tower, the myrtles planted by
the bishop himself, — each one with a
ball of tar at its root, it is said, — and
the fine old cathedral church dedicated
to S. Colman. Here some of the Berke-
leys rest; and although the bishop is
buried at Christ Church, Oxford, an al-
tar-tomb, with a recumbent effigy of the
prelate, is about to be placed here.

In walking about the church with my
host, the chief dignity of the cathed-
ral, under whose genial guidance all
sorts of interesting things were pointed
out to me, we came to a tablet with this
inscription:—

FROM THIS VAULT SHALL, AT THE LAST DAY, RISE THE REANIMATED BODY OF SUSAN ADAMS, MORE FAIR, MORE LOVELY, AND MORE EXCELLENT, (SINCE WITH OUR GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE) THAN WHEN, AT 18 YEARS OF AGE, SHE LEFT A CIRCLE OF ADMIRING FRIENDS, TO SEEK THE UNFADING WREATH OF BLISS ETERNAL, BESTOWED ON MEEKNESS, PIETY, AND VIRTUE, WHILST, BY THE SETTING UP OF THIS SUBLUNARY TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE, A MOMENTARY CONSOLATION HAS BEEN LENT TO HER AFFLICTED MOTHER. JUNE, 1804.

Poor Miss Susan Adams! — for without that chaste prefix I cannot dare to address a shade with such an epitaph, — how rudely would your dreams be disturbed, not to mention your mother's maternal pride and Mrs. Piozzi's literary sensibilities (for she wrote the epitaph), could you have heard a cheery voice say, after I had twice read the inscription on the "sublunary token," "Dear me! Pagan, I call it!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Sociology and Economics. Crime, its Nature, Causes, Treatment, and Prevention, by Sanford M. Green. (Lippincott.) Judge Green is, as it were, a legal physician diagnosing a disease. He considers such causes as heredity, intemperance, ignorance, idleness, avarice, cupidity, personal ambition, and the conflict between Capital and Labor; he gives a historical sketch of the methods of treatment and outlines the proper discipline, and then proceeds to a discussion of education as a preventive, of the prevention further of intemperance and economical quarrels as lying nearest to the source of crime. He writes as a humane man, whose long experience on the bench in Michigan and careful study of penology give him a right to an opinion.

Poetry and the Drama. The New Pandora, by Harriet H. Robinson. (Putnams.) An ingenious performance in which, by the addition of a group of primitive men to the original characters of Pandora, Epimetheus, Vulcan, and Hope, the author has developed a drama in which woman's place in the world is worked out in miniature. The scheme is quite original, and the restraint of the form chosen helps the scenes, and saves them from a too liberal importation of modern sentiment. — Mrs. Moulton's new volume, *In the Garden of Dreams* (Roberts), is altogether the most charming collection of verse she has given us. The writer's wider range in theme and her advance in technical skill, not previously lacking, are notable. Nearly, if not wholly, one half of the book is occupied by the sonnet, — a most difficult form of verse; and it is no slight praise to say that it is here that Mrs. Moulton is at her best. The sonnet on page 122, for illustration, is in a very noble manner. The volume is ex-

quisitely printed. — *Cosmopolitania*, a poem by J. G. Spencer. (The Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt.) A whimsical performance, in which the writer, using the easiest form of verse, sets out to tell an extravagant romance. "By George," he says, when in the midst of his third canto,

"By George, I wish I'd never tried
To write a canto number three, —
The first two cantos were enough,
To suit a vast majority."

Plainly he does not wish to be taken too seriously, and the reader, if he has time to spare, can extract some slight entertainment. — *The Bugle Call and Others*, by Augusta Clinton Winthrop. (W. B. Clarke & Co., Boston.) Poems, chiefly personal or suggested by the religious life. They are fervid, impulsive, and not weakened by their sentiment. — *Banquet of Palacios*, a comedy, by Charles Leonard Moore. (C. L. Moore, Philadelphia.) A headlong sort of drama, with a rush about it which drags the reader along, but he finds himself with scumbled wits when he is through. It appears to be a bit of bravado upon which a clever genius has wasted itself. — *Divine Philosophy*, by John Waddie. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) A most business-like philosophic study, set forth in smooth lines. We start with the general principles of evolution by natural and sexual selection and the law of battle, and end with modern thought on immortality. An air of elegance pervades the work which is preserved to the last. The author appears to make his final bow in an immaculate shirt-front.

"We glory in our race, and in the hope
That our descendants may at length aspire
To see the light for which we only grope;
And, sated with life's banquet, we retire."

Travel. In and Around Berlin, by Minerva Brace Norton. (McClurg.) A simple, unpretentious, but readable account of life as seen by an American lady of refined tastes who spent a winter in Berlin in the American colony. She notes family and social life, education, churches, museums, philanthropic work, streets, parks, the Parliament, prominent personages, and other cognate subjects. We must compliment the publishers on the neatness of style in which this and other of their publications received this season are presented. It is a pleasure to read books so fair to the eye and agreeable to the touch. — An Eastern Tour at Home, by Joel Cook. (McKay.) A volume reprinted from the Public Ledger of Philadelphia. It would be quite possible for an American of one city to make a tour in his own country away from home and interest his readers by giving a new setting to familiar scenes, but Mr. Cook does not appear to write for any one but Philadelphians who never have been farther away than Camden. — The New Eldorado, a Summer Journey to Alaska, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Mr. Ballou applies his industrious method to a newer field than he has entered hitherto, and the result is a book which will strike his readers as fresh and inviting. The author is in agreement with others in anticipating a great future for Alaska, but he bases his expectation of prosperity on the development of the fisheries and mineral resources, having little confidence in agricultural enterprise. — A Race with the Sun; or a Sixteen Months' Tour from Chicago around the World through Manitoba and British Columbia by the Canadian Pacific; Oregon and Washington; Japan; China; Siam; Straits Settlements; Burmah; India; Ceylon; Egypt; Greece; Turkey; Roumania; Hungary; Austria; Poland; Transcaucasia; the Caspian Sea and the Volga River; Russia; Finland; Sweden; Norway; Denmark; Prussia; Paris; London and home. By Carter H. Harrison. (Putnams.) We have copied the full title-page as an indication of the scope of this big book. It consists of letters written to a Chicago journal, revised, and furnished with a number of views reproduced from photographs. Mr. Harrison was a quick observer and a rapid narrator, and though his observations are confined mainly to the external aspects of the world as he saw it, he sometimes makes a shrewd reflection, and he shows a good sense of proportion in not fatiguing the reader with too many details of those trivialities of personal experience which are common to all travelers. — Five Years at Panama, by Wolfred Nelson. (Belford.) The writer was a newspaper correspondent as well as practicing physician at Panama for 1880 to 1885, and took a lively interest in

the canal project. Most of the book is occupied with a rambling account of life on the isthmus, and the last moiety is a detailed criticism of De Lesseps's "impossible canal." There are several clear process cuts from photographs, and a map.

Science. The Cosmic Law of Thermal Repulsion, an essay suggested by the projection of a comet's tail. (Wiley.) The layman is likely to turn first to the conclusion of this little book, and to rest his uneasy mind — laymen are always uneasy when comets' tails are projected — by the assurance "that all matter in nature is held suspended between these two forces of attraction and repulsion. . . . Thermal Repulsion and Gravitational Attraction hold in position the very ground beneath our feet." But ah! the last sentence, which follows this: "The end of the world, as we know it, would come by an explosion or contraction, if either of these forces was suspended for an instant." How well the Crack of Doom is named! — The Story of the Bacteria, and their Relations to Health and Disease, by T. Mitchell Prudden. (Putnams.) A popular presentation of the scientific facts regarding bacteria, though we are surprised to see that the author makes no statements regarding the precaution taken by sterilization. — Aspects of the Earth, a popular account of some familiar geological phenomena, by N. S. Shaler. (Scribners.) Readers of The Atlantic do not need to be told how versatile and suggestive a writer is Professor Shaler, but in this book they will see him at his best, treating of a subject which permits him scope for large generalizing from phenomena in geology, for free illustration of familiar aspects, and for constant association of man with the earth on which he lives. To this writer the globe is not a dead mass, obeying certain fixed laws, but an intelligent, throbbing organism, disclosing laws by its regular and by its irregular action. How interesting are the topics may be seen by an enumeration of the chapter headings: The Stability of the Earth; Volcanoes; Caverns and Cavern Life; Rivers and Valleys; The Instability of the Atmosphere; Forests of North America; The Origin and Nature of Soils. It is a pleasure to see engravings in such a book which are reproduced from photographs by the graver, and not by chemical process. — Scientific Papers of Asa Gray, selected by Charles Sprague Sargent, in two volumes. (Houghton.) Mr. Sargent has collected into the first volume Dr. Gray's reviews of botany and related subjects from 1834 to 1887, and into the second his essays and biographical sketches written between 1841 and 1846. The subjects discussed by Dr. Gray are those upon which he spoke with authority; but though the papers are scientific, they are such in no

narrow sense. Dr. Gray was a specialist in one of the great sciences before the day when men aimed to be great specialists in minor subdivisions of science. Moreover, he was a man of generous, humane sympathy, with a love of nature which was not lessened by his great learning. Thus his writings reflect his character as well as his attainments, and the layman, though he cannot read intelligently all of Dr. Gray's work in these volumes, will find abundance to attract him, just as it was impossible for one to know this wise, delightful man in his lifetime, and think of him merely as a great botanist.

Theology and Religion. Signs of Promise is the title of a volume of sermons, by Lyman Abbott, preached in the pulpit formerly occupied by Henry Ward Beecher. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) The attentive reader will discover much the same temper in the two preachers, but if he be dispassionate he will be likely to credit Mr. Beecher with genius or something very like it, and Mr. Abbott with a power in the construction of a working philosophy of religion far more indestructible than Mr. Beecher's phantasmal forms. Certainly this book, lighted from Mr. Beecher's torch, burns with a flame which both warms and lights. It is not often that a preacher combines so well the emotional and the logical mind. — A Short Cut to the True Church, or the Fact and the Word, by the Rev. Father Edmund Hill. (Office of the Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana.) The author of this little book was brought up outside of the Church of Rome, but found his way into it, and his little book is a guide to show the way to others who may be at the same starting-point; that is, of obedience to the scriptures of the Old and New Testament. There is a directness and frankness of manner which are very engaging, but to our minds this writer is silent about the one fact of the Roman Catholic Church which probably keeps more out of it than anything else, and that is the history of the Church itself, the fact which led to the great Protestant revolution. — Supernatural Revelation, an essay concerning the basis of the Christian faith, by C. M. Mead. (Randolph.) Mr. Mead's essay, which is a substantial book, aims at meeting current forms of skepticism, and accordingly his specific citation and criticism relate to authors who are now listened to; not to names, however important, who represent an earlier phase of thought. But his book is not merely polemic; he seeks for positive ground on which to rest an expressed belief, and there is a healthy tone to his mind which leads him to value common sense above subtlety. "Christians," he says in one place, "cannot be forever reëxamining the foundations of their faith;"

and he writes as one who sets a proper estimate on the worth of experience as massed in large facts, but is ready to meet a thoughtful inquiry in a thoughtful and painstaking manner. — Church Song for the Uses of the House of God, prepared by M. W. Stryker. (Biglow & Main.) The reliance in music is largely upon the modern English school, but there is considerable variety both in hymns and tunes. The general effect is one of dignity and freedom from cheap sentiment. — The Struggle for Immortality, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) A collection of seven essays upon profound and elemental topics of faith and conduct. There is an ungloved grasp of some of the subjects, which is needed, perhaps, to make the hand felt in some quarters, but the violence done to a sensitive nature in some of the phraseology is a pretty high price to pay for the result gained. — Indications of the Book of Job; also, a Preliminary to the Indications. By Edward B. Latch. (Lippincott.) Mr. Latch has elaborated a scheme of humanity which reaches from B. C. 31,863 to A. D. 3963, which is the end of time. Some of the separate points in the progress may be noted. The first white race of men was created B. C. 29,789. There was an earthquake and volcanic eruption which swept away the first race of men B. C. 21,414. The third or black race was created B. C. 13,465. The second or red race was destroyed by drought and famine B. C. 12,098. The fourth or pale race was created B. C. 3897. Deluge came off B. C. 2241. Melchizedek appeared B. C. 1827. Future events are more interesting. Transgression comes to the full A. D. 2133. The King of the Thousand Years Era appears A. D. 2803. The Era of Destruction begins A. D. 3803. Job, it should be now said, belonged to the second or Heddekelic age, somewhere about B. C. 21,414. The Behemoth was the locomotive engine which was then running. But of all the wonders of this book, Mr. Edward B. Latch must be pronounced the most wonderful. — The Church in Modern Society, by Julius H. Ward. (Houghton.) Mr. Ward stands off a little way, and looks at modern life in order to see what part the historic organism The Church plays in it. The difficulty in any such survey is, of course, both in the man and the subject. It is hard to rid one's self of personal sentiments, and it is hard for any one to generalize to advantage from the vast sum of individual facts which go to make up the Church as an existing organization, and not as an image of the mind. Mr. Ward's sympathy is with the Church, and a habit of considering contemporary conditions has given him a certain facility of selection, so that his general statements strike one as reasonable. The thought of the book is interesting, and if

it is not precipitated into much practical recommendation, the limitations of space must be held accountable. If the lines of his thought were extended, they might touch many practical matters. — *The Lily Among Thorns*, by William Elliot Griffis. (Houghton.) The sub-title of this book explains its scope, — a study of the Biblical drama entitled *The Song of Songs*. Dr. Griffis approaches his subject with freedom, yet without that spirit of destructive criticism which so frequently is allied with freedom. On the contrary, he builds for the reverent reader of the Scriptures a far more reasonable and intelligible foundation of respect for this enigmatic book than is possible where one is driven into a mystical mode of interpretation. Out of a generous study of the original, in its setting, is drawn a view of its actual meaning and place which adds greatly to the reader's pleasure. — *Jesus Brought Back*, meditations on the problem of problems, by Joseph Henry Crocker. (McClurg.) An attempt to restate the result of modern criticism in popular language, and to rid Christianity of what the author believes to be the incrustations of speculation and superstition. May it not be that the accumulation of the centuries in the building up of the knowledge of One who is the greatest of known powers may be worth something, and that truth may be rich as well as simple?

Politics and Law. Principles of Procedure in Deliberative Bodies, by George Glover Crocker. (Putnams.) Mr. Crocker, who has had more than a theoretical knowledge of his subject, here comes to the aid of the intelligent presiding officer, not with a set of rules to cover all possible cases, but with a clear presentation of the principles involved, with illustrative application. The person using it will be less likely to err, we think, than one who blindly follows a set of rules without comprehending the principle underlying them. — *Later Speeches on Political Questions, with Select Controversial Papers*, by George W. Julian; edited by his daughter, Grace Julian Clarke. (Carlton & Hollenbeck, Indianapolis.) Mr. Julian's career is well known, and his deliberate secession from the Republican party, which led practically to his political hara-kiri, makes his later utterances interesting, since they may be taken as given without fear or favor. — *Justice and Jurisprudence, an Inquiry concerning the Constitutional Limitations of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments*. (Lippincott.) The preface to this octavo volume is signed by The Brotherhood of Liberty, and under this title appears to lie a body of men devoted to the interests of the African race on this continent. The most important section of the work is the digest of legislative and judi-

cial proceedings, national and state, embracing the organic laws of the United States of America since March 6, 1862, in relation to the civil rights of all citizens of the United States. The body of the work is taken up with discussion of various cases which have come before the courts, each chapter introduced by a great variety of quotations. The love of color and sound attributed to the African race is illustrated by the general tone of this book, for scarlet and trumpet-flowers of rhetoric remain in the reader's mind after he has laid himself open to the resounding sentences.

Literature and Criticism. Half-Hours with the Best Humorous Authors, selected and arranged by Charles Morris. (Lippincott.) Four crown octavo volumes are devoted to this lightest form of literature, two being given to American and two to English, Irish, and Scottish humor, with a slight infusion from Continental authors. This is an equitable division. Mr. Morris has taken a good deal of pains to search far and wide for his material, and has by no means filled his books with what every one knows or knows about. He has in some cases discreetly abridged the matter, supplying connections where a break would be disastrous, and has provided convenient head-notes and indexes. The work affords the student an opportunity also to make some interesting comparative studies, though the arrangement is not wholly chronological. — *Musical Moments*, short selections in prose and verse for music-lovers. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) A pretty little volume which shows a good range of reading and refined taste. It is interesting to see how very recent much of the writing is. If music be the latest born of the arts, talk about music is still later. — *The Poetry of Tennyson*, by Henry Van Dyke (Scribner's Sons), is a comprehensive and appreciative review of the laureate's work. In his chapter on Milton and Tennyson we do not think that Mr. Van Dyke makes out his case. The book, however, as a whole, is an admirable one, and we are especially indebted to the author for the essay on *The Bible in Tennyson* and the carefully prepared chronology. In the latter, Longfellow's sonnet to Tennyson (1877) should have been included. — *American War Ballads and Lyrics*, edited by George Cary Eggleston (Putnam's Sons), is the title given to a selection from the vast body of verse called forth by our three notable wars. The compilation does not claim to be exhaustive, but no distinguished writer in this kind has been omitted. The really fine war-poems that have been written could be put into one very small volume. — *Three Dramas of Euripides*, by William Cranston Lawton. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* do not need to be told of the quality of Mr. Lawton's

work. He had already treated in its pages of the Alkestis, the Medea, and the Hippolytos, and these constitute the theme of the present volume: but he gave only a taste in the magazine; here he gives a full and substantial re-past. We do not know any modern rendering which sets before the reader so clear a view of the Euripidean drama, and is so free both of archaism and of the equally objectionable modernization. Mr. Lawton performs the true office of the interpreter, for he knows both languages, that of Greek art and that of modern thought, and he does not confuse the idioms.

Fiction. Mito Yashiki, a Tale of Old Japan; being a feudal romance descriptive of the decline of the Shogunate and of the downfall of the Tokugawa family. By Arthur Collins Maclay. (Putnams.) Mr. Maclay is a gentleman who has been resident in Japan, and now avails himself of his observation and his acquaintance with recent Japanese history to construct an historical romance. The material certainly is fresh, and there is much that is unusual in the book, but we think the author leans too heavily on his material, and does not sufficiently ply the novelist's art in his use of it. He is, besides, too much taken up with philosophical speculations. — Jane Eyre, an autobiography, by Charlotte Brontë, appears in the Camelot Series (Walter Scott, London; W. J. Gage & Co., New York), with an introduction by Clement K. Shorter, which is in effect a brief biography. — Emmanuel, the Story of the Messiah, by William Forbes Cooley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The reader naturally compares this book with Ben-Hur, and if he be a reverential person comes to contrast it with that now famous novel. Mr. Cooley has handled his material with a fine sense of the dignity of his subject; he has his eye always on the principal figure, but studies carefully the composition formed by the relation of others to him, and his book is to be praised for what it does not contain as well as for what it does. It was an admirable conception which led him to make the doubting disciple the second figure in the story, and throughout Mr. Cooley has shown a true insight into character and incident. His connection of the parables with the minds of the hearers is a felicitous touch, and in many instances the writer gives evidence of a careful and most intelligent study of his great subject. One falls to speculating whether, since fiction has so taken the place of art in popular estimation, there is to spring up a religious school of fictitious art, essaying either entire narratives or special episodes from sacred history. Mr. Cooley has

gone to work somewhat as Holman Hunt in his modern Scriptural pictures. — Gerald French's Friends, by George H. Jessop. (Longmans.) A collection of stories by a writer who hits off well one phase of the Irish character, and uses with cleverness material drawn chiefly from experience on the Pacific coast. There is a little timidity of touch, but a commendable absence of extravagance, so that one is at liberty to believe the author capable of doing more important work, and of doing it well. — A Family Tree, and Other Stories, by Brander Matthews. (Longmans.) The reader is at once attracted by the ingenuity of Mr. Matthews's fancy. He is sure always to be entertained by cleverness, not so much of plot as of trivial incident. The air of lifelikeness which attaches to the stories gives one the confidence that he is not to be betrayed into any undue sentiment, but is to be treated to a piece of good-fellowship. — Memoirs of a Millionaire, by Lucia True Ames. (Houghton.) What would you do, reader, if you were a young girl, and had just inherited unexpectedly some ten million dollars? To some it would be enough to be the young girl, but this entertaining book shows a modern Countess of Monte Cristo, with the burden of the world on her shoulders, and the happiness of others instead of her own exercise of power the most momentous consideration. There is a great deal of ingenuity shown, and one with less than ten millions may find capital suggestions in it. — In Three Cities and a State or Two, by George S. Fraser. (Putnams.) A few short stories in a sentimental vein. — Engineer Jim, and Other Stories, by M. A. M. No author's name, no publisher's, not even a printer's. The book is a collection of a score of stories, which read as if the writer were struggling for expression, and had fed upon Norwegian and German tales. There is an evident desire to state the real truths of life, and the form is sometimes a parable. — Life's Long Battle Won, by Edward Garrett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A carefully written story, with conventional incidents, but well-considered characters and a delicacy of touch. There is a gentle religious tone which underlies the story, and is not obtruded. — Gold that did not Glitter, by Virginus Dabney. (Lippincott.) A lively little story, which has something of the vagrancy of Don Miff, but by reason of its limitations is more easily read and more to be enjoyed. Still it is hard not to feel that there is a slight affectation about the whole business. It is as if a story-writer of to-day should equip himself by an alternate reading of Southey's Doctor and Tristram Shandy.